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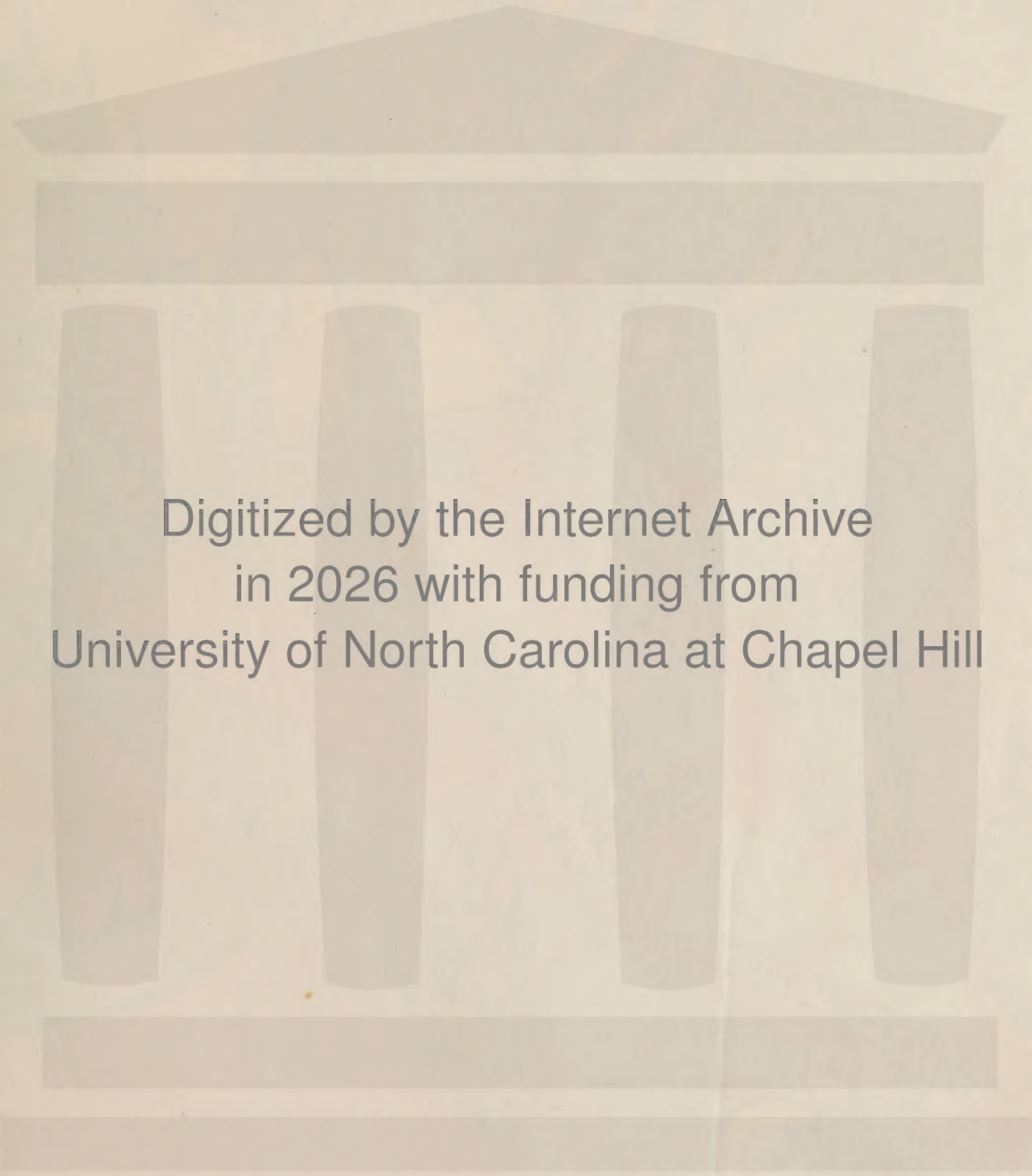
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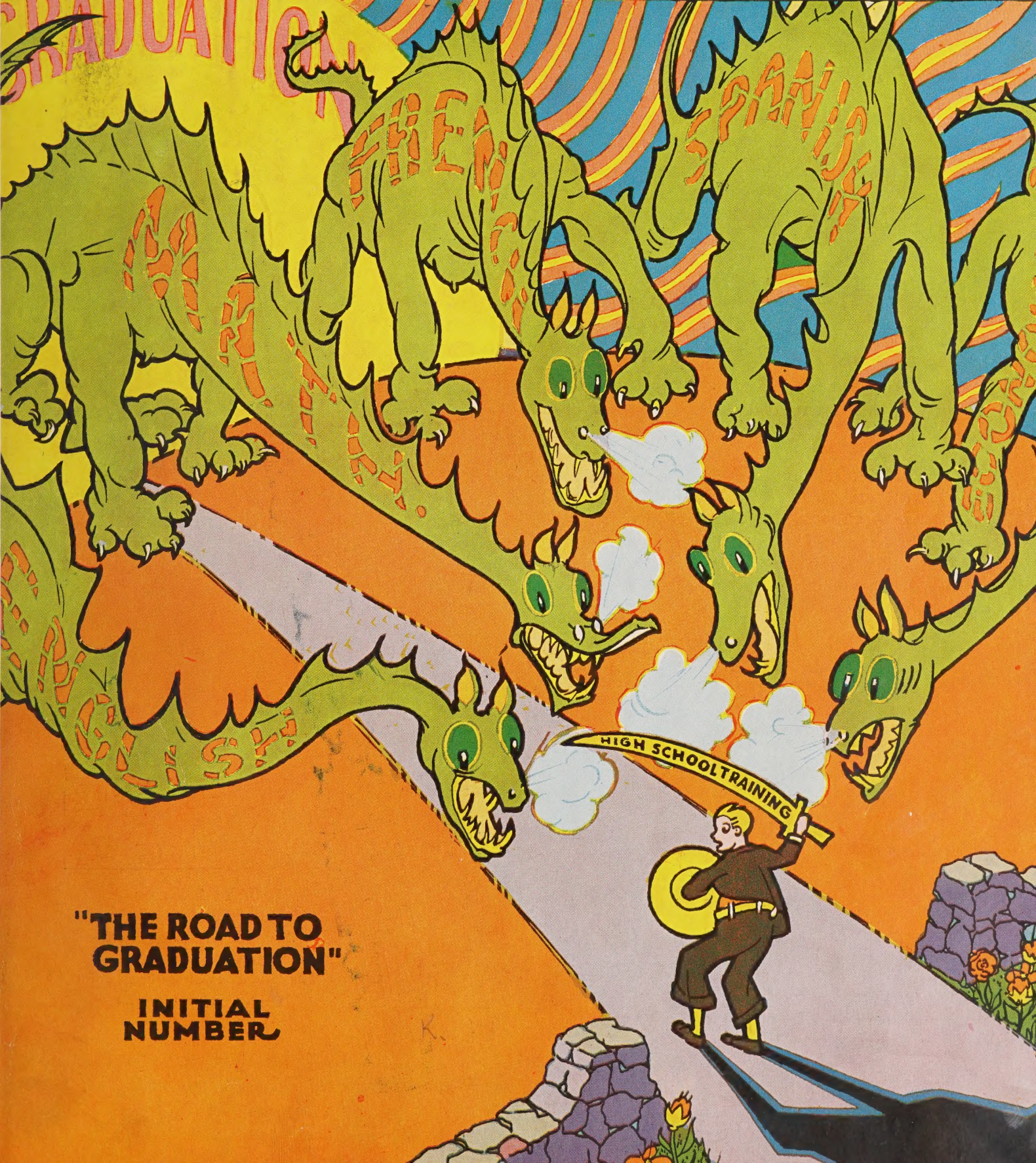
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CAROLINA BUCCANEER



"THE ROAD TO
GRADUATION"

INITIAL
NUMBER

"I'm paid extra if my point gets eleven OK's—
I pay a forfeit if it fails to earn them all"

Every Duofold earns a Bonus or a Penalty

*So our graduate pen makers grind
all points as good as their best*

We pay a bonus to our graduate pen grinders for every Duofold point. But first it must pass 11 hard-boiled inspections: For jewel-like smoothness, for lifelong strength, for firm uniform set, for comfortable tension, and for pressureless writing the instant the point touches paper. If it fails any test we reject it, and the pen grinder pays a forfeit.

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Parker Duofold Pens are guaranteed for life—their Permanite barrels non-breakable, as proved when dropped from cloud-high airplanes. Yet Permanite has all the beauty of costly jade, lacquer, jet, pearl, and lapis lazuli. And Duofold Pens hold 17.4% more ink than average, size for size.

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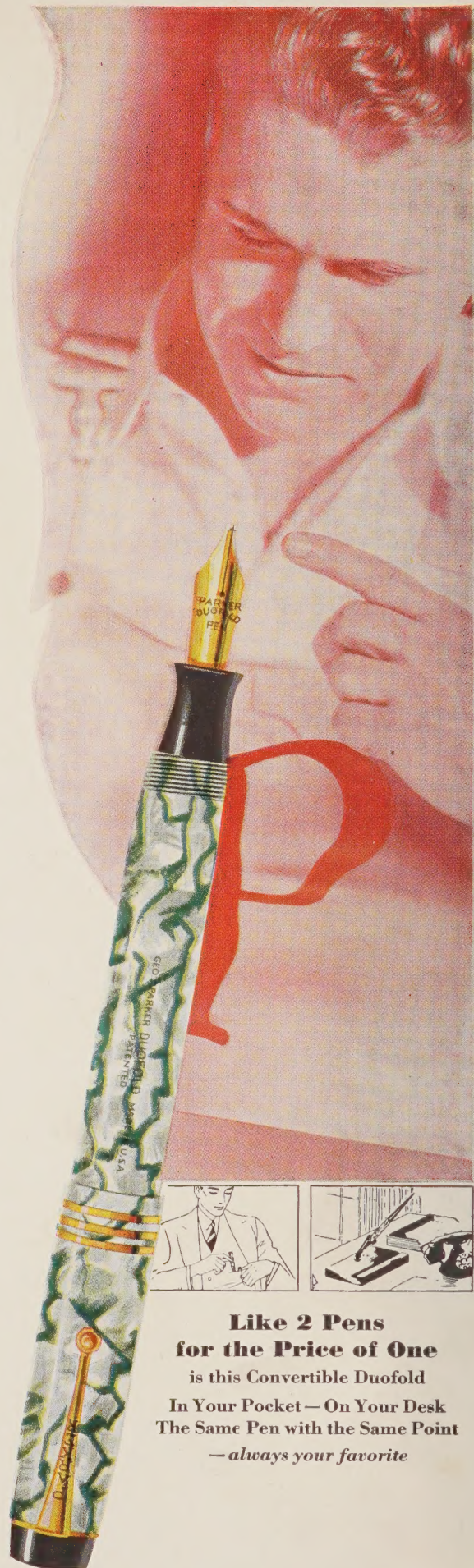
In a nation-wide poll conducted among their readers by 13 leading vocational magazines, and audited by Arthur Andersen & Co., certified public accountants, Parker was voted the favorite pen in 9 out of 12 vocations, representing 94.72% of the total people in all vocations polled.

Among these was the American student body, and the vote taken represented a cross-section of 4,766,673 students. *College Humor's* census showed one-third more Parkers in use than the nearest rival. *Scholastic*, circulating among high school students, found 72% more Parkers than the next nearest.

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VIII

NUMBER 1

BUSINESS STAFF

JAMES C. HARRIS	<i>Business Manager</i>
RED SEAWELL	TOMMY THOMAS
STEVE MARSH	J. M. S. BOBBITT

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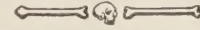
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Library, Univ. of
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Shoe Clerk: "Do you know what wears out most shoe leather?"

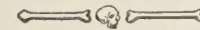
Sheba: "No."

Shoe Clerk: "That's right."



He: "I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss you."

She: "Gee I'm glad you weren't in the next block!"



He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared, this is the very spot where my father proposed to mother."

He: "What about it?"

She: "Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed."

—Caveman.

He: "Hello, my flame."

She: "Hello, hot papa."

One hour later.

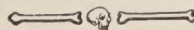
He: "Come here, Ashes of Love, and kiss your cinder."
—Sniper.



The auctioneer's son walked into the sumptuous fraternity house, and looked about.

"Do I hear any bids?" he murmured.

—Rammer-Jammer.



"How did your girl dress at the masquerade ball the other night?"

"She wore a grass skirt."

"And what was your get-up?"

"Oh, I was a grasshopper."



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SHREDDED WHEAT



Speak Easy

Ali Baba stood before the door of the stone cavern and repeated the words that had been told him.

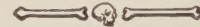
"Open, Sesame," he said loudly. Nothing happened.

"Open, Sesame!" he said, more loudly. Less than nothing happened.

Finally he fairly bellowed: "Open, Sesame!" This time the great stone door rolled aside, and a weazened old man peeped from the opening.

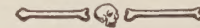
"Come around tomorrow night, son," he said; "this place has just been raided."

—Punch Bowl.



He: "What's worse than athlete's foot?"

She: "Athlete's aroma." —Battalion.

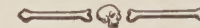


The aged, worn traveler staggered up the steps.

"Where have you been?" asked his grandson.

"In all the countries of the earth," quavered the ancient, "searching for a prizefighter who never won a fight on a foul."

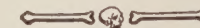
—Lampoon.



Little Sandy: "Hey, pa, let's go to the Centennial Pageant, it's only a dollar."

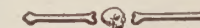
Sandy: "Next time, laddie, next time."

—Virginia Reel.



Soused Voice: "Hello, is this the city morgue? Well, this is the Med School and we want you to come out and pick out the stiff's so the rest of us can go home.

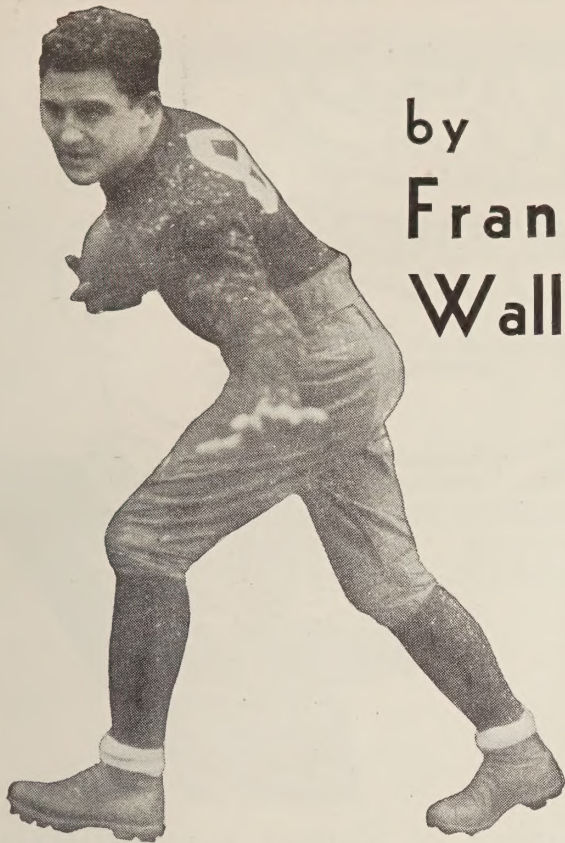
Pitt Panther.



Visitor (looking over fraternity house): "Don't you know roller towels are against the law?"

Brother: "Yes, but that one was put up before the law was passed."

—Purple Parrot.



by
**Francis
Wallace**

ALL AMERICAN JACK ELDER:
... "One of the best college stories I have
ever read!"

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

College Humor
MAGAZINE

"I know of no contemporary who is better qualified to write modern football fiction than Francis Wallace; this is particularly true of the kind of football we play at Notre Dame, as he has had an opportunity to observe it from the inside for the last eleven years.

"I know that in his first novel, *Huddle*, the football scenes both on and off the field will be authoritative and authentic; more so, perhaps, than any long football story of recent years."

Knut A. Rockne

A TALE WITH A MORAL

Tom and Jane had just been married and they had furnished their home with modernistic furniture. One day Uncle Pat came to visit them. On entering, he noticed a cozy looking arm-chair, more fitted for torture than for comfort.

"And pray, what may that be?" he asked.

"Why, Uncle, that's an armchair . . .," said Jane, "the modern tendency, don't you know."

In the sitting room Pat noticed another contraption.

"And pray . . . what is that?" he again asked.

"That's a divan, Uncle . . . the modern tendency," was the answer.

Strange objects followed in succession . . . and then Pat walked into the bedroom, where he stood amazed looking at twin beds.

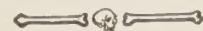
"Oh, don't be silly, Uncle Pat," retorted Jane, "that's the modern tendency."

A few days passed . . . and then Tom and Jane noticed that a pet picture that used to hang in their bedroom was missing. Since it was a quaint old thing . . . and since Uncle Pat was a collector of art pieces . . . the happy couple decided that he had taken the picture. So they wrote to him, asking whether or not he had taken it. The next day they received the following telegram:

"You'll find the picture in the other bed. To hell with the modern tendency. Love,

Uncle Pat."

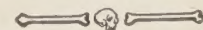
—N. Y. U. Medley.



She: "You remind me of Nero."

He: "Why?"

She: "Here I am burning down and you're just fiddling around. —Longhorn.



Those Pilgrim maids were just as hot
As the ones we date today.

Woman alters not a jot

She behaves the self-same way.

It's true that lack of clothes will give

A wholly new sensation—

The Pilgrim maids were just as hot,

But they had more insulation!

—Purple Parrot.

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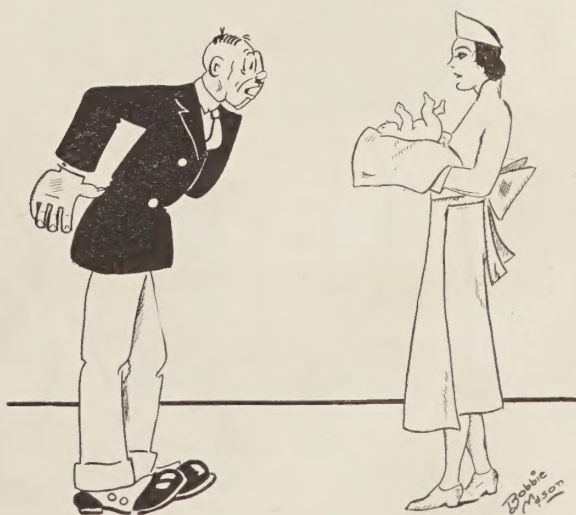
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Presents

Its

INITIAL NUMBER





Campus shots by our snooping art editor

The Carolina **Buccaneer** UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

OCTOBER, 1930

NO. 1

Between Glasses

They told me I'd get a jack-knife at the end of the year when these articles are finished. Tho a cutting remark, here goes.

Well, the year brings in a lot of new talent in the way of co-eds—blondes seeming to outnumber the brunettes by two to one. Found this out by collecting the hairs on the coats of boys wondering around after ten-thirty. However, discovered a curly red hair on a Phi Gam, but then Durham is only twelve miles a way and a ford can make that easily, even tho it has traveled from Connecticut to Chapel Hill by way of Lynchburg.

Ever since the grand old man of the Playmakers gave the **Queen Mabe** speech, the co-eds seem drawn to him like flies to honey. They'll perhaps be calling him honey before the year is out. Well, youth must be served. What's you have, ham and eggs?

Anecdote: President Graham walks across campus. Sweet thing joins him, requests way to South Building. Then by way of conversation asks him in

what class he is. Prexy makes known his position. Sweet young thing last seen doing ostrich in back of library.

The *Buccaneer* extends its best wishes to the new **Agora**. What this campus really needs is more good reading material and less **Tar Heel**. I'll expect a reply from this crack. It'll give them a chance to fill up space, anyway.

Now that the floor is lowered at the Carolina Grill, how about the prices. If done, let's suggest a similar alteration at the Lockmore.

Co-eds seem to be getting more timerous. A couple of them had a man arrested for speaking to them on the campus. The oldtime, hardy variety, we here tell, would have knocked him down if he had not spoken. Their womanhood must be protected. Maybe the Betas could lend a hand there, sweet ones.

Be careful, girls, John Law's flashlight is working over time in the arboretum, and the one

about waiting for a street car won't go.

Evidently the budget didn't affect the musical clubs. Let's hope the new instruments are only cazoos or at the outmost, mouth organs. One more bass horn and we'd lose another professor.

Liberality has been the keynote of the University but we think it's going too far when a certain quartet—mixed—wondered out of the co-ed shack with blankets on their arms. But far be it from us to put a wet blanket on the party. The question, "what is the younger generation coming to?" has frequently been asked, but in this case, we would like to know where they went.

Being an initial number, we would like to become a pedantic by saying, much as you dislike us, don't take us seriously. We are fundamentally a comic magazine, and if, when finished reading our attempts, you need an aisle to fall in—we'll, or rather aisle (Heavens, there's that Groucho Marx complex again) furnish it upon request.

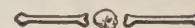
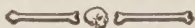
"What's George doing in bed?"

"Oh, he's pressing his clothes while he weights."

"Hang the expense! I'm willing to lend my support to the cause," said the Scotchman.

Professor: "State the relationship existing between a camel and a whale."

Student: "A Camel makes a whale of a difference."



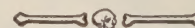
In an airplane it's take-off; in a barber shop it's just another haircut.

Jim: "Do I look pretty sleepy?"

Joe: "I'd hardly say you do."

He (as they sit on the porch): "I wish that damned radio announcer would stop talking for a few minutes."

She: "Hush dear, that's father."



"There is very little change in men's clothes this fall," said the pressing-club proprietor.

Here lies the body of Andrew Mummer;
He tried to pass Math Two in the summer.

"Pipe down there!" shouted the oil-well engineer.



Pardon me, but can you tell me the shortest way to New York?



Ma, don't be so overbearing

Some Students' Strange Interludes

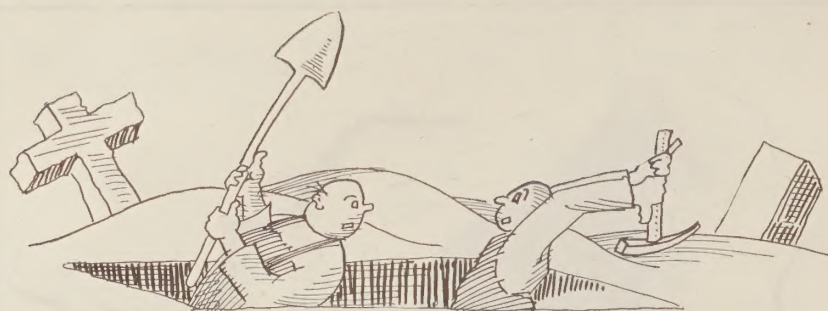
(With apologies to O'Neill and "Groucho" Marx)

Student on Math class: "Two and two make four. Trig. Who gives a damn. Oh, that dry professor. How did he ever get married? By Venus, it's hot as Hell in this hole today. If it weren't for that co-ed, I couldn't stand it. Pretty legs. Shapely. A deuce of a turned up nose. Ye gods, will that bell never ring? Seven minutes to go. That lazy rascal is going to call on me next. Parabola—what is a parabola? Hell, I don't know. Room 113. Lane Hotel. Etc. Etc. . . ."

Student on French class: "Parlez-vous francais? Bull. Wish I had a drink. Bad headache. Mouth tastes like Hell. Check from home. Harpo Marx. Animal Crackers. Wish I had some. French women. Oui, oui. Shoes need mending. French is hard. Cute baby I saw on the street yesterday. Wonder where she lives. Must write to Peggy. Junior prom. Harvard may stop Army Saturday. He's going to call on me next."

Student on English class:

"Shakespeare—who cares about him?" Nobody but that bald-headed professor. I wish I hadn't lost so much money in that poker game. Revolution in China. Chinks must like them. The prof's going to ask me something about Milton. Ah, yes. **Paradise Strayed.** Woman in the case. At the root of all evil. Hu—m, I've got to touch Walt for a quarter. Wish the bell would ring. Did they ask me a question. Not such a bad egg. Going to start studying this stuff tonight. Etc. Etc. . . ."



—McGee—

Yep, poor Bill, he's certainly getting himself into a hole this time

THE END

I took her out one moonlit night,
To have a little fun.
Perhaps I was a little tight—
But then, what could be done?

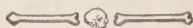
I took her down the Castle way,
And with myself content,
I tried in pantomime to say—
For pleasure we were bent.

Her chassis, boy, was sure divine,
Of speed she had no end.
You see, she happened to be mine.
I got her from a friend.

Confident in my control,
Possessed by some bad witch,
I found I had her in a hole—
We'd landed in a ditch.

Gently did I work my points
When fiddlin' with her then.
Ran my hand all o'er her joints,
Caressed each little bend.

She wouldn't budge, nor give an inch,
I couldn't do a thing.
I understood, and had to flinch—
That Ford had had her fling.



Definition of a Dimple
A dimple is a lump inside out.

Waiter: "Do you wish a cocktail, sir?"

Patron: "No, I prefer the breast."

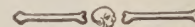


Sambo: "You know, Rastus, dat every time ah kiss mah wife she closes her eyes an' hollers?"

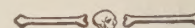
Rastus: "Ah say she do!"

Sambo: "What's dat, nigger?"

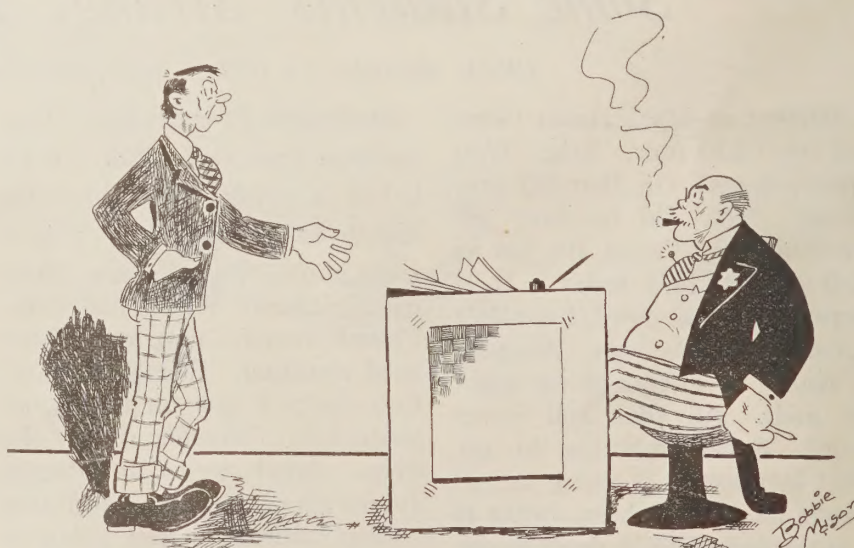
Rastus: "Ah say, do she?"



My idea of a mean joke is to receive a post card saying, "Enclosed find ten dollars I owe you."



The peacock is a beautiful bird, but it takes the stork to deliver the goods.



Applicant: "I came from one of the oldest families in South Carolina."
Bank President: "I want a man for a bank clerk, not for breeding purposes."



First College Man: "Have you heard the new Bishop Cannon song?"

Second Fool: "No, what is it?"

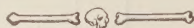
First Ditto: "Now, let's talk about you."

She: "You know, I've always saved my virtue for my husband."

He: "And when did he call around for it?"



She was only an insurance man's daughter, but she sure knew her premium.



She (Breathlessly): "I think I'll have to call you Tarzan."

He: "Why?"

She (Still without breath: "Cause you're continually . . . monkeying around."



He (With much ardor): "Darling, I adore you, I crave you. I want you in the worst way."

She (Interrupting with tears): "And I though that you loved me all the time."

Soda Clerk: "What'll you have, Miss?"

Young Miss: "I'll take a ~~beverage~~ Mother says they're so refreshing."



Sheik: "Going to the Passion Show tonight?"

Flapper: "Huh, I've got enough passion."



My dear, and they say the boys and girls at Carolina matriculate in the same semester.



Is she a liberal arts student?
Don't know about the arts, but she's liberal.

STANDING ON THE CORNER

Two cartoons of Luckies for \$2.17. . . I got an eight-thirty, nine-thirty, and eleven. . . Don't that Geology proff look like hell . . . He is the nicest boy I have seen on the campus . . . Yea they say you can get it for \$1.25 a quart . . . And I don't owe her but \$3 . . . Well, where are you going to eat . . . Dam these freshman anyway, never saw so many . . . Hasn't he got the prettiest eyes, and they are so blue . . . I tried everything I knew but I couldn't 'make her' . . . Let's have a drink . . . I like your new car, Bob . . . Yes our house is full for the first time this year . . . Where can I get some clothes . . . And to think of assigning a whole book to be read by the end of the week . . . Have you seen the show, it's bum as usual . . . Wait until I tie my shoe . . . To hell with her anyway . . . And to think that HE asked me for a date . . . Well call me up sometime. . . I'll see you later. . .

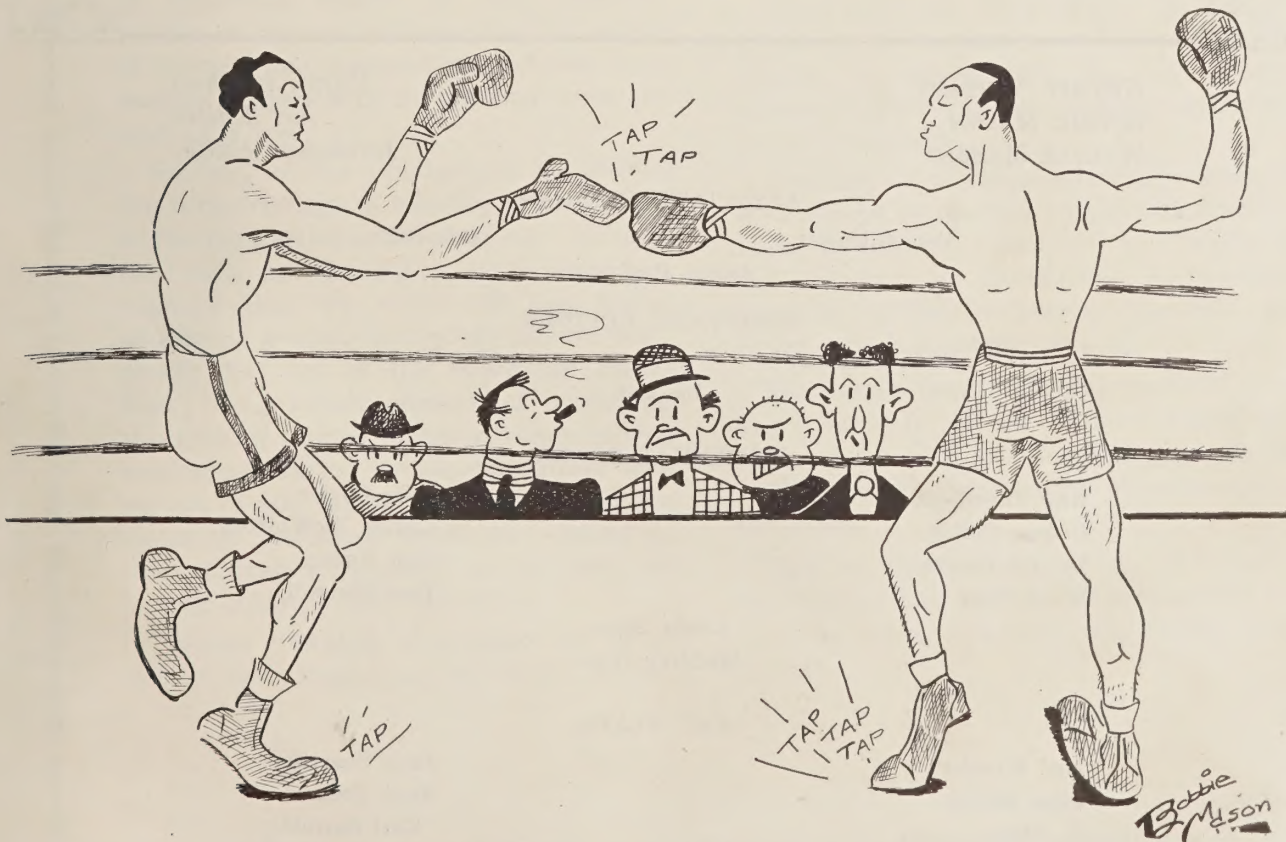
DR. ERSKIN'S TIMELY TIPS TO TRUCULENT FROSH

Envelope: The letters "en" are pronounced like—oh, we'll go into that later. If you have to say the word you could sneeze over that part, or anything that comes to the mind. Anything that comes to the mind of the average Freshman will be in the form of a brainstorm anyhow and people will allow for that. Just at present we don't need an envelope; no matter, you might. If so, go to the nearest P. O., which will be plenty far away, and ask one of the dumb looking clerks behind the bars for something in which a letter might be

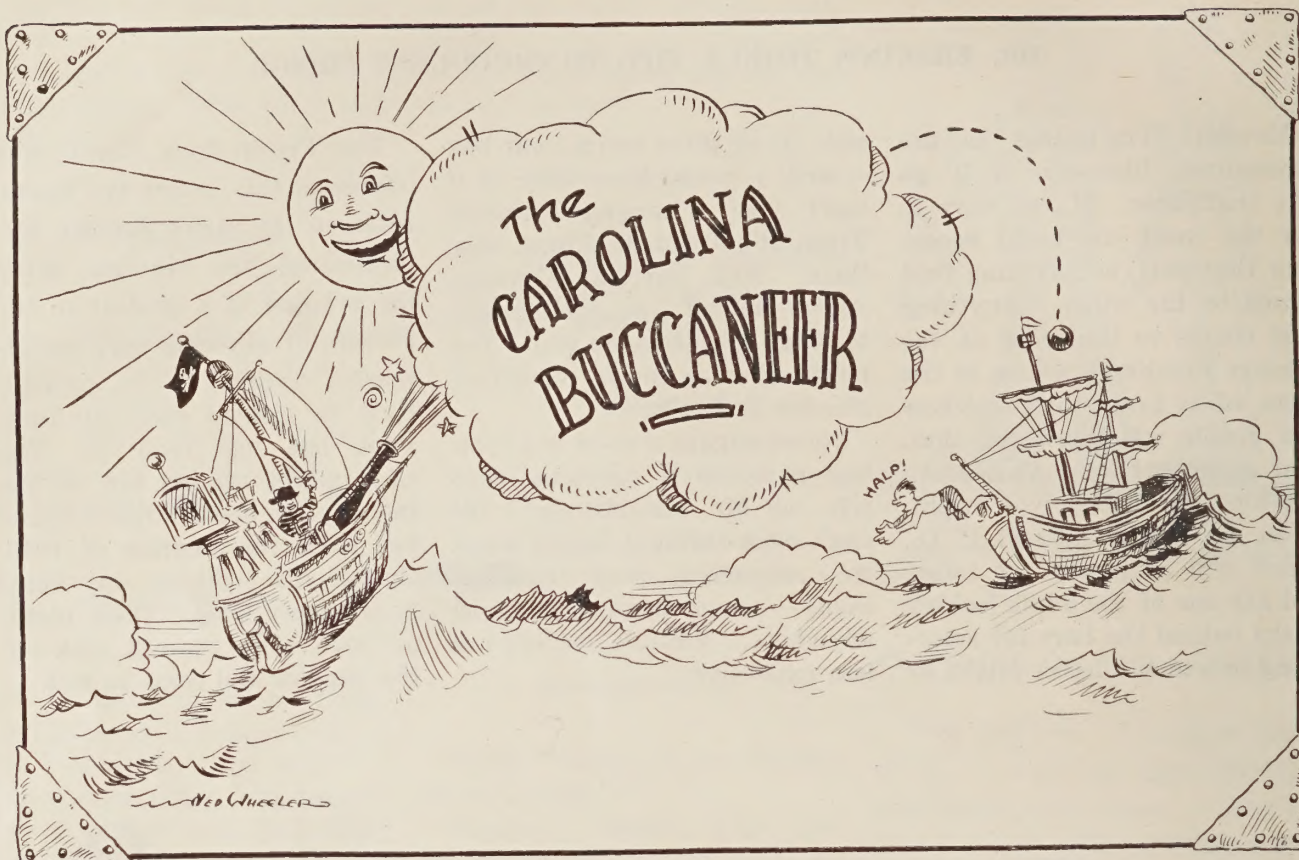
put. If he gives you a cigar box—well, you can keep tripe in it can't you? Imagine—Dainty Tripe, It's Toasted! Cinco, Seis, Siete. Well, Percival Algernon Agnes McDuff, you don't expect to laugh alla time, do you. You might grow a molar repository like Joe E. Brown's.

Never engage a co-ed in a football game at a conversation—tch, tch Mr. McGillicuddy! We can't even thraight strink when we remember your cho[redacted] cars—never engage a Co-ed anywhere. Victrola records are less expensive.

The Frosh class might take offense at this (every two hours, refer to Dr. Hen's Ignoble Expiraments), the reaction being the sending of a protest to the Editor for allowing such an offensive article to be printed. He'll be tickled pink to know some one has read it. The class might remind him of the fact that he needs a haircut, and has since the summer of 1915. One of his brothers was killed in a barber shop. Good night, my love, close the cat, kick out the window and come to bed.



Excuse me, my dear fellow, but I believe you are out of step



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Editorial

Salutations! — Friends, Freshmen, and fellow disciples of erudition.

We greet you with open arms, bated breath, a blistered back and an empty pocketbook—won't you sit down?

In this, our initial endeavor this quarter, to interpret Thalia, Eighth Muse, we dedicate to the purpose of curing any summer romances that might have sprung into being under a delusive and unfair moon.

Humor, as some impossible wretch has defined it, being merely a clever medium of hyperbole and myosis—it shall be our aim to serve you regularly with a portion of hyperbole topped off with delicious veneer of myosis, disregarding all snarls of protest and insinuations relative to a necktie draped with loving care over the limb of a tree.

We beg, at this juncture, to be allowed the rare privilege of offering protestations at the indignities suffered by us. Indignities such as: having a mere freshman suggest that we shave off our three-whiskered goatee, having our picture completely left out of the Freshman Handbook, being basely accused of emulating the type of humor found in other college comics, and lastly, having the janitor lock up out of our office, that are inducing a distinctly moribund condition. Added to these outrages the staff let us down by having athlete's foot and B. O.

Perhaps it would be in order for us to offer a little humble advice to the gentle-

men of the class of '34 (?). Please construe this as friendly, constructive advice.

In the matter of fraternities: Gentlemen, before going "Iswatta Fly," "ITappa Keg," or "We Hitta Twat," consider carefully the depth of the house cellar, the janitor's first name, and the dean's animadversion to the economic principles employed in Batavia.

The matter of attire: Never attend classes attired in dressing gown and patent leathers—congress garters are the note for the coming year, especially for such an event as attending class.

Your bona fide blase affects the habilliments of the roommate, and his accoutrements, we assure you, do not include plather letants—lather pletants—refer to above paragraph.

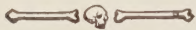
One last bit of feeble advocacy: Always come in out of the rain; study the matter, make it a point; a passion, and finally it will become a mechanical habit—like guessing at the features of the voice in Peter Arno's manhole drawing.

We deeply implore taking leave of you but it must be so, for to tarry longer on such naive and assinine matters would lead us to the very depths of journalistic perdition.

And so, though fat and out of breath, the skipper has had his chat—the time to speak of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax is past.

O'SYRACUSE

Take me, my dearest, in your
enveloping arms,
Kiss my feverish lips with yours,
Smother my throat with your
long, hot kisses,
Lure me, love me, with all your
charms.
Whisper that you'll always be
mine,
That my lips you'll never loose.
And when you breathe in short,
quick gasps,
Tell me, darling, that your old
man's still in Syracuse.



Dum: There goes that phone
again.

Bell: I told you to close that
door.



Colored Woman to Parson: I
is got a new baby, can youse sug-
gest a name for it? Give me
the names of some jewel stones.

Parson: Pearl, ruby, diamond,
garnet, onyx . . .

Colored Woman (interrupting
at this point): Dat's de name,
onyx. She came so onexpected.



"I saw a man hanging onto
a half empty keg awhile ago
about a mile out to sea. He
couldn't swim and was nearly
drowned."

"Did you have much trouble
in making the rescue?"

"A little. I had to hit him
over the head with an oar to
make him let go, but finally I
got the keg aboard."

First Sorority Girl: "What
are you crying about?"

Second Sorority Girl (Sob-
bing): "I-I--just went out with
a traveling salesman."

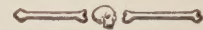
First Sorority Girl (Eagerly):
"And did he act like one?"

Second Sorority Girl (Still
sobbing): "No that's just it, he
didn't."



She: "What made Jack leave
so early. I thought you were
studying together?"

Her: "Well, he said he had
learned enough anatomy for one
night."



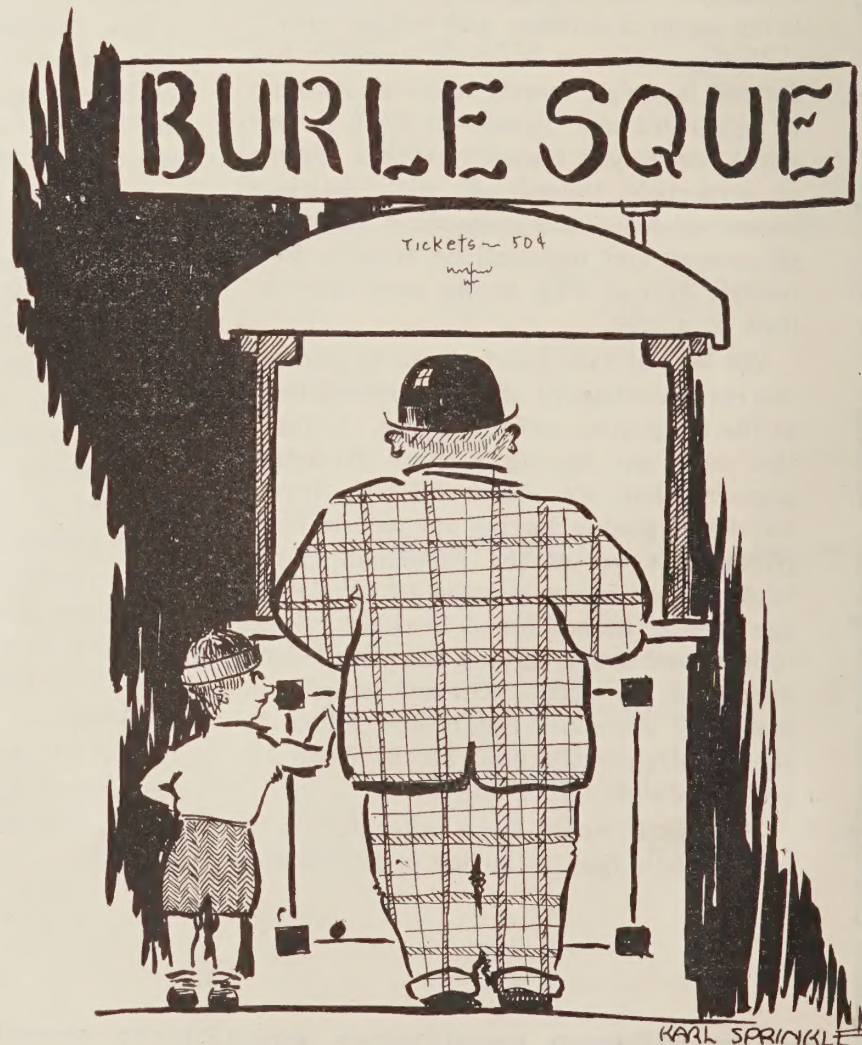
"I've been disappointed in
love."

"Yes, my girl slapped me too."



"Do you time your drinks?"

"No, any time suits me."



KARL SPRINKLE

But, Pop, I thought you were a vegetarian

FAMOUS AS HELLE

H. O. Mann was not born under a lucky star. He was born under a milky way. (Not an advt.)

His mother, who was out of town at the time of his birth, saw him first in his nurse's arms. She promptly fainted.

When she came to, she had a name for him. Helle Offa Mann. She didn't think much of his old man anyway. He hadn't been home in three years.

Helle was a very odd looking person. Nothing about him matched. One of his eyes was red and the other was green. His father, who breezed in later from a prolonged poker game, took one look at him, and said, "Great gods, a traffic cop in the family."

But no, Helle was not destined to be a traffic cop. Nature seemed to have a pet grouch against him. In fact, it seemed as if he would never amount to anything. He stayed in the grammar grades for twenty years and then had to be promoted because he had outgrown the desks. His name was synonymous for dumbness.

One day in school Helle's teacher got mad at another pupil and told her that she was as "dumb as Helle," thus originating our much used phrase. Helle was a warm papa. When the co-eds wanted to describe their date of the previous night, they would say he was "hot as Helle."

But to get back to our story. Helle was his parents daily disappointment. His mother would look at him and say "oh Helle" and then swoon. His father would walk the floor and wail, "I'm going crazy as Helle."

One afternoon Helle was un-

usually stubborn so his mother put him in a garbage can to punish him. She kept him there a few hours and when she let him out she was surprised for he had found a stove pipe, some old pans, and a bunch of metal. Then he went to work.

Almost overnight he became famous. Every newspaper featured his name. Everyone praised him and his great work. The expression "Rich as Helle" originated through him.

For during his short stay in the garbage can he had conceived a wonderful thought, one that placed him on the very pinnacles of fame. For with the scraps that he had found in the garbage can he made the first Miniature golf course.

Fuller Brush Man (to house lady): And incidently, I see you have three boys.

House Lady: No, accidentally.

Recommendations for the Scotch Book-of-the-Month Club:
Free Love.
The Golden Treasury.
Investing for Profit.
Through Europe on Fifty Cents a Day.
Bank Book.

"Do you like pate-de-foi gras?"

"I've never heard him play."





Students Going on a "Feel" Trip

Rather Misleading

"Won't you come a little closer? Just a little? Please, it would be so much better."

"But you're hurting me so!"

"I wouldn't harm you for anything, you realize that, don't you? It doesn't last long—why, everyone does it—ah . . . I'm sorry. You were in an uncomfortable position, weren't you? If you will only relax it will be much easier."

"No, I'm not through yet. Just once more, please, and we'll be through and—you will be free to do what your heart desires; to follow your inclinations. After this experience you will be a changed woman."

"Then, as soon as your gums set, Madam, I will take the impression for your new false teeth."



Bum: "A package of Old Golds please."

Clerk: "Yes Sir, something else?"

Bum: "Yes, some cough drops."

Famous Last Words:

"No, Mister, I won't marry your daughter."

"We can beat it to the crossing."

"Here's to——."

"The game's been framed."

"All right, dear, you win."

"Et tu, Brute?"

Then there was the Scotch student who signed up for Math because you are GIVEN so much to prove.

Niena: "Why do you turn the lights out?"

Rus.: "I feel better in the dark."

Two husbands met in the lobby of the hotel on the night of their respective weddings. "Well, John, how did you leave your wife," asked one? "Oh, she is upstairs smoking," he replied, "and how is yours?" "Well, she is pretty hot but she's not smoking."

As a little boy was getting on the street-car he bumped his knee on the step. "Darn it all," he said, "I bumped my knee." A preacher hearing him, came up to him and made the offer: "If you will promise never to use that word again, Johnnie, I will give you a nickel." "Gimme, gimme, I promise never to say the naughty word again," said Johnnie. The car proceeded. Presently a large negro woman got on the car. As she was walking down the aisle she stepped on an Irishman's foot. The Irishman said not a word but got up and tapped the preacher on the back. "Say, parson," he said, "I got a word in my mouth worth two dollars and a half."

"That was a fast number they just played—what was it?"

"The Russian Boatman."

Prof: "Who was Pluto?"

Student: "He was the inventor of Pluto Water."



Spell avoid.
Vell, gimme de void foist.

IGNOBLE EXPERIMENTS NO. I

*(No apologies whatever to Dr.
Shuttleworth)*

The Flossie Miller: For this drink a little cracked ice in the shaker—cubes if the electrician is now king of the kitchen—or powdered glass. Either prove to give the same results in the long run. After the ice has melted—it is important that it be melted—add one part boiling water, or hydrogen monoxide; the latter is preferable; one part of potassium cyanide. After shaking thoroughly for three hours pour the concoction up in a tall, frosted glass, top off with a sprig of poison ivy and serve to Chi O's or Pi Bates.

The Mud Hole: One constituent that adds to the mellow, tangy flavor of this most palatable of drinks is the shaking of it in an old tomato can. It is surprising—all the difference in the world may be denoted between the shaking of a drink in a tomato can and the old outmoded, ordinary cocktail shaker. To the body of this drink add a pair of old galoshes to give strength to a drink that would delight Bacchus himself.

Two hookers of this will make you throw eggs at uncle Oscar. Three will make you kill your Mother-in-law outright.

The following grand old recipe is a product of the deep South. And is known only to a select few. The rest are in the cemetery.

Corn Whiskey: Into a ten gallon tin container, to which is attached about twenty feet of lead coil, put two pounds of lye, a test tube of cl. and several dead cats. This is known as the mash—the incentive of mash notes. After the mash has boiled and the stuff condensed add a char-stick and you have genuine charred-keg whiskey.

A sock dodger of this will make you caress any recalcitrant mule on the observation deck and—if capable—will set you to thinking about the old family plantation house the old Man used to lie so much about.



Oswald thinks a scholarship is a floating university.

Home Brew: Pursue Kangaroo five miles and gather hops; to them add a shot of arsenic and two bars of soap. Boil as long as you wish and drain through Union Worker's sock so it won't work. Pour a little in the sink; if it takes the enamel off it's ready for the bottles.

Dumb: "What the hell's wrong with this street?"

Dora: "Probably it's the asphalt."

Dumb: "Who's fault?"

"Stick 'em up boys," muttered the piece of chewing gum being parked on the theatre seat.

A hen started tripping across the road. She was enjoying the cool morning breeze, the sun, and the fragrant aroma of honeysuckle in the air. She had nearly completed her journey to the other side when suddenly a Rolls-Royce came thundering by and struck the hen. And as the little hen drew her last breath, she said: "My lord, but that was a big rooster."

Baldwin (looking at her bag of golf clubs)—I see that you have a new brassie.

She (blushing) — Does it show?

Cop: (To youth taking a drink at football game): "Hey, you can't do that."

Youth (throwing bottle down): "Done done it."



The greatest relief ever
experienced since your initiation into the
Caterpillar Club cigarettes
that really SATISFY!

CHESTERFIELD

Milder
.. and



better taste



Shall we sit this one out?

HINTS ON MODERN SUICIDE

Only the other day I was telling Oswald I didn't mind dying; I don't mind dying at all except I'm afraid some one'll write some kinda lousy poetry about me and put it in the paper. You've seen the stuff—"The following is to commemorate the passing of our darling brother, Willie, who chipped in his cash one year ago today." And then follows that hoey—I wonder who writes it. No wonder sixty-five per cent of the American people are bugs.

As I was saying when I so rudely interrupted myself, Oswald,—by the way, you shouldn't do that. Does Winchell interrupt Bayer? Does McFlatyre

interrupt his thoughts while strolling? He does—thank God. I wonder if people know they have a statue to that guy in Gallopolis? Gallopolis is pronounced like this: The gall like the gall in gallop; the op like the op in top, and the is like the second stanza of isis. Pronounce it any damn way you please but don't ever go there.

The Isis, as I patiently explained to Oswald, is the name of every third rate movie in every third rate town you go to to throw a first rate drunk; if you don't get drunk it'll be fourth rate.

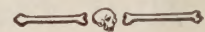
It all reminds me of the time I was collecting Esquimeux

(Spanish for the almost extinct Rhicerinous—Rhinericious—Rinoserous) skins in New Zealand. Which pastime, I might add—if I felt like it, and wanted to—is a damn near as difficult as collecting the Kopek in Russia.

Well, to get down to trass bracks—brass tracks, I'll go into the mirst fethod; this method was suggested to the flat-headed Editor of the *Buccaneer* for practical application. It follows: All you have to do is to drop in the nearest Child's; order a delicious meal and wait; if you don't starve before you get it I'm a liar and a dog-catcher. While you are waiting you could read a copy of the *Va. Cavalier*; the latter suggestion is the medium of inducing the receptive mood. If, while waiting, you peruse also a copy of the *Meredith Acorn* you won't have to wait for the food.

On second thought, (rare in the family) I don't believe I would like to die. I mean I don't believe I would like to not mind dying—not if I had to die like uncle Ezekial did. But, hell, I haven't seen a horse in fifteen years.

To be continued—Sometime



A Big Lie

Sing a song of six pence
Pocket full of rye,
Six Phi Beta Kappas
Are getting very high.



Rus: "Pardon me, may I have this dance?"

Niena: "No, I'm too danced out."

Rus: "No, you're not. You're just pleasingly plump."

**The Biography of Captain Kidd
As Told to His Biographer,
One Ike Dan**

Captain Kidd's father was a barkeeper in Volstead's home town. His mother told frightful tales and had halitosis. Now it happened that there were many Kidds in the country thereabout, and Captain had many, many relatives. Captain grew up and beat up many of the other Kidds.

One day he became tired of smelling his mother's breath. Said he, "I'll go to sea, I will!" And thus, armed with a bottle of gin and one of Horatio Alger's books, he went to see.

Here he prospered. It was the doughty captain who started the saying about a girl in every port. Now Kidd was democratic. His girls were of all colors and nationalities. When he put out to sea he would leave them all blue.

Meanwhile the Fire and Health Association, aided by the Boston Censor and Chairman of Public Morals, offered a year's subscription to the **Boy's Companion**. Captain Kidd was caught, as all Kidds are.

On the soapbox from which he was hung he made his last speech. "My life," said he, "has not been a failure. My people, everywhere, will testify that no man could tell a bigger lie than I."

And thus died Kidd, gentle reader! His cross-eyed sister claimed his body. If there had been no Kidd there would have been no Buccaneer today. Give thanks to Kidd, and may his tribe increase!

MY CONFESSION

By Hazel Nasal

I was so innocent and it was my first time out. I really was not to blame for it. I knew no better.

My mother had never warned me for she was afraid to talk of such things. If she had only told me, things would have been so different. Oh, why didn't she?

But society, cruel society, is not considerate. It is stern and harsh. Whether a woman knows better or not, it doesn't matter. If she's guilty, she's ostracized—cast out of the pale—an object of pity and despair, but receiving no pity.

Ah, Cruel World, no more will I be the laughing girl of yesterday. No more will my eyes radiate sweet innocence.

No more will I be taken to Grail Dances, no more will I be invited on gay Phi Beta Kappa house parties, no more will I have nice dates in the Arboretum. For who wants a woman

with a terrible stain on her name?

From now on I will be a marked woman. Men will look at me with disrespectful stares, examine me with eyes that seem to peer into my very soul.

I will always be robbed of a happy fire-side, babies playing on the floor and an adoring husband.

What man would want me for his wife? Me with my terrible cross to bear? What man could love me, idolize me, and place his fate at my feet?

I tell this sordid story, hoping that it will save innocent girls from my pitiful plight—so that they can have clean innocent eyes, laughing, curly eyed babies and worshipping husbands.

Oh, the suffering, the humiliation.

Why should I be judged so harshly?

I only blushed at the newest traveling salesman joke.



King Henry VIII and the other seven eights

WHAT THE COLLEGE MAN REALLY WEARS

Having spent some pleasurable years in the pursuit of sartorial knowledge, I have, quite naturally and simply, been accorded the accolade of being one of the leading men in that field. I, as the result, suffer no hesitancy in tendering advice to those who have acute clothesphobia. I'll go even farther—to those who are uninterested.

Bear always in mind that while it may be true that clothes do not make the man, clothes do, most assuredly, aid the man in making the woman.

Only last week the laundry enclosed a note complimenting me on my taste in underwear—green jersey with purple trunks. If the three piece suit is worn the third piece may be a delicate paster read—I've no idea where the third piece could be worn unless it is carried in the overcoat pocket and used to attract the attention of a male cow in case one is needed.

It was during my senior year at Sneeracruze on-the-Mudson that—no, I believe it was my last year there—anyway, it was the year Aunt Gertie had twins. The youngest, Oscar—he's six now and little Oswald is seven—is a witty little chap. Some people maintain he takes after Uncle Nathan's side of the house (the cellar), however I detect no striking resemblance.

Because the Editor has limited me to one hundred thousand words I shall have to confine my remarks to generalities. Sad, there is so much to talk about (I think I take after Aunt Gertie's side of the house—anything that isn't red hot or nailed down.)

I recall, with a sigh for old times, one of the smartest attires I've seen in years. It was worn by a University of Virginia man at one of the formals there. When first I saw him I said to myself 'here's a man who known how to wear clothes' Bunk Wilson was his name. I maneuvered an introduction. His regalia would cause Odd McIntyre to turn green with envy—by the way, Mc and I attended different schools together. But, let us hasten back to Mr. Wilson.



Fast colors

He was wearing a straw hat—china split straw, perhaps it was just cracked—overshoes, a tux jacket and a nonchalant air. The nonchalant air is most essential. Comparatively inexpensive too. Twenty cents a pack or one fifty the pint.

Because of his exquisite taste Bunk has gone far—too far for his customers—he is now with the Up One Flight Clothing Co., suits guaranteed to turn green in three weeks or money back—way back.

On my first trip thru North Carolina, in quest of information relative to what the Campus leaders were wearing, some one

informed me half of the students at Duke had never worn shoes prior to their entrance at the University. I was dum-founded; hastening to survey this astonishing situation I found my informant had grossly misinformed me—half of the students at Duke don't wear shoes NOW!

Washington and Lee (a Southern University) is noted—as is U. T. and Squeedunk Cultural Academy of Higher Learning—for it's well dressed men.

It is in these institutions that you find the men affecting the five button gunny-sack coat (ever growing in popularity), seersucker trousers, and an hebetudinous expression (we have you there, Horace, old boy) that fits in with the sartorial scheme with a graceful elegance that would arouse the admiration of Beau Brummel himself. I haven't seen old Beau for some time now. He must be in Montand with Hemingway and Brett. But enough of that. Let Winchell make his own money.

I'd like to add one more word in parting. It is incorrect to wear the watch chain across the front of the vest when in formal wear—especially if attending a dance at State. If you're attached to the ingersuckin I'd advice young friends to leave it at home in the trunk.

Note to the Editor: I wish you would return my thesaurus, my white pants, and that thirty cents you welched offa me last summer. I might want to take my girl out to dinner some night.

LOVE LETTERS OF A FRESHMAN

Chapel Hill, N. C.
September 23rd, 1930.

Derest Liz:

What does you think no way, I'm now a freshman and kinda proud of it too. Not every fellow from Hide County can says that. I dunno, but I likes the place hear tolabable well. Got a rip-snortin's room in "I" Dorm, known better at "Little Palestine." My profs is swell guys two. They learn me about english, arithmetic and history.

The other day when I comes hear, I's went down to the Jim to let Doc Lawson looks me over. I's OK. I no'd it all the time, but he finds out to. Then us go to all snorts of meatin's and the likes and then classes starts up other day. From this you can find out that me is gettin' 'long jest wonderful.

Some importante guy come in my room other night and says he's all fixed up with the church and want's me two do as-wise. So I tells him like thus, "I'll go the followin' Sunday am." But hit happens as that my stinctive room-mate was without the mood or rather without the spir-its. So I goes with myself. When I gets back to ourn room he up and axs me, "what does he preach about??" I says, "about 30 minutes."

Did you ever hear'd tell of a "bull seccion"? I never did fore coming hear and I's been 'round the farm fer years. Theys the mostest fun you never seen. A covey of fellows gets in a nother fellows room and they all sits 'round and talks all 'bout different sorts of things and smokes cigarettes or pipes. That time I got me old corn cob, the

one you give me, and smokes and bulls to. Once one fellow says to me, "Ain't you from Hide count?" I says back, "Sho, 'bout 250 miles."

There's lots of rushin' now. "That's somethin' that frats does to get knew mens. I's endesided whether or no I'll enlist. Theys awful funny, yet most person wants to get in one and says hits an honor. Maybe I'll be drafted in the Cappa Bater Pie.

Be sho' and tells all the folks down on the farm 'bout myself and how grate there canidate is gettin' 'long.

Yours turely,
Abe.



Newsboy: "Extra, extra, all about Russians killing Americans."

Business Man: "Give me one of those papers, boy." (Looks at paper.) "I don't see it; show it to me."

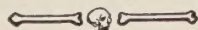
Newsboy: "There it is: 'Reds Scalp Yankees'."



Experientia Docet . . .

My head was in a whirl. I was dizzy. As I left the house I almost fell down the stairs. I could hardly see where I was going. The sidewalk seemed to give beneath my feet.

Through it all a wan smile spread over my face. I was happy, contented. A novel experience, this, for me—I was drunk!

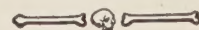


When is a girl not a virgin?
Well, I'm waiting.
Nine times out of ten.

GREAT MEN OF HISTORY

Napoleon, the first man to have cooties, was born with a silver cannon-ball in his mouth. His mother fed him on plant juice and grape-nuts while he was young, and this shows that there's a reason for the excess of vim, vigor, and vitality which oozed out of him when he grew up. Early in his life he displayed an inborn military genius, when he hit his nurse on the head with a hammer, and also when he chewed up a map of Europe. One could easily see that he meant to get to the bottom of things when he crawled down the sewer at the age of two years three months and fifteen days. He invented a gun that would shoot around a corner when he was three, but he shot himself from the back of his head and threw the invention away. When he grew up he was the military bully of Europe, and had a mania for taking countries. His motto was "A battle a day keeps the cooties in play." He had a boot-legger buddy named Lew. One calm afternoon during a battle Lew pulled out eight or ten bottles of miscellaneous stuff and said "Whatta have?" Old Napoleon scratching violently explained: "Water, Lew'." So some stupid historian called the battle Waterloo.

All the kings in Europe had it in for Napoleon, so he returned to St. Helena's island for his health. Here he got sick, and two minutes before he died he invented Puffed rice—"Shot from a cannon."



Song of the Pullman-car porter: **Dinah.**

TOMORROW

By Smarty Brispaine

Another review of the Country's air fleet was held yesterday in Los Angeles, in which participated some of this Nation's most daring young jackasses. Sometime this country will learn to keep its big mouth out of Russia's affairs. Germany's neck was stuck out once, too.

Three more "Guns" slain in Chicago—thank God!

Copper is lower than it has been in twenty years—so are nickels.

Jno. D. Ford has established another of his enormous plants in Russia. Another progressive Nation assisted in its advancement by the bed-bugs of motor-dom—assisting the individual into bankruptcy.

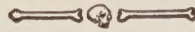
Everybody interested in airplanes should go to Chicago for the great air meet. Lots of people, greatest sufficiency of planes for the occasion and plenty of air. This writer will be as far away as he can get.

Burroughs adding machine has risen more than 600% in the last twenty years—so has the Woolworth building. There will be, in the future, many more such stocks. The problem lies in defining them—crossword puzzles and the binomial theorem also offer interesting pastime.

William Rogers, World famed as an humorest, is offered \$5,000 for a fifteen-minute radio talk. This writer could talk till he grew to the sidewalk; the only recompense being a firmer understanding.

Some day, after we have settled the prohibition law, low price of wheat and drought

problems perhaps more time will be devoted to antagonizing advocates of birth-control by making the eminent Mr. Winchell head of the census bureau.



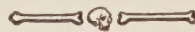
United We Stand

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,

And watched with expression pained

The milkman's stunts, and they all said at once,

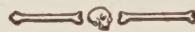
"Our relations are getting strained." —*The Siren.*



"How are all the little pigs down on the farm?"

"Fine. And how are all the pledges at your house?"

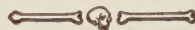
—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



Heroine (frantically): "Is there no succor?"

Voice from the uncomfortable seats: "Sure, I paid two bucks to see this show."

—*Princeton Tiger.*



"Hey, Dominique, what did you say when the dean saw you lying in the gutter?"

"I said, 'Shay Dean, have you sheen Dominique around any place?'" —*Penn State Froth.*



Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with 'heterodoxology' in it?"

Little Willie (aged 6): "No." —*Yale Record.*

She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "Wild, romantic, restless—"

She: "No, you just make me sick." —*Malteaser.*



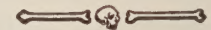
Author: "But I tell you, that story's a knockout, and ten thousand wouldn't buy it."

Editor: "Yeh, and I'm one of the ten thousand." —*Longhorn.*



Hospital nurse to impatient magician: "Congratulations, it's a fine bowl of goldfish!"

—*Lampoon.*



She: "You told me before I married you that you were well off."

He: "I was, but I didn't know it." —*Exchange.*



He spoke a strange lingo, and when he tried to tell where he lived no one in South Building could comprehend.

Finally, I guess in desperation they sent for me and I gazed down at the poor chap. He was a small youth in a low-cut vest, patent leather shoes, and narrow trousers.

I leaned over and touched him. "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" I tried as my first feeler.

"Wadj yameeni aino yopoor-sap? yareely wantoknow whatta am?" he replied.

"That is enough," I unconsciously replied, and turning to Dean Bradshaw, shouted:

"He lives in dormitory 'I.'"



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SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

"Talking of coincidence. It was the eleventh of the month, I lived in number eleven, and I backed the eleventh horse on the card."

Second sportsman: "And your horse won?"

First sportsman: "No, he came in eleventh."

—*Yale Record.*



The teacher of a rural school one day received the following note which might easily pass as an example of conciseness in writing: "Please excuse Willie from school. He caught a skunk."

—*Stone Mill.*



Frank: "I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart."

Hank: "That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

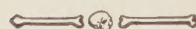


She: "I'm reading Peggy Joyce's autobiography."

He: "How far have you got?"

She: "Chap 12."

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



MODERN DRAMA

Act one—Made one.

Act two—Maid won.

Act three—Made one.

—*Zip 'N Tang.*

Warden: "Have you any last requests to make before I turn the current on?"

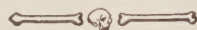
Convict: "Yes. What is the weather report for tomorrow?"

—*Wet Hen.*



And that one about the mechanical engineer who wanted to take his nose apart and see what made it run.

—*Cajoler.*



Student: "I'm stuck on this problem."

Prof: "I'm glad you like it."

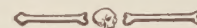
—*Purple Parrot.*



"Why did Grace return from college? I understood that she was quite popular."

"She was, but she reformed."

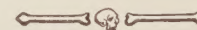
—*Long Horn.*



He: "Say, why is a revolution like a dose of salts?"

She: "Well, why?"

He: "They stir things up."



SCRAPING ALONG

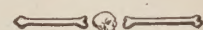
"Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sand? I wonder how we'll spend this one?"

"On the rocks."

—*Vancouver Province.*

Mandy: "What's de matter, Sam? Don't yo' love me no mo'?"

Sam: "Sho' Ah does, honey; Ah's just restin'." —*Exchange.*



"What makes you so hoarse, Stan?"

"I've been talking through a screen door and strained my voice."

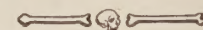
—*Bison.*



Sire, Lady Godiva rides without."

Sire (after glancing without): "Very tactly put, my man."

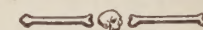
—*Aggievator.*



Irate Player: "I wasn't out!"

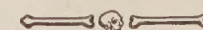
Sarcastic Umpire: "Oh, you weren't? Well, you just have a look at the newspaper tomorrow."

—*Burr.*



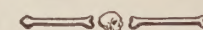
"Hurray! An ancient prejudice has been removed," shouted the butcher as his aged mother-in-law fell into the sausage machine.

—*Purple Parrot.*



Another way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to her girl friends.

—*Exchange.*



"You can never tell," said the co-ed to the dumb man. —*Claw.*

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VIII NOVEMBER, 1930 NUMBER 2

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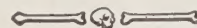
Copyrighted 1930 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

Euripides had just passed the examination at the army recruiting station. He said to the examiner: "Boss, Ah'd like to ask one favor, now that youse goin' to put me in the army."

"And what is that?" patiently asked the examiner.

Don't put me in the cabalry, because when Ah's told to retreat, Ah don't want to be bothered wif no hoss."

—*Princeton Tiger*



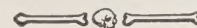
The boarding house mistress glanced grimly around the table as she announced—"We have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders nodded resignedly, all, that is, but one.

He glanced nervously downward, shifting his feet. One foot struck something soft, something that said "Meow."

Up came his head. A relieved smile crossed his face as he gasped, "Thank God."

—*Pitt Panther.*



Prof: "All right, Jones, give your impromptu speech."

Jones: "I'm not prepared, sir."

—*Juggler.*

Madly he clasped her in his arms. The tears trickled down her cheeks like rain drops on the petals of a beautiful rose. Longingly he gazed into her eyes.

"Darling," he said, "Let me kiss those tears away."

And then he kissed her, and kissed her and kissed her. But the tears fell ceaselessly. He clasped her still more madly in his arms and drew her close to his manly breast.

"Dearest," he murmured, looking straight into her tear-stained eyes, "Can nothing stop those tears?"

"No," she sighed, "It's hay fever—but go right on with the treatment." —*Dragon*



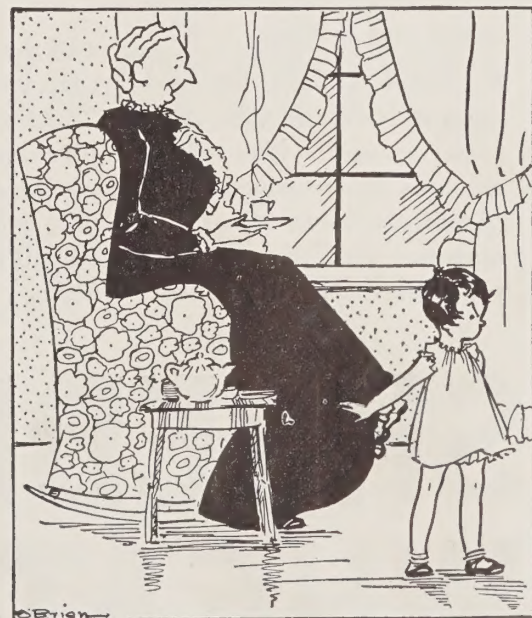
The astronomy professor was lecturing "I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

"How many?" cried a frightened voice from the rear.

"Fifty million years."

"Oh," said the voice with a deep sigh of relief, "I thought you said fifteen million."

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



Doting Relative: Come give Auntie a dreat bid kiss!

Modern Child: Perhaps I shouldn't speak about it but my answer is "No!"—unless you take a LIFE SAVER first.



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SHREDDED WHEAT



"Did you have my brown suit cleaned and pressed while I was in the hospital, dear?"

"No, darling I thought perhaps your black one would look better in case anything happened."

—Columns.



"Justice! I demand justice!" cried the defendant.

The Judge: "Hush. Don't forget that you are in a court of law!"

—Die Knueppel (Berlin)

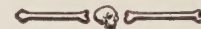


Theta: "Bob wants me to wear a grass skirt at the masque ball."

Sig Chi: "What are you going to do about it?"

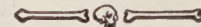
Theta: "Oh, I'll wiggle out of it."

—Wampus.



"No, I don't care whether you wear Paris garters or not and you don't have halitosis. It's not 'B. O.' nor is it the kind of cigarettes you smoke. I'm saying 'No,' you big yap, because I'm married already and one husband is enough!"

—Froth.

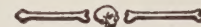


Mr. Jones was sitting down to his breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper the announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend.

"Hullo, Smith," he said, "have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith, "where are you speaking from?"

—Exchange.



I loved the little boy
Back home.

He was sweet.

And I loved the great brute
Who could slug any man that looked at me.
Yes, and I loved the musician
Whom I inspired.
And, of course, the banker
Who could appreciate a diamond necklace on me.

But, dear, this is different.

—Columns.



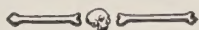
"Are you troubled by improper thoughts?"

"Why, no; I rather like them."

—Yale Record.

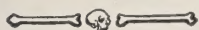
Statistics show that
Yale graduates have
1.3 children,
While Vassar graduates
Have 1.7 children,
Which proves that women
Have more children
Than men.

—*Diamond Dust*



"One of the grads became so tight on a bet he had won that he thought he was Sir Galahad with the grail, and it took the whole Kappa Sig chapter to pry him loose from their bright, shining cuspidor."

—*Whirlwind.*



Old Timer: "Is your married life one grand, sweet song?"

Newlywed: "Well, since our baby's been born it's been like an opera, full of grand marches with loud calls for the author every night."

—*Penn. State Froth.*

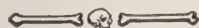


"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading a story."

"It's too bad you don't know the name, mother, because little brother got off there."

—*Longhorn.*



RAREBIT

Patient: I am continually dreaming of girls running around in chemises.

Psychoanalyst: Ah, Slips that pass in the night!

—*Reel.*



Head Cook: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"

Assistant: "I did. It was half past ten."

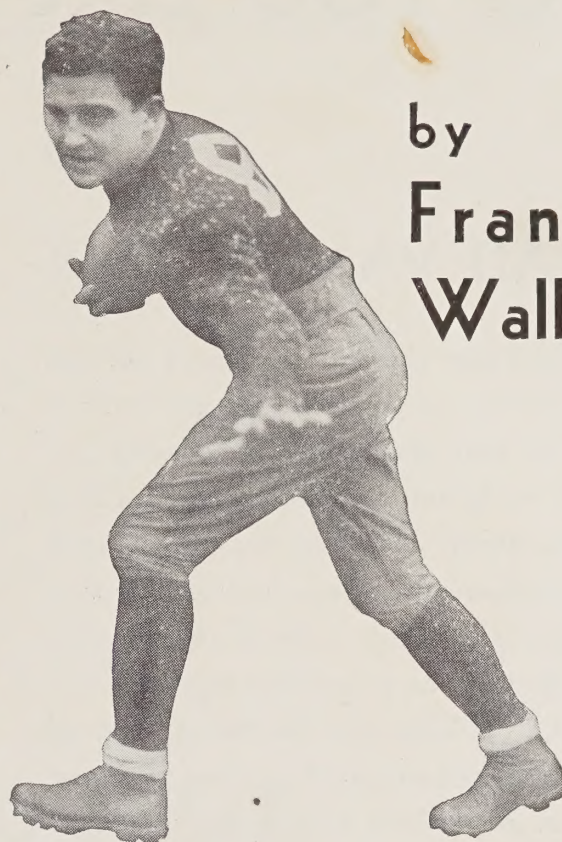
—*Texas Longhorn.*



Son: "Ma, what's the idea of makin' me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobby, you only have to sleep on the mantelpiece two more weeks and then your picture will be in a Believe-It-or-Not-cartoon."

—*Colgate Banter.*



by
**Francis
Wallace**

ALL AMERICAN JACK ELDER:

... "One of the best college stories I have ever read!"

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

College Humor
MAGAZINE

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Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



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**FOOTBALL
NUMBER**



The Snooping Art Editor Snoops Again.

The Carolina **Buccaneer** UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1930

NO. 2

Between Glasses

Hello, youse-all. Heah ah is gwine to take up yo valuable time with a page of so-and-so and such-and-such.

Remember the time we had Georgia Tech on the five yard line—No—well anyhow I happened to glance in section 20 and see a bespeckled youth reading avidly. I was somewhat indignant until I found out it was **Casanova**. Football and **Casanova** don't mix so I suggest a copy of the **Tar Heel** for nice light reading and not so distracting. (Starting off per usual)

Met one of the law students Sunday morning coming out of the Graduate Club. He was recovering from concoctions mixed with a certain beverage from Baltimore. He had lost everything (now don't mistake me) except his sense of humor, for he told me he felt lower than the ring around a Scotchman's bathtub.

Speaking of law students, there is a smart boy, quite an editor, too, who was having strange interludes most of Saturday night and Sunday morning. About three A. M., however, the interlude became an intermission. (Editor's note: I am not a law student).

It was so crowded at the Pi Phi dance that Charlie Taylor said he brought along a dime, placed it on the floor and danced on it most of the evening until someone hollered, "Git off de dime, de coicus is in June."

The courses Arboretum 57 and Stadium 2 are being substituted by Vestry 8, Tommy's Tavern 4, and Biology .01. This last course is for advanced students—and I don't mean forward.

Heard most favorable comments on the last bill of plays presented by the Playmakers, **Samuel Hinkle, Fireman**, by a Mr. Fox was just too funny for words. (Adv't). It wasn't put on words, it was put on for you and you and you, you Sucker.

Congratulations to Billy Arthur for his improvement on the vocal chords of the N. C. student body. Through no fault of his, however, we still sound like the chapel period at Miss Brown's School for Girls.

"Expert on sleep here for lecture," was the heading of an article in the **Daily**. Well, aren't we all?

One of the boys in I dorm called up the Shack and wanted to know when his girl would be

free. He's still got an earache.

It looks like we still have to clutter up Franklin street or drap ourselves on the stone wall Sunday afternoons. Extra!! Extra!! Sunday movies being postponed until Monday afternoon at the Carolina. If you then present your merit badge at the box office, salute twice, courtesy, and give the pass word, **pansy**, you will be admitted for the amazingly small sum of forty cents.

Well, as they say up forty-ninth street way, I gotta close up now. So I leave you a few suggestions for our Thanksgiving holidays. Of **course** you don't have to take them.

1. Stay here.
2. Go some place else.

3. Do both. (This can be accomplished with one quart of Orange County corn or a monkey wrench. The latter is preferable, for on waking you will have pain in only one spot, whereas—but here I am trying to be dogmatic and telling you things which you learned when you wore a wide belt and black-stripped trousers.. 'By you-all, here's hoping you like your Thanksgiving Goose.



I just got my football letter.

Tsh, tsh, I haven't time to read it now.

The night was full mit mist,
The vind vas full mit vedder,
It was too cold for two to sleep
alone,
So vun had to sleep togedder.

Bud—Why don't they put
watch pockets in football pants?
Artemesa—I don't know.

Bud—Who the hell ever heard
of carrying a watch while play-
ing football.

"How did that fellow get his
hands and arms skinned up so
much?"

"He's a deaf and dumb stu-
dent. He cheered so much to-
day at the game that he almost
broke his arm."

The Biography of Captain Kid Boots, the Patron Saint of Football, Is Related by One Ike Dann

On a cold November afternoon in the early part of the 18th century Kidd Boots was born into a world of anti-evolution voters, W.C.T.U. workers, Babbitian professors, etc. Boots grew weary of his sunny England home where the sun shone 364 days a year. (This was before they invented fogs). So young Boots put out to sea as his father's oaths rent the air.

And so it came to pass, just as they do in modern football games, that our hero fell in with a band of pirates. From this time on his rise was fast.

On one of his many expedi-
tions, Boots and his crew of ten

men were shipwrecked off the South Sea Islands. One of the crew spied a wild pig, and gave chase to it. The pig was caught, and his head was used by Kidd Boots as the first football. Even today, on rainy days, pigs and players look very much alike. The captain and his crew of ten played together, hence eleven players today. While the first game was in progress, Boots saw a Hula-Hula girl and made a forward pass. Thus Captain Kidd became the Patron Saint of Football.

Boots carried the game far. In all circles he and his swash-buck-
ling crew were known as hard

tacklers. When they hit the deck of a ship something had to give way. Once upon a time a certain captain decided to hold that line. Boots hit him amidships, and the game was over. The Captain's widow engaged in a punting duel with Boots, but he dropkicked and kicked a field goal.

Captain Boots died young. On an attempted end run he ran off the edge of a ship and went down gurgling a chaser. Incidentally Kidd Boots started the All-American custom of drink-
ing at the game. And now, gen-
tle reader, this epistle to the pig and Captain Kidd Boots closes.

How to Crash the Gate

I have never cared for saxophone players, and Harold was a saxophonist extraordinary. When he played it sounded like two of the damn things. His specialty was saxophone imitations. He could imitate most anything but a musician, but he was at his best when going through the sounds of a dying pig. He could do it perfectly. I've always said that he could do that one thing good though, because he practiced more on that one than any of the others. But I started out to tell you of my life.

I was born (evidently) and none of your business when. Just to show you what a precocious child I was, I had already had my twelfth birthday before I was three years old. It was at this time that Harold came into

my life. I've never found out how he managed to get in, but he did, so there you are . . . Ha! You just think you're there but you're not. You're here! See how funny it sounds when you say "I'm there," when you know durn well you're not?

As I was saying, I fell in love with a girl that I had never seen before and have never seen since. She didn't see me either for she was across the street and probably didn't care anyway. And then Harold came between us, the dirty Jack Dalton . . . he drove an old Ford down the street between us and I swore I'd have his heart for this dastardly deed, but it was broken before I could wreak my vengeance (It was only an old four cylinder Vengeance and I wanted to col-

lect the insurance on it anyway). I'm glad I didn't get his heart because I prefer poker to Hearts any day.

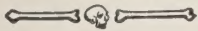
Our next brush (we had two you know, and called them military brushes) was only a verbal one. Don't be misled by this into thinking that a man named Verbal won. He wasn't even in it. But to go on, I told him to "allez en fer," which is French for "jump in the lake," you know. Then he called me a dumbell which is Finnish for "dumbell." Finnish reminds me that I'm through and if you're drunk when you read this (no sane or sober person would read it) then you'll say Finnish for the last word of this poem. Chances are you'll say more than Finnish but I can't print that here. . . .

"Why do you call them 'Williams'?"

She asked with a puzzled look.
The while he tucked the bank notes

Into his pocketbook.
The poet eyed his questioner
And sadly shook his head.

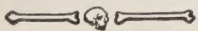
"I do not know them well enough
To call them 'Bills'," he said.



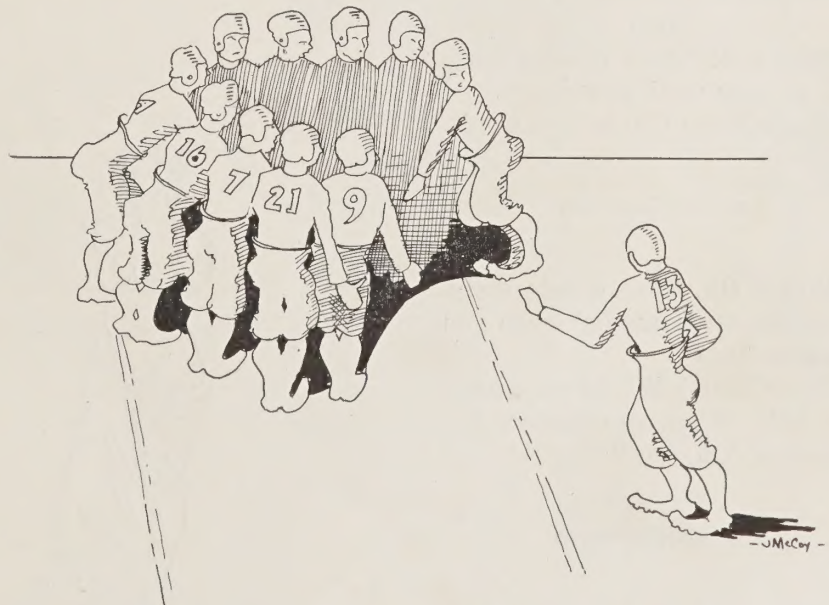
"That football player reminds me of Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

"Why is that?"

"Because he's a weak end."



Extract from a letter received by a student from his Scotch father: ". . . Be sure to write me all about the Homecoming Game."



Naw, don't tell me, let me guess.



All-Southern End.

Wages

Play in one act (thank Heaven)

As curtain rises, player is seen leaving game and approaching sidelines. Coach leaves bench and rushes out to meet player with murder in his eyes.

Coach: What do you mean by stopping when you could have made that touchdown?

Player: Whatinhell you expect for fifteen hundred per?

finis

Author's Note: I'll write a longer play next time.

Editor's Note: Oh, no you won't.

George—How is a can of tomatoes like an elephant?

Murphey—I don't know.

George—Neither can ride a bicycle.



"This line problem shouldn't bother us much," said the math professor.

"Great going, Bill, old boy, you're a great help to the team."

"Aw, anybody could do as well as I."

"Now there you're too modest. But you must practice a lot to be that good."

"Yes, I'm out there every day. They keep me on the bench most of the time but I'm always ready to answer the call."

"Well, they may keep you on the bench a lot, but you certainly show a great flash of speed."

"That comes from keeping training and being always on the alert."

"You're so quick on the get away. Those runs you made today were great, oh boy. You outclassed the opposition a mile when you did get into action."

"Now you're bragging on me."

"No, I'm just giving you due credit, because everytime time was called you always beat the opposing team's water boy out on the field."

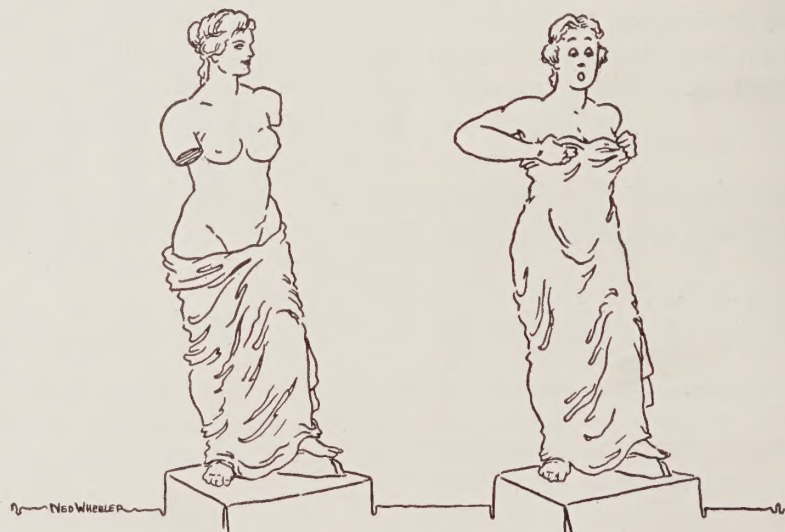


Bud—"Oh, what a cute dolly. Does she say 'Mamma' when you squeeze her?"

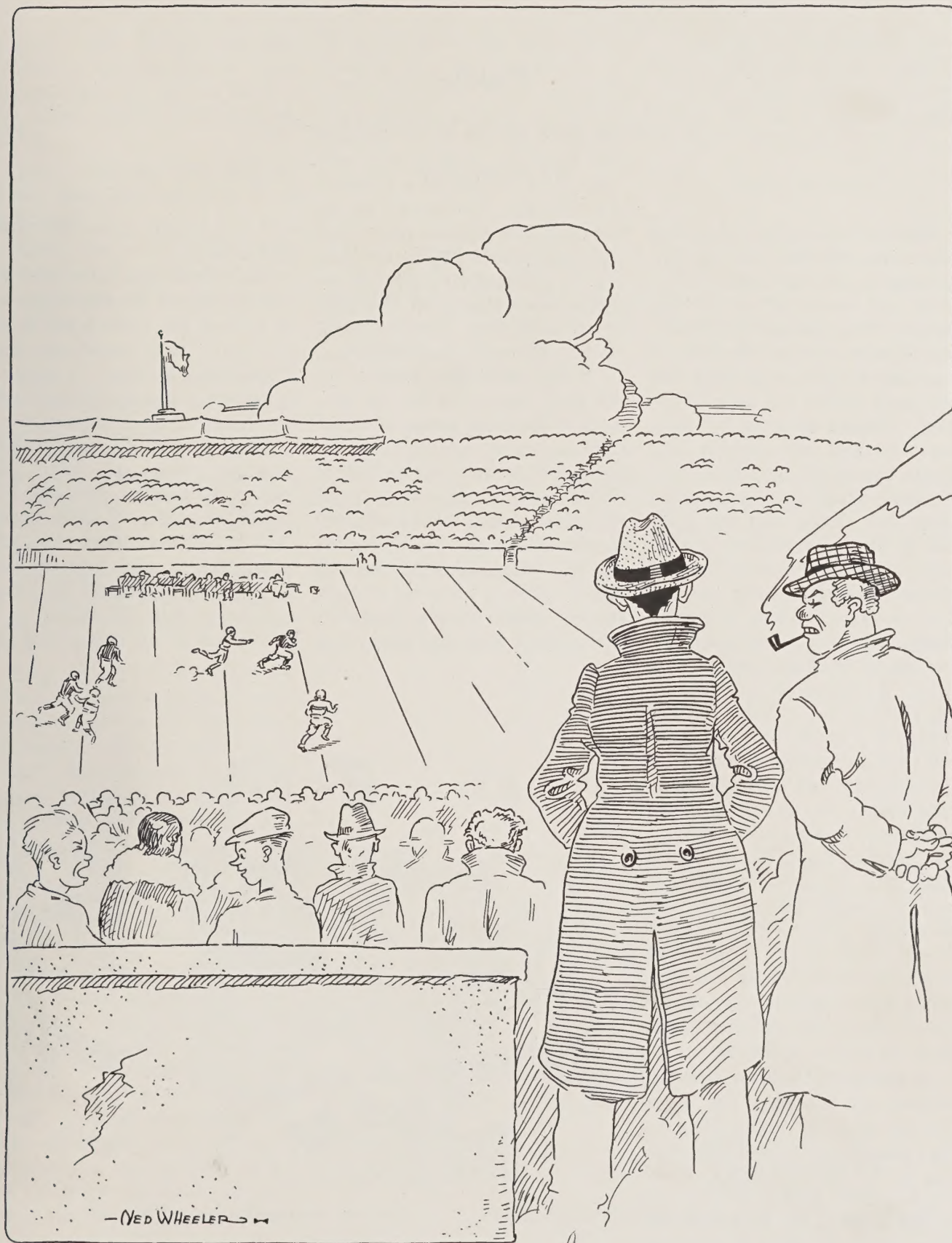
Joe—"Naw! My dolly's a modern doll. When you squeeze her she says, 'Oh, boy!'"



"Give me Life, Liberty, or the Saturday Evening Post," said the traveling salesman as he prepared to board the train.



Allegorical reforming of the Buccaneer.



Darn, I hope we have a good baseball team in the spring.

Fuddle

(A dashing story of the blood-stained gridiron)

By Doctor Jazz

Minerva Klummp, otherwise known as "Minnie" sat on the davenport in her front living room and looked off in the distance. This was quite unusual for Minnie because she was so nearsighted she could only see her hand before her face. Suddenly she got up from her resting place and took another look about the room and this took several moments as she stumbled over four chairs and the goldfish bowl in her efforts to see that everything was okelly. Of course you wish to know why she was so anxious about the room being set. Well, here is the kitchen out of the sack. She had a date! And when we say date we don't mean one of those cracker toting, slap-faced, victrola crankers that are always asking why you don't get one of those radios that keep four out of six of the apartment floors awake at night. No, nothing like that, she had a date with a lump of sugar that was so tough that every time he spit it bounced—that was the latest sport report. She was also excited because he was coming tonight against the permission of the coach, and that meant that he meant business.

A knock on the door bounced Minnie off the sofa like Papa did on Saturday night when he had leaned too far over the railing in the upstairs hall and had made a half gainer on the umbrella stand in the back hall. Before the knock could be repeated

the door was opened by a tremendous wrench by Minnie that kept it going strong enough to knock two pictures off the wall of Grandfather and Grandmother Klummp respectively.

"Moe," shrieked Minnie as she flung herself at her big moment with every ounce of blood bone and gray matter that she possessed in her slight frame of 198 pounds. Moe (known as Moses for short) steeled himself for the attack and threw her for a three yard loss under the piano. After a bit more of such fun in which Minnie came out with a bent axle and he with a

bashed bumper, they sat down on his lap.

"Gee, Moe, you look good in your uniform" (he still had it on as he had not been home from practice), she cooed as she pinched his biceps. "I certainly hope that you beat that bunch of Orange squeezers tomorrow."

"Gee, honey, it is certainly good for you to say that," said Moe as he bit the buttons off the back of the sofa. "I kinda hoped that if we beat them that you would marry me." As he said this she slyly took off her shoe and threw it in the grate.

"Oo wazza wurryying bout zat



They sat down on his lap.

us oo?" said Minnie as she reached in the fire just in time to rescue enough of the rubber heel of her shoe to make a good eraser.

"That's certainly good for you to say that, Min, but you see I am afraid—"

"What you mean afraid, my big moment?" interrupted Minnie, as a look of doubt entered her North eye.

"I—well—er—er—"

"Listen Moe Blomberger—what are you trying to do—tell me that there is some other girl that means more to you than your little Minnie?" As she said these last words she slipped to the floor in a daze and two nights.

"No Dopperwhopper, uglepoof-er, I mean that I have—I was—I am—you were—he was—they are—"

"You are—he was—they are—I was—you was—he was," corrected Minnie as she made herself tense. "And another thing, I don't want no past from my future husband—that'll do for the present. "But why are you so split, my infinitive," she gurgled. "I hope you believe in Santa Clauses, and I hope that you are not going to offer me any prepositions that you can't fulfill."

"No, Honey, I have nothing to hide, but I just wanted to tell you that there will be no football game tomorrow because someone stole the ball—!" He turned his head away from her as he said these last words as if he expected any moment to be the receiving end of her terrible fury, but as nothing happened

he again faced her and looked straight into her South eye.

"Don't worry, Moe," she sobbed over her asthma. "I know that you hated to lose your pig-skin, but I told you that you would be a fool-girl if you insisted on Palmolive." As she said these last words she slipped her head up under his football jersey and bit a hunk out of his shoulder pads, and we can go home satisfied that everything is uniform!

(Asbestos Curtain)

"Here you," roared the infuriated farmer on whose land Charlie Aiken was hunting rabbits. "Didn't you see that sign marked 'Private—No Hunting.'?"

"Sure," said Charlie, "but I never read anything marked private."

"Who is that bruised-up man on the other side of the street?"

"That's the referee of last night's football game, You see, the lights went out."

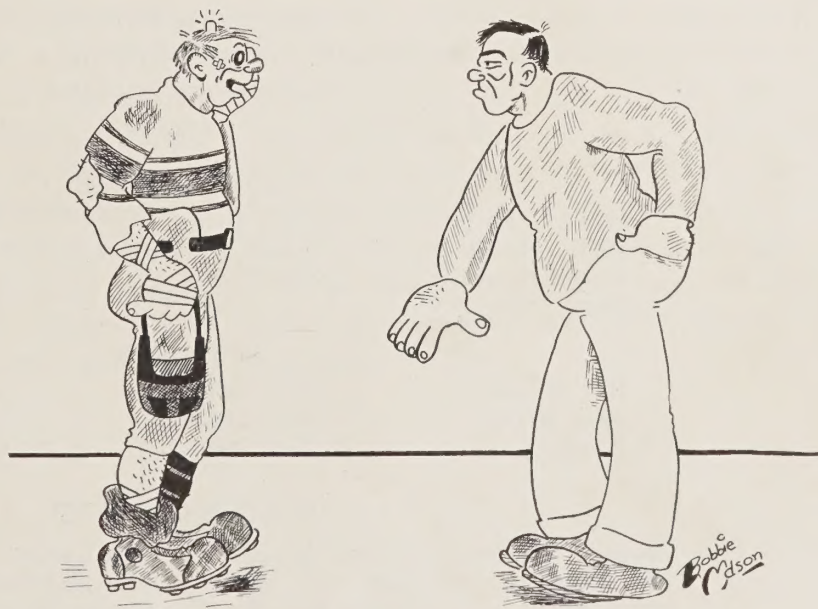
Tom—Are you working now?
Loy—I'm a chiropractor.

Tom—Are you practicing now?

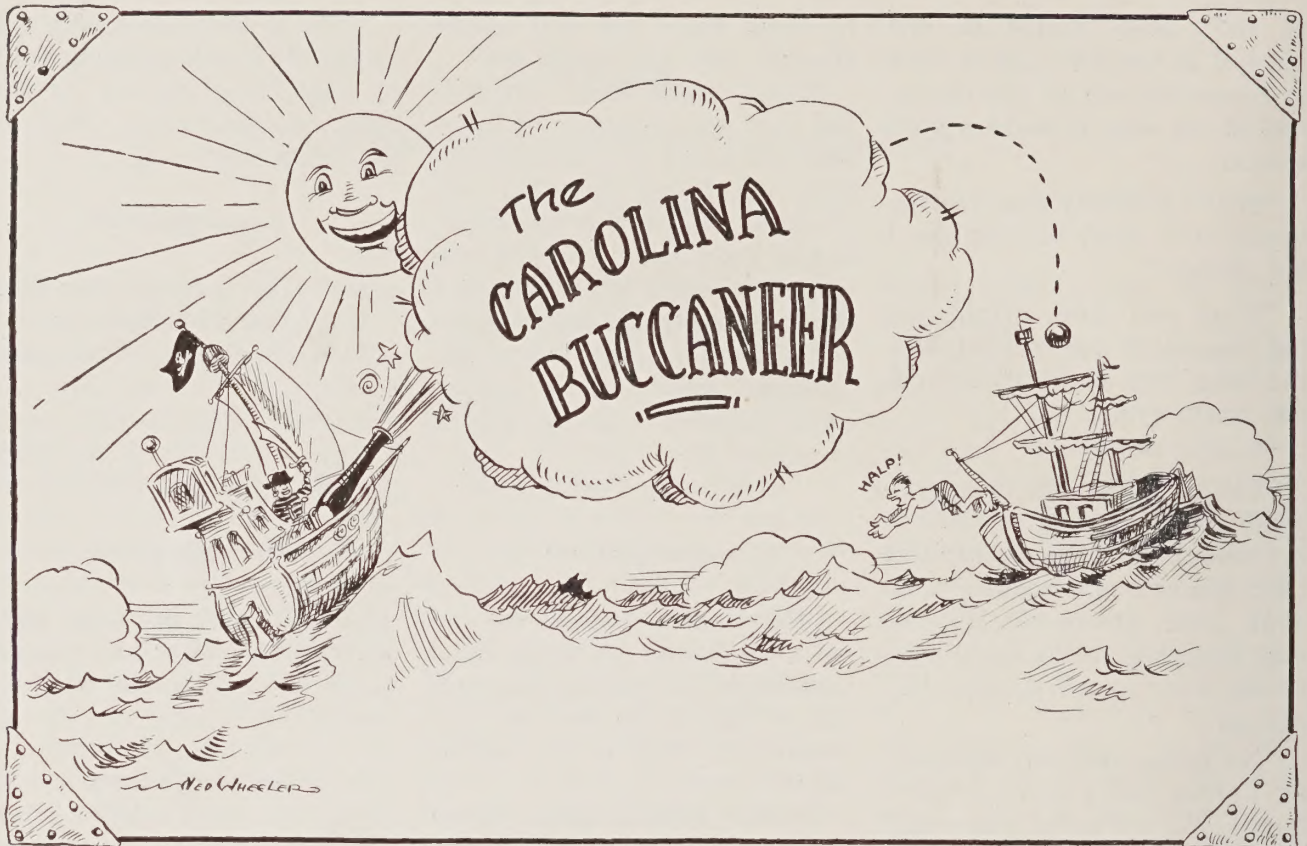
Loy—Oh indeed, but the girl I'm going with wants me to quit practicing and get married.

"Day by day in every way I am getting better and better," muttered the bottle of home brew.

"I hope you never go wrong," said Big Ben to Baby Ben.



Well, Coach, I sure fixed that end.



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Editorial

Again we have with us the season of lost tickets, twisted ankles and empty flasks which is otherwise known as the Football Season. The space allotted to this editorial is such that we will not try to give any data on future results concerning Carolina's team. You need not phone or write to the BUCCANEER and give us hell for giving out false impressions concerning the strength or weakness of our eleven. All that we will advance concerning our this season's possibilities is that we will always have eleven men on our side that will make every endeavor to see that the ball will be smuggled, inveigled, kicked, passed, and pushed with every available ounce of Carolina's strength when we have it in our possession and that when it goes over to the opposing team that the ball will know from experience that we did our best to give it a start in the world. On the other hand when said ball is in hands of the enemy i. e. visitors, we will also make every possible

effort to welcome it back on our side and that we will treat its new friends i. e. our enemies with every respect that is requisite of gentlemen but in nowise will we handle these enemies with gloves. What the BUCCANEER is trying to say is that we are going to fight like Hell!

Now that the most serious part of this football discussion is over we wish to express our appreciation to the coaches who have made possible a football team of which every Carolina man is proud. Defeats have slipped in but we still find the moral and general attitude of the team unchanged. We also wish to congratulate the cheer leaders and members of the band for the snappy and spirited zest which they add to the games. We also wish to thank the three men in front of us last game for passing out so that we could see at least the last quarter of the game. We are also thankful that this issue of the BUCCANEER comes out before the last football game.

Di Members Die Hard Dying To Dye The Buccaneer White

There they sat, two hundred strong, members of the powerful Di, gathered together like a tribunal, like a grim and majestic court assembled for some cataclysmic question,—and the question was momentous, for these “senators,” members of this mighty assemblage of speakers, champion hot air artists, and the campus’ favorite bores, were to decide the fate of the *Buccaneer*. For of course their decision meant an awful lot! Why they were strong, they were powerful; theirs were the tongues that had moved countless boys to sleep, that had moved numbers of profs to flunks; theirs were the brains that dictated the editorial policy of this, that, and the other, theirs the brains that cannot be found.

President: Oyez, oyez. Here we be to decide whether or not the *Buccaneer* shall be continued. Senator Rector.

First Nuisance: Fellow senators, I say here before you now and always that this filthy rag, this putrid publication, this menace to our homes, to our grandmothers and our sisters and our wives should be made to bite the dust. Is it not so? (*Extreme silence? Sgt. at Arms discovered reading Smokehouse monthly, and President comes out from the pages of a Buccaneer long enough to give him a severe reprimand. Finally the members, realizing that the speaker has stopped talking,*

wake up and clap hastily.)

Speaker: Hey, wait a minute, I’m not through. Besides all this—

Sgt. at Arms: Time’s up. Sit down. (*Goes back to Smokehouse but throws it aside in disgust and signals to President to slip him the Buccaneer. President shakes head negatively.*) Next speaker.

Mr. Dungan: We come to college for culture and education (*voice from rear: “Hell, the Buc has taught me more than any of my books.”*)—we are here, as I say, to get an education and what does this magazine teach us? Not even jokes! No, I say that anyone who reads this is defeating the purpose for which he came to college. (*Stoops hastily to pick up a Buccaneer that has fallen from his pocket to the floor. Boy on front row wakes up and tries unsuccessfully to borrow it.*) And not only that but—(*Another interruption. Editor of Buccaneer enters with his face beaming and immediately all the members wake up or put aside their Bucs and applaud. The speaker is forgotten as everyone shouts “Ray for the Buccaneer! Give us some jokes Mr. Editor.”*)

Ye Editor: Boys, boys! Not here in the “senate” hall. Some of these gentlemen who don’t read my little publication might object. Come out in the hall. (*Stampede ensues in which several are seriously injured, and a good many more are crip-*

pled. The cries of the hurt mingle with the groans of those who were too slow, but all the noise is soon drowned in the roars of laughter that come in from the hall. President looks at the Sgt. at Arms; the latter looks at the speaker left stranded on the floor; they all three look guiltily at one another, then simultaneously they all make a dash for the door. The scene is left deserted and quiet except for two wounded forms left lying on the floor. Their groans can occasionally be heard above the noise outside, but finally one of them manages to crawl to the door and open it and with a loud cry of triumph he gets within ear range of the speaker. The left behind, after making one more desperate effort to get to the door, fails, and pulls a gun from his pocket to commit suicide.



After the football game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
Help me find my ear.



“Some girls due,” said the timekeeper, as the 7 o’clock whistle blew.

1st Stude: Have you got a ruler?

2nd Stude: No. And don't bother me.

1st Stude: What kind of a roommate are you. Do you want me to have suppressed desires?

George—How is a touchdown like my best girl?

Murph—It's hard to make.

"First down," yelled Hamp as he took another swallow and passed out.

The Beautiful Dumbell, as the five subs ran on the field near the end of the game, "Oh, so that is the night shift!"

What kind of guy is Owen anyway.

Bud, oh he is the type of man who tells a chorus girl what he was thinking about her.

Jeffries and Alice were occupying a table at a nearby sweet shop for a short while when the lady's straw broke and she called to the clerk, "Oh, Jack, my sucker's broke." Jeffries blushed all the way up to his ears, and replied, "Well, you needn't tell the whole world about it."

"Your son has very fine manners. He opened the gate for me."

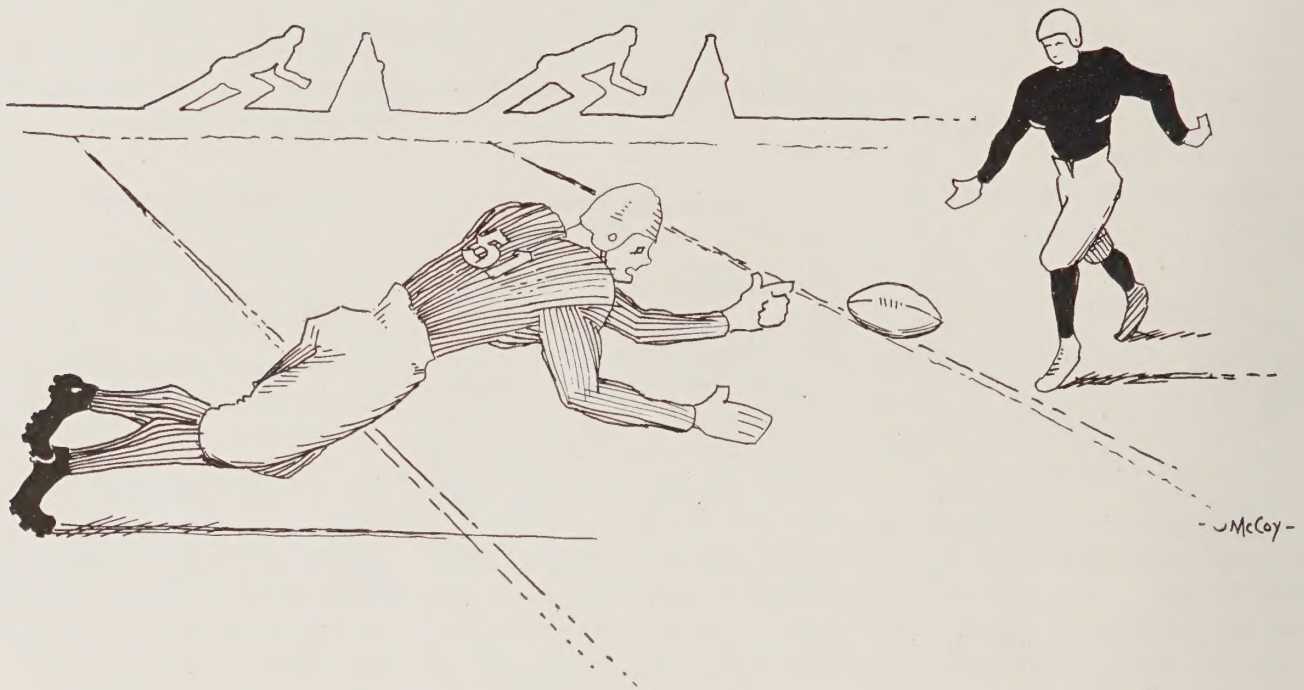
"Oh, that's nothing. He does that for the cows every evening."

"Don't give up the ship boys," gasped the drowning Scotchman.



IMPRESSIONS OF CAMPUS PUBLICATIONS

No. 1. The Daily Tar Heel



Gosh, there goes my contract for next year.

Typical Thoughts of Football Players as the Signals Are Being Called

Right End—I hope the hell that guy won't hit me so hard on the head again.—If he does I am afraid that I shall have to leave the game.

Right Tackle—I wonder what the hell I made on that history quiz I took this morning? If that guy doesn't pass me I'll***.

Right Guard—I'll be dam glad when I can smoke again. Tom has been breaking my pipe in for me and I'll bet it will taste good.

Center—When the hell do I snap this ball? I wish the hell he would call these signals slower.

Left Guard—Well I'll be

damned if I haven't got some mud on my suit. No wonder I can't play good in these clothes.

Left Tackle—If I just had a good drink I could knock hell out of this guy even if he does outweigh me.

Left End—I sure would like to know if Tom is planning to be around to Mary's tonight.

Quarterback—Dam me if I can keep these signals straight. Wish the hell he would hurry up and snap that ball.

Right Half—Now then you people in the stadium watch me; I'm going thru for a touchdown or I'll know why.

Left Half—Dam but that girl

on the ten yard line has pretty legs. I sure would love to 'make' her.

Fullback—It is about time they gave a yell for me, I'm almost worn out.

Edythe—Why did I ever marry you, why you can't pass a saloon without going in.

Ronnie—Well, you can't pass a millinery shop.

"First down," said the elevator boy to his early passenger.

Letters of a Chicago Freshman to Home

Dear Folks,

This Chapel Hill sure is a dull burg. There ain't been a stir here since the Civil War. These Southerners sure are slick ones, all right; but they can't put anything over on me. They act so nice and friendly like, you know, say hello even if they don't know you. They think they'll get you off your guard and then they'll fix us Northerners. I got one

teacher who always smiles when he sees me, I'll bet the old son-of-a-gun is going to give me a "B," I know him.

I got a roommate who snores and it makes me so homesick; he sounds just like a machine gun. I shone in Civics class today; none of the other studes knew what racketeering meant and yours little truly had to explain all the dope about graft and

that. I sure know my government. You'd laugh yourself sick if you heard how these Southerners talk. For instance, instead of "whoosis" they say "what's-his-name." Well, good-bye old man. If you catch Mother in, between bridge games you know, tell her hello.

Your affectionate

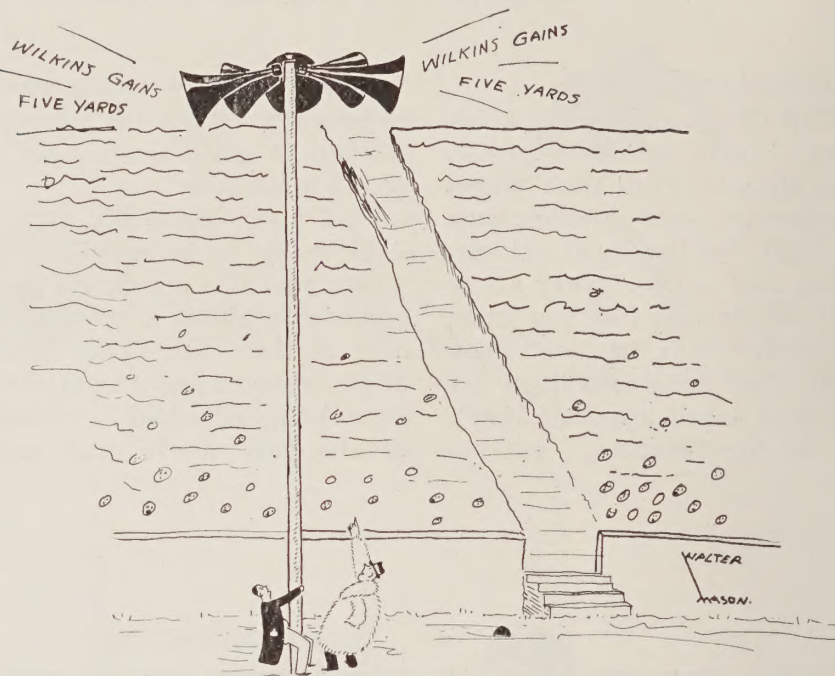
SON.



Just playing leap-frog, officer, just playing leap-frog.

NEVER SAY DIE

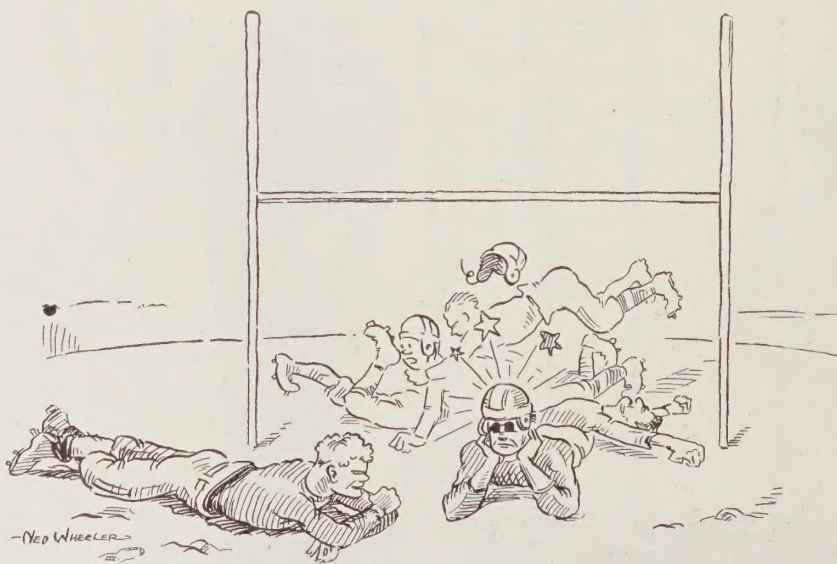
As he knelt in place and gritted his teeth for the first assault, his face showed a look of determination. Carefully he assumed his position and tensed himself for the conflict. Looking at his opponent with a do-or-die expression on his face, he gave an angry scowl. Now came the crucial moment, now would be the time when he would show his true ability. With excruciating pain came the conflict—his eyes flashed fire as he applied his strength—he seemed dazed—in his exciting position he became frantic, his head throbbed and his heart swelled to the bursting point—he must not give in, he must not think of quitting. Ah! At last his opponent weakened—all in a second he had succeeded, triumphed over the greatest odds—and with a mighty tug the tight shoe came off.



When dosh Amos 'n' Andy come on?

"That certainly is a rough chap," remarked the co-ed as she applied the cold cream to her lips.

"We have a hunch," said Hiram Jenkins of the **Village Weekly**, "that Thomas A. Edison and the Westinghouse Electric Company are the real forces behind night football."



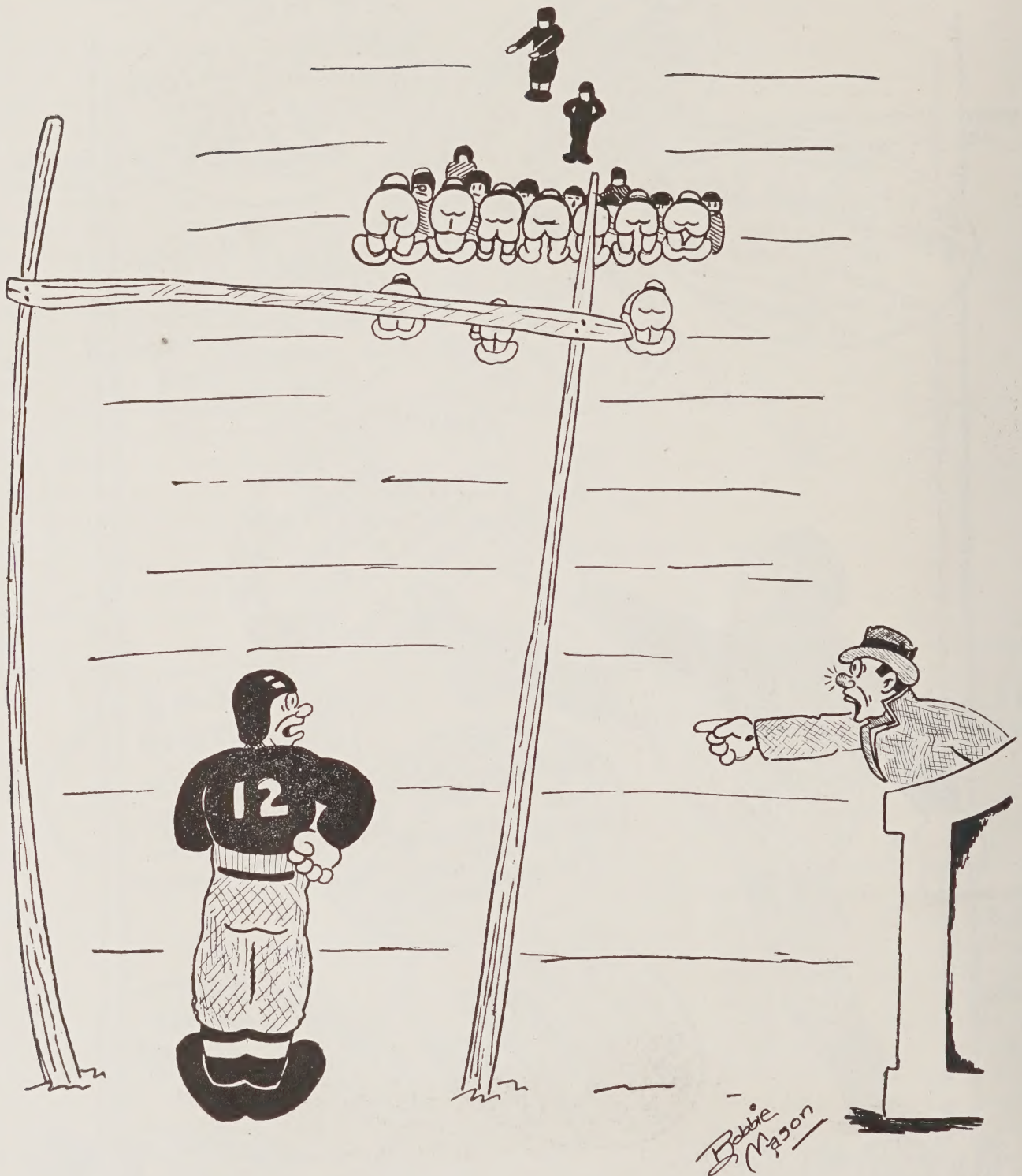
Do you think you will see Mabel tonight?

Half-hypnotized, I just sat there, watching the others trying to shake off the invisible one's wiles. Some merely made a pretense of fighting the omnipotent enemy, others valiantly strove but gradually they too lapsed into a coma. The awful silence was broken only by a lulling, solemn drone. The droning took sides with the enemy and I fought to beat the two off, but perceptibly I weakened and then fell into a doze. Suddenly I awoke to realize that the chapel lecture was over.



MENTION THE **BUCCANEER** WHEN YOU BUY

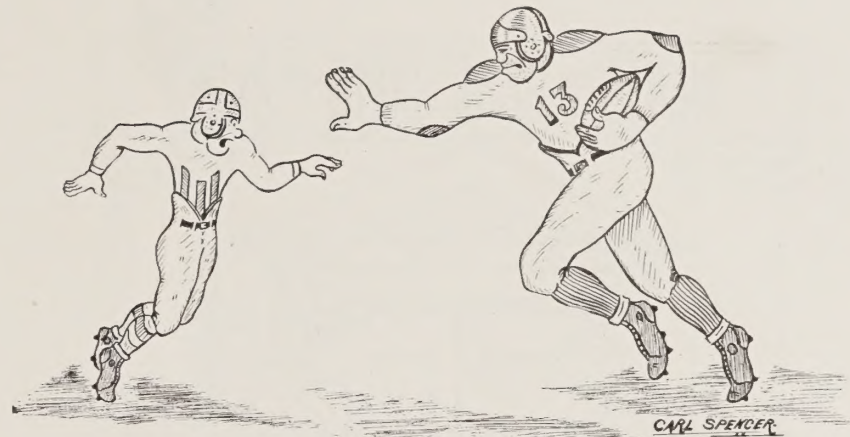
Robt. Mason



Ya, ya, coward!

On Running Backward: What To Do?

"But," said Aunt Cynthia Blocknfall, shaking a quivering finger at the haughty Esmeralda, "what would your father have done in your place?" The wilful boy, however, was not to be frightened by the austere dignity of Cynthia Blocknfall. "Lord Bigflop," quoth the harassed menial, "not for one lire will I go to hell, nor for a bucket-full! Sir, my haughtier's doner is dore mear to me than gold, that it, a little gold." "Matey," continued the old seaman, "well nigh on to forty year I been sailing the vessel 'Nottachance,' forty-nine decks and a porcelean bottom, out of Haishang, and never did I see such a long, lanky, lying liar." "Baron Dingleberry, you are a cad, sir!" muttered Lady Betsy as she picked up her horset. In her agitation she buttoned it on backward. In the first place, we

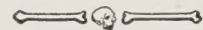


I say, are you in my way?

would take Spanish and then if we ran in the wrong direction with the ball we would keep on to South America and getta da Toro. Boul, Boul, who's gotta da Boul. "Ha!" chortled Sir Roger de Horse Chestnut, as he stabbed the vile fiend in the neck with a stick of peppermint candy, "you're it!"

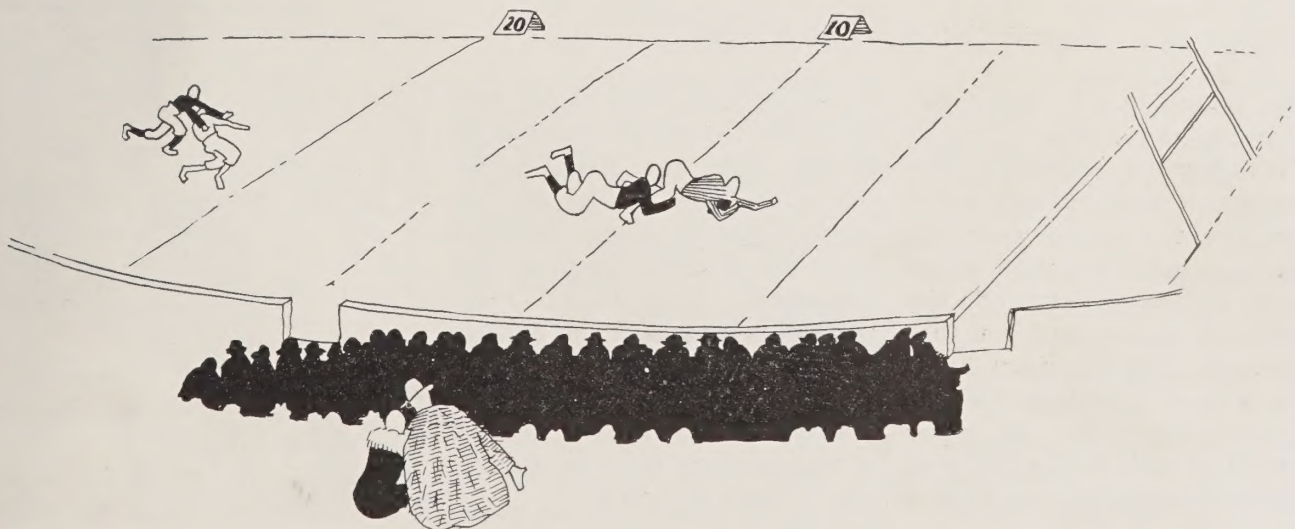
Wife—"Did you see those men staring at that flapper as she boarded the car?"

Husband—"What men?"

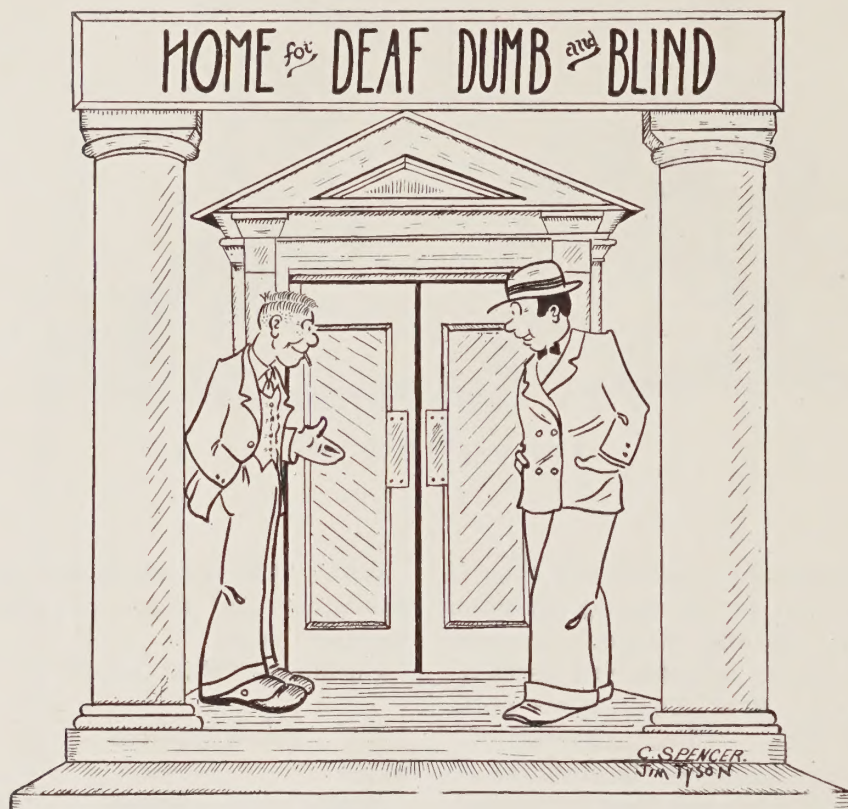


Boy Friend (singing): I've been working on the railroad . . .

She: Have you?



For another hundred he'd have made a touchdown.



Frosh: What are you doing here?

Soph: I came to get a chaperone for the dance.

Dorothy Nix Has a Bad Night

No, Laughing Blue Eyes, you are wrong in wanting to break off with your boy friend and now they cannot bear to think every man knows deep down in his heart it seems that most wives hail from Missouri and then the thrill and glamor and romance have gone and to return home after a hard day's work and find when I was a girl we never thought of such things and you, Worried Mother, tell your son a

fifteen dollar a week salary said an attractive married woman to me the other day, Hazel, catching a husband is like the old custom said to have originated with the ancient kimonas and curl-papers have ruined more marriages and have the balance of the time to play golf with and to all those who are entering the portals of matrimony I say can a woman have faith in a man? No. Which is a pity.

WHAT TO DO WITH DISCARDED GOAL POSTS

The first thought is that they may be set up in the back yard in the hope that that vociferous brat next door will break his neck climbing them. Then, they could be put in the old razor blade recepticle, where ever you keep that.

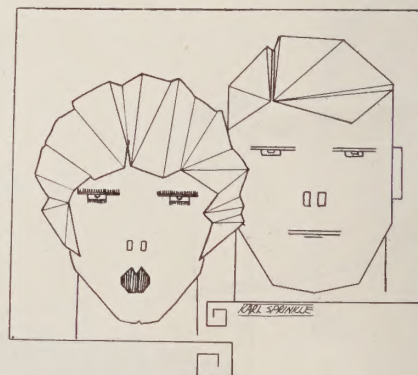
On you toes now, men, see if you can get this. Huge reward offered. Essentials: One upright goal post, three feet of good durable rope and Rudy Vallee. Use both posts if necessary.

Duke has an admirable way of disposing with goal posts. At the beginning of each season one is placed at each end of the field.

Hold horse shoe pitching contest among professors and present winner with a pair of mud plated posts.

Ship them to Secondary Carnera to be used as crutches.

Let the damn things stay up—they don't mean anything to Virginia anyway.



Young Sot: Well, how do you like night football?

Girl Friend: I hate it. Why, I can't even see what the other girls are wearing!

Bugville News—Once Weekly

(Tom Loy—Editor)

Last evening the Almhouse Quartette rendered, "We've Enough Money to Last Us the Rest of Our Lives, Provided We Die Tonight."

Farmer Stone smashed a town record when he slept for 63 hours, 21 minutes, 2-10 of a second. The former record was held by Charles Caesar Jaw Aiken. His time was 62 hours, exactly. Mr. Stone would have broken a world's record if a fly had not disturbed his record-breaking slumber.

Bugville defeated Pumpkin Center in baseball, 98 to 96.

Cy Owen lost his rowboat title when he fell overboard trying to kill a crab which had lodged on the bottom of his scow.

Kate Pigtail and Izzy Shakespeare were sentenced for life to "Matrimony Jail."

Weather for tomorrow — Heavy rain flurries.



Hold that line.

Our idea of a poor safety man is the one who dresses himself up in brass buttons and carries a club.



A snapshot of the editor after the last issue of the Buccaneer.

Rushing

A.T.O. (during rushing season): Boy, we're doing some hot rushing this year. Wouldn't be surprised if we pledged fifteen men.

S.A.E.: That's great. I heard it rumored that you were getting some of the best freshmen on the campus.

A.T.O.: Yes, we got a lot of good recommendations, boys with all kinds of money.

S.A.E.: Do you have any sewed up yet?

A.T.O.: Do we? Why we have already shaken hands with eight and tonight we're going to put the works to three more.

S.A.E.: Well, that's fine. Glad to know you're doing so well.

A.T.O.: Yes, this will be our best year in the history of the chapter. Well, see you later.

S.A.E.: Yeah, so long.

And then rushing ended.

In the school paper we note the following: A.T.O. announces pledging of Bill Green of Florida.

"There's a lot of bum jokes in this issue."

"Oh, I don't know! I put a bunch of them in the stove, and the fire just roared."



"Oh, George, let us be going!
I felt a raindrop."

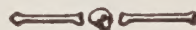
"Nonsense, Goldie. We are
under a weeping willow."

Drunk at football game—
What time ish it?

Another—Time out ish what
de man shaid.

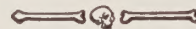


A little mark in Latin,
A little mark in French
Makes the football player
Sit upon the bench.



Excited Man (at the game):
Get that back out of the way!

Fat Lady (turning around):
Sir!

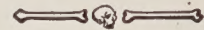


Client: I don't think you have
have done my daughter justice.

Artist: It isn't justice she
needs, it's mercy.

Greta (enthusiastically)—"Oh
if you boys make another touch-
down I'll stand on my head."

Murph.—"WE want a touch-
down."



Simple: Why do we always
eat hot dogs at a football game?

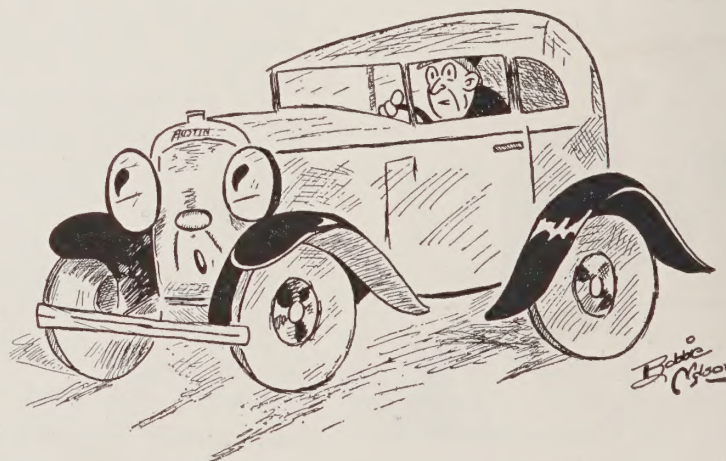
Simon: So we can root well.



A negro woman was in a
photographers shop about to
have her picture taken. She
started tying her feet together.

"You'll have to take that rope
off your feet, auntie," said the
photographer.

"The negro woman replied,
"You can't fool me mister. I seen
them there things before. When
you look in that hole it shows
upside down."



Horrors



The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, saturated with sunshine, are carefully combined in the Camel blend . . . to give you a mild and mellow smoke, fragrant, full-bodied. Year in and year out more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

WHEN cigarettes are lighted in any gathering, it's easy to divide the group into two classes: smokers and puffers. Those who take short pulls, blow the smoke out in gusts, smoke any brand that's offered—they are the puffers. Those who've learned the gentle art of extracting pleasure from good tobacco let the fragrant cloud ease out, as though they're loath to let go of a good thing. Smokers. And of these, notice the significant number who insist upon Camels.

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

A lady was waiting to buy a railroad ticket when a stranger bumped into her violently. Feeling that it was done intentionally she glared at him.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"No danger of that," she snapped, "I'm a Jewess." —*Jack-o'-Lantern.*



"College certainly isn't all beer and skittles."

"I should say not! I haven't seen a skittle since I've been here."

—*Mercury.*



Popular Co-ed: I wonder how many men will be made miserable when I get married.

Catty Friend: It depends upon how many men you marry. —*Wampus.*



Doctor: Let me feel your pulse.

Fanny: Oh, Doctor, that's the way they all start. —*Kitty Kat.*



"It this the Student Laundry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm a student. Kin I get a bath?" —*Widow.*



"Call out the bloodhounds, Clem, there's a travelin' man comin' towards the house and I ain't got no dahter."

—*DoDo.*



"How old are you, little man?"

"Damned if I know, mister. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."

—*Dirge.*



Money does not buy love; money does not buy law, or a position in society, or the respect of other men, or their souls. Counterfeit money, we mean. —*Mugwump.*

Cop: Hey there, collegian, where to with that drunken co-ed?

Collegian: I'm taking her to a lecture, officer.

Cop: Who's giving a lecture at four o'clock in the morning?

Collegian: Her housemother, officer.

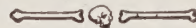
—*Owl.*



Editor: But these jokes aren't funny.

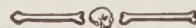
Contributor: I know that, but I've just been reading over some copies of your magazine, and I thought that you might think they were.

—*Punch Bowl.*



Papa: Bobby, if you had a little more spunk, you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?

Bobby: Yes, sir; it's the past participle of spank. —*Drererd.*



"Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did, mother."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*



1st Guy: She treats her husband like a Grecian God."

2nd Guy: How's that?

1st Guy: She places a burnt offering before him at every meal.

—*Skipper.*



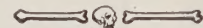
He: I don't like the color of your rouge.

She: That's not rouge. I just saw the point of that joke you told me yesterday. —*Wampus.*

Delta Zeta: I think that is carrying things a little too far.

A. T. O.: What do you mean?

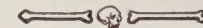
D. Z.: That efficiency expert's wife had triplets. —*Moonshiner.*



"Stop reaching across the table Junior, haven't you a tongue?"

"Yes, sir, but my arm is longer."

—*Banter.*

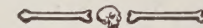


Amherst '32: Do you neck?

Smith '32: That's my business!

Amherst '32: Ah, a professional!

—*Lord Jeff.*



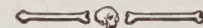
Lives of all great men remind us,

We can kiss and hug.

And departing, leave behind us,

Lipstick on the boy friend's mug.

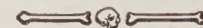
—*Pelican.*



Short: My big brother throws the discus for Penn State.

Pants: 'Snothin', my ol' man throws the switch for the C. & O.

—*Sniper.*



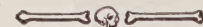
She: Oh, Gilbert has the most wonderful pair of binoculars!

Also: Has he? I dearly love these strong, virile men.

Him: Who gave the bride away?

Shim: I could have, but I kept my mouth shut.

A couple of Sigma Nu's had a drinking bout the other night and they say it was pretty much of a toss up. —*Moonshiner.*



Diner: My bill, please.

Waiter: What did you have?

Diner: I don't know.

Waiter: Hash is thirty-five cents.

—*Ranger.*



Put the "grin" in Grind



— with the ***Pause***
that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh.
When you find yourself getting nowhere—
fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more pun-
ishment! Let go everything! Pause for a
moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold
bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most
good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy
sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure,
wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a
little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

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dangerous irritants

that cause

Throat irritation
and Coughing

"It's toasted"



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When someone says: "It's like taking Gandhi away from a baby," do you instinctively think of the Indian Salt revolt? . . . If you're in the intellectual swim, you will. Do you know that Hoover canceled his vacation to Yellowstone Park because the lawn sprinklers in Kansas were all stuffed up? . . . What's new in Naval parlance? . . . Who's scrapping what? . . . How does the new Tariff Act affect our imports of Brazil nuts? . . . of Zinc Oxide? . . . of our exports of Débutantes and shoe trunks? . . . What changes has Prohibition made in the New-foundland fishing industry? . . . Are we, as American citizens, satisfied with a change from mackerel to rye? . . . Vanity Fair digs deeply into World Affairs and gives you the low-down on them all.

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VIII DECEMBER, 1930 NUMBER 3

KERMIT WHEARY.....*Editor-in-Chief*
JAMES C. HARRIS.....*Business Manager*
BOBBIE MASON.....*Art Editor*

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"What has four legs, is dead, and can jump as high as a tree?"

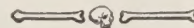
"Well, what?"

"A dead dog."

"But what about the jumping?"

"A tree can't jump either!"

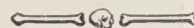
—Purple Cow.



Irate Citizen—Officer, stop that man—he's a bootlegger!

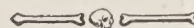
Cop—Now, don't get excited! There'll be another one along in a minute.

—The Pointer.



She: Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.

He: Lemon custard pie. —Rice Owl.



"But you know, Jack, I just can't bear children."

"Thass all right honey, neither can I."

—Blue Bucket.

Space nor dean will not permit us to tell you about the traveling salesman who stopped at the farmer's house one rainy night and said he'd just like to get something to eat and push on to the next town.

Arizona "Kitty Kat."



Co-ed: Doctor, take a look at my knee.

Doc: Nothing apparently wrong.

Co-ed: Yes, but ain't it a peach?

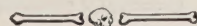
—Frivol.



Lady (in drugstore): I've really forgotten what I came after.

Tactful clerk: Listerine, ma'am?

—Widow



The Flea—Now, I'll hide on you.

The Pup—Get out, this is my hide.

—Stone Mill.



*Properly
Salted*

THERE is a salty tang to these big, brown Planters Peanuts that makes them irresistible. Make sail for the nearest confectionery counter. Stow a glassine bag in your pocket. Look for MR. PEANUT on it. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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CHOCOLATE Co.
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PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

There are TOO MANY WOMEN

● Katharine Brush has written the saga of a professional life-guard.

A tea-brown giant in a brief gray suit, he followed the sun and the sun-burned swimmers North in summer and South in winter. His profile, like a head for a coin, belonged against a background of beach and beach umbrellas and bright silk beach pajamas—and women. Women's eyes were always on him, but his blue gaze was not to be held for long . . . And then he met Ruby in a hot little inland town where there was no sea, no sand, no nothing—just a girl with yellow hair and violet eyes. Just one girl, when there were a hundred million in the world.

A Complete Novelette by KATHARINE BRUSH

One of the grandest of a series of grand stories this writer has done for College Humor, in the next issue.

College Humor
MAGAZINE



"While dancing with my girl, she started to shimmy, saying she was a little Quaker."

"What did you do?"

"I felt my oats, too." —Mugwump.

Then there's the one about the farmer's daughter who thought a traveling man's main occupation was to sell.

—Arizona "Kitty Kat."

Teacher: Is there a similarity between a trowel and a spade?

Student: Yes'm, both of them cover up mistakes. —Claw.

Peggy: Harry was held up last night by two men.

Joyce: Where?

Peggy: All the way home. —Stone Mill.

Then there was the undertaker who when he put ten corpses in a truck sighed: "Not a coffin, a carload!" —Carnegie Teck.

Wife: Is that you, John?

Voice from darkness: Who was you expecting? —Medley.

"I hear the Sultan is introducing the Honor System in the harem."

"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations." —Virginia Reel.

"I hereby fine you \$25 for picking pockets."

"Your honor, I only have \$15."

"Officer, turn the prisoner loose in the crowd until he gets the other \$10."

—Purple Parrot.

"The time will come," thundered the lecturer on woman's rights, "when women will get men's wages!"

"Yes," said the meek little man in the rear seat. "Next Saturday night."

—Rammer Jammer.

Distraught Mother: Papa, papa! Baby has swallowed the kodak films.

Father: Gracious! I hope nothing will develop. —Gargoyle.

Professor: Are you using notes on this examination, Mr. Pip?

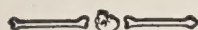
Pip: No, sir. I'm copying out of the text.

Professor: Oh, I beg your pardon.
—Gargoyle.



PAGE ROBBIE CRUSOE

I see by the newspaper headlines that Miss Hinklemeyer married Saturday. Heh, heh! I wonder if he was any relation to Friday.
—Illinois Siren.



"For Goodness Sake," sighed the young modern as she wearily trudged home from an auto ride.
—The Gargoyle.



"Are your folks in Boston proper?"
"Well, some of them are."
—The White Mule.

Father: Five dollars! For a date? Good heavens! Why when I was a boy I never thought of spending a dollar on a girl?

Modern Son: Yeh, but I'm not that kind of a guy.
—Flamingo.

A Gift You Alone Can Give --

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

Use Your Yackety Yack Proofs

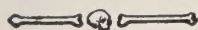
Wootten - Moulton

University Photographers

"Oh my dear, please don't touch me."

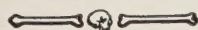
" " " " "
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—Burr.



Deceiver: Nellie doesn't neck any more.
Unbeliever: I didn't know she died.

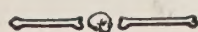
—Wampus.



AND IN A CIGAR?

In a trap it's cheese,
In a boat, it's breeze,
In a cold, it's sneeze,
In a dog, it's fleas.

—Maltezer.



This Louis XIV bed is too short.

We ought to get a Louis XV.

—Wabash College Caveman.

FRIENDLY

Thanks

STUDENTS AND
TOWNSPEOPLE FOR
THEIR PATRONAGE

and

Wishes

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL



The Friendly Cafeteria

CHAPEL HILL - HIGH POINT - GREENSBORO
WINSTON SALEM

Doc: Where did you contract that bad case of 'trench mouth'?

Student: I think it was at a soda fountain, sir.

Doc: That's a hell of a place to neck a girl.
—*Arizona "Kitty Kat."*



She: You have been to the photographer. Did you see my enlargement?

He: I have been watching it all my life.
—*Yellow Jacket.*



Dormitory Dick says: When I came here last fall I used to bathe every night to keep from getting the sheets dirty. Now I bathe every morning.
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



Wifey: Before we were married you would catch me in your arms.

Hubby: Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets.
—*Texas Ranger.*

"I say, old man, I hear you are going to Paris. Are you going to take your wife?"

"My wife! Say, you wouldn't take a sandwich to a banquet, would you?"

—*Yellow Jacket.*



Judge: You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?

Driver: Yes, your honor.

Judge: And what have you to say in your defense?

Driver: I didn't know it was loaded.

—*Brown Bull.*



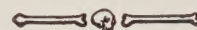
Professor Herskovitz (famed anthropologist, in heated address): Take the French, for example; take the Germans; take the Scotch—



"I place my surfaces at your disposal," said the Freshman as he assumed the position.
—*Siren.*

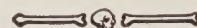
Sophisticated Maid (trying to arouse interest of indifferent Yale Senior): Look out, Johnny, I'm going to scare you. (Kisses him.) Now, Johnny, you scare me.

Senior: Boo!



"Why didn't Al go into law?"

"You know Al, he never could pass a bar."
—*Colorado Dado.*



The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof. and said, "Profy, dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arm around her and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.
—*Wasp.*



S'LUNK

"Could you tell me, plizz, mister, where is the rest room?"

"Escalator, madam."

"Esk you later? I gotta go now!"

—*Boston Beanpot.*

Stuttering Mose: J-just think, t-that b-b-beautiful b-b-butterfly once c-came from a cocoon.

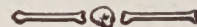
Rastus: Goo' Lord, Ise guess we is the ancestors of everything."
—*Cornell Widow.*



She (playing piano): That was "Siegfried's Death."

He: I'm not surprised."

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*



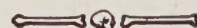
Salvation Army Girl (to Scotchman): Will you give a quarter to the Lord?

Scotchman: How old are you, Lassie?

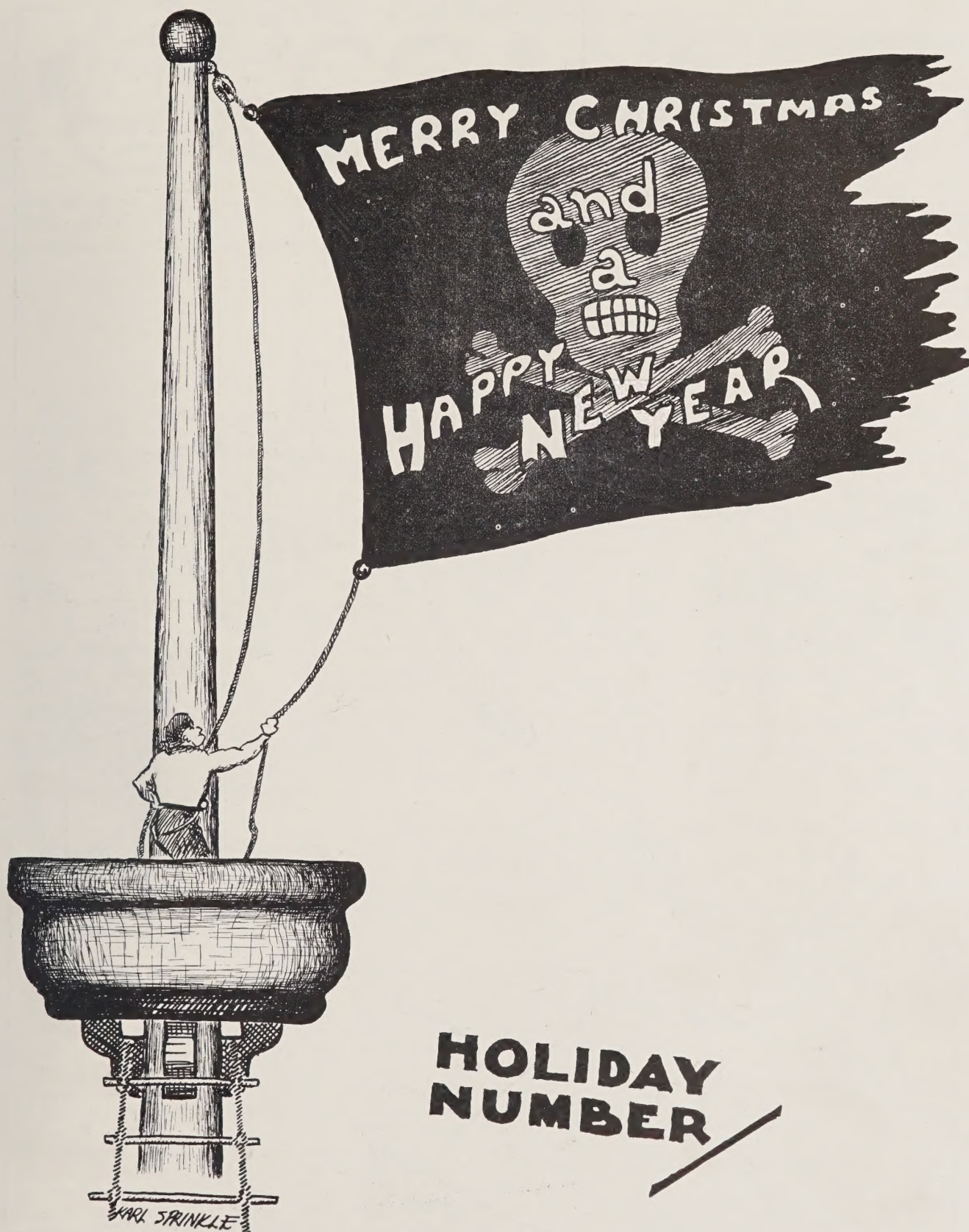
S. A. Girl: Eighteen.

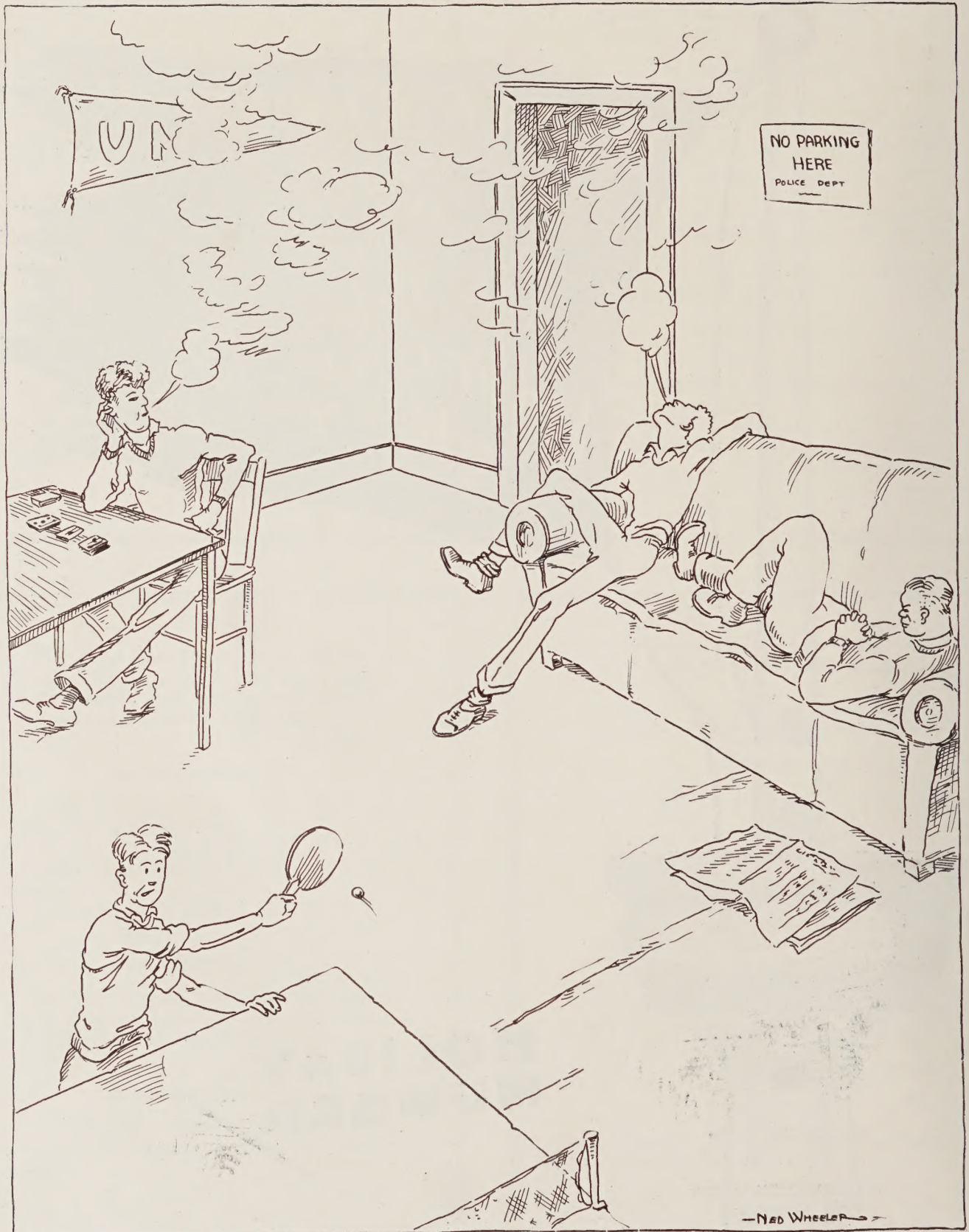
Scotchman: Oh, well, I'm seventy-five. I'll be seeing Him afore of you, and I'll hand it to him myself."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



"I want a fan to match my complexion." Hand-painted fans at the next aisle.





"Cheer up, boys, we'll get a rest during the holidays."

The Carolina **BULLCANEER** UNIVERSITY • NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

DECEMBER, 1930

NO. 3

Between Glasses

Well, my friends, Christmas is here, falling per usual, like the stock market, on December 25. Soon we will be home cursing Aunt Emma for sending a bright red tie, and Uncle Willie (the cheapskate) for giving us five instead of ten as he did last year when the corn crop was good.

So many things have happened this quarter, Ella, I *just can't* wait to tell you all. F'r instance, we have had a *good* football team and those that *differ* let them look at the standing of the conference teams. Congratulations Coach Collins.

Whoops! Ella. I met the *cutest* boy up at the Playmakers. He's a playwright, 'n actor, 'n he knows *so* many people, even the policemen walk down the street with him. But I'm so *tired* of policemen.

Speaking of football, the Duke game was about as wet as Al Capone's cellar. At the end of the first quarter one of the boys suggested that they change the game to water polo but, since everone was a little hoarse in the stands, the S. P. C. A. objected to many of these brave little horses entering the game, not only on account of their size but also on account of their condi-

tion. Besides, you know and I know that water polo is played in tanks and we couldn't find one tank who could stomach it.

The faces of both teams were so black I expected them to break into "Hallelujah" any minute. Johnnie Branch gave a signal one time which no one understood until he told them he was going to swim under water for a touchdown. The team, however, thought this would be a sloppy trick so they continued to sling mud at each other and hold their noses as they went down for the third time.

Pulmotors were at the sidelines for purposes of resuscitation. It would have been better, however, to have had stomach pumps in the stands.

Our editor avoided a severe jail sentence the other day. On his way to the print shop during chapel period, he passed the rear entrance of Pritchard-Lloyd's and saw huge volumns of smoke inside the prescription room. He started for the fire station, and would have sounded the alarm had he not been stopped by a girl friend (of course she's nice) "Where are you going?" said she. "There's a fire in Pritchard-Lloyd's," said he. "That ain't no fire (she says ain't, so

does he) that's the dope and smoke club of Carolina." Bringing him back, she opened the door and guess what he saw? Don't worry girls we won't mention names.

Hearty congratulations to Moore Bryson, author of *Chips Off of Old Block-Head*. The majority of people think that he writes this column. My what a pleasant flattery!

Professors have unique ways of expressing themselves. These words of wisdom come from an English prof: "Well done children in fiction are rare." Cannibal! Cannibal! Raw! Raw! Raw!

The new, good looking instructor of the Playmakers seems to abound in puns. Here's his latest. If a baby were to be fed on Mellon's Food, and get the colic would it be melancholic? And then you wonder why we don't pay the feed bill!

Well, children, I suppose you are all a twitter waiting to hear what I'm going to give you for Exmus. Shut your eyes now—don't you dare peep, Kate—and you too, Adelaide! Already? Look! A Great Big—BIRD! By you all, see *some* of you after Christmas.

Old lady to animal trainer—
Is that bear a male or a female?
Animal trainer—What difference does that make except to a bear?



Mr. MacMillan—What amusements other than tournaments are mentioned in Ivanhoe?
Jameson—Funerals.



Advice

The very worst habit to get in your head is to send girls flowers before they are dead.

NOR I

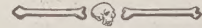
Did you ever take your girl to the movies and no sooner get seated when she starts to rave about the hero, whose hair is curly, while yours is straight?

He is tall.
You are short.
He wears knickers.
You don't even own any.
He rides a horse like Jesse James, and has Jack Dempsey fists.

And about this time you have given up hope, when she turns and says she prefers you to a reel of sheiks.

Did you ever do that?
Neither did I.

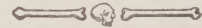
A little strap,
How dare she breathe.
A little cough,
Good evening Eve.



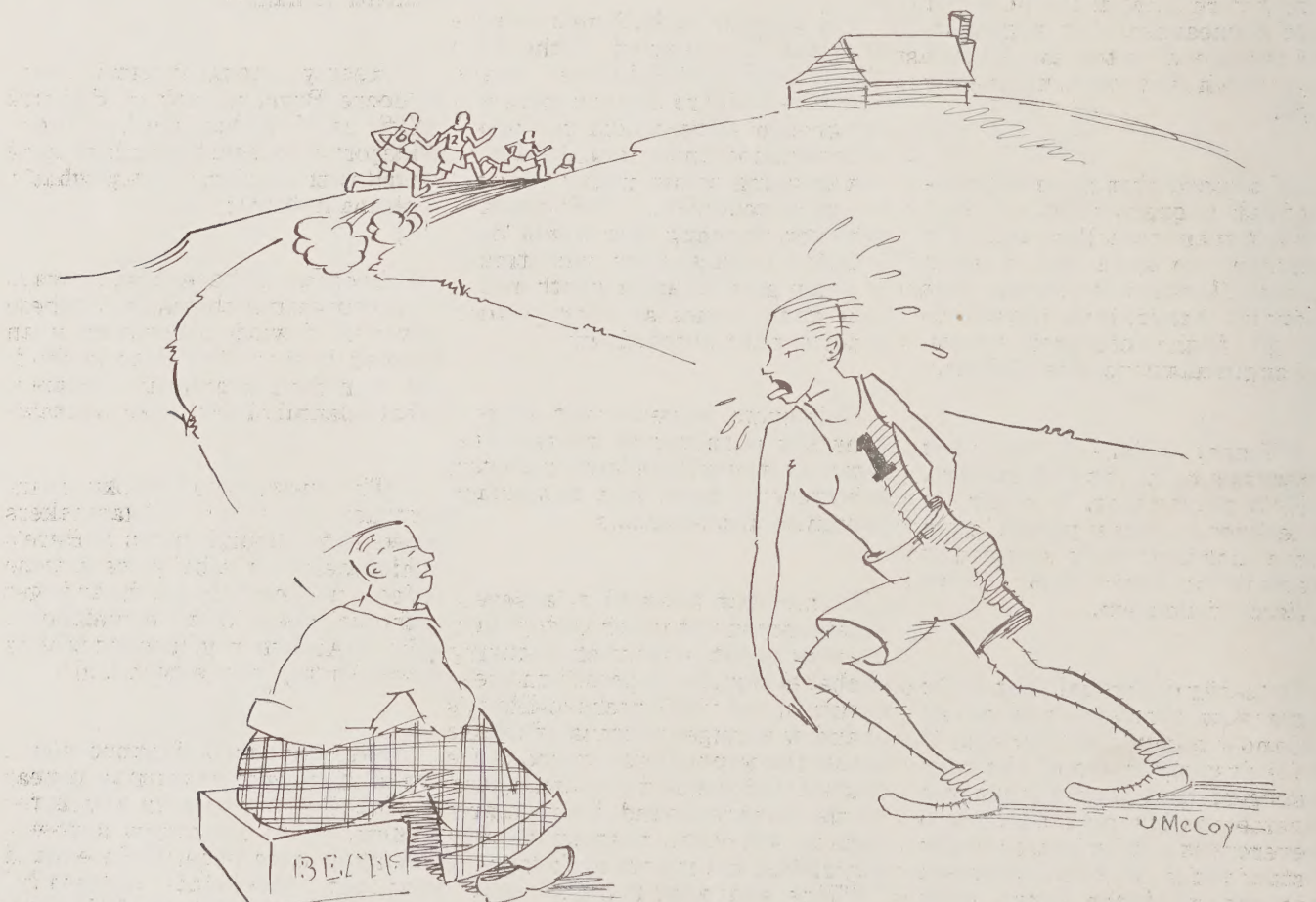
Jack—I can't play billiards in the winter at all.

Tim—How come?

Jack—Every time I see the three balls before me, they remind me of my overcoat.



Latest Song Hits of Sing Sing
"Mister Judge, please forget your grammar, and leave the period off my sentence."



"Smather, mister, got athletes foot?"



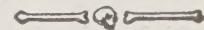
"Sure it's cold, Oswald, but now we don't have to wash."

'Tis Sweet to Love

He loved her. Loved her ardently with the love that man can give but once. And now Christmas was coming—"only one more shopping day before Christmas" streamed the headlines of the day's paper—and with it came the opportunity to give to her some living expression of his undying love. But where could he find such a token worthy of her? Twice he had edged his way through the mob that crowded the hazy lit streets and stores, even plowing onward through the mush of snow and drizzly rain in the hope of find-

ing some suggestion for his Christmas greeting. Twice he returned home despaired. Weary, he threw himself into his arm-chair and tried to think. A glance at the clock showed that it was 12:43; the stores would close at 1:00. Thoughts diffused his brain. He must find something different for her. She was different from the others. She alone had always understood him. She alone would respond to his pet names. She alone, nestling closely to him on the divan before the glowing embers, thrilled with

each soft, caressing touch. Suddenly he sprang up. He had it! Now he knew just the thing for her. Seizing his hat and coat, he ran without stopping until he reached the drug store where he exclaimed: "Gimme that big bottle of Listerine. My pet polecat will have nothing to sneeze at now."



Another way of looking at Christmas Presents.

A FINE ART

The general public is just beginning to realize how fine an art there is in pushing a peanut along the ground with one's nose. The ignorant, low-souled layman goes into guffaws when one mentions the subject; but you should look at him condescendingly, pityingly, because he is missing one of the finer things of life.

A good peanut athlete must have a natural grace, a noble soul, which delights in the rougher realities of life, and a strong proboscis, above all a strong proboscis. There is a subtle technique in the art, especially in the approach. One must genuflect, and then get down on his knees; one approaches the peanut softly and nuzzles the temperamental nut, tickling it and getting it in a good humor. Soon you have the peanut crawling, then it becomes exhilarated, begins to gallop. All you have to do now is to pursue.

One must be up on such subjects if you wish to be a success and to be able to hold up your end of the conversation in a cultured circle. Next time this subject is begun you can dazzle your listeners with your keen, recondite remarks about the art.



The absent-minded Botany professor under the mistletoe.

Like Drop the Handkerchief

If you were a rose and if I were a rose we would be a pair of bloomers. Now that we have begun it, try it for yourself. You have no idea what a delightful time you can have playing it with the wife and kiddies of an evening. Your hearth will become a heaven of family bliss and your life happier and better for the inspiring and frolicsome evenings en famille. Little Otto, even little

Otto who has such bad eyes that he has been forced to be out of school so much, will soon with a merry twinkle in his poor eyes be demanding, "Papa, if you were an artist and I were an artist, what would we be?" To which you of course will reply, "A pair of drawers, sonny, a pair of drawers." Try it on your piano, and if the first three bottles don't cure you you are bound to have a headache in the morning anyhow.

Christmas hint: send a bomb to your Chicago friends, they'll think it's a side-splitting joke.

Some of the best bed-time stories are found in Hotel Registers.

"I hear Mabel went over big in Europe."

"Yeah, but she came back here slim."

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

The great man lies dying—all around are grouped his old friends and kin. His sons and daughters are glassy eyed with grief. Their father is soon going. One by one they remember the little things that so endeared him to them.

The strongest man breaks down and weeps—brokenly—unashamed.

They could see him of yesterday—strong, cheery and virile. Always a fighter but to be stricken now—Ah Grief—the kind that tears at one's throat.

But wait—he is expiring without giving the secret to the Malumutte Mine, the richest diamond mine in the world.

His children are not mercenary but they cannot help but wonder where the wealth is stored.

His business associates are uneasy in spite of their grief. They hover around, nervously looking askance at each other.

Why doesn't he speak—Why won't he? Must he take his powerful secret to the earth with him? If he would only speak.

Then as if in answer to their prayer the great man stirs weakly—will he speak? Will he?

An air of intenseness invades the room as all eyes are on the silent figure.—He stirs again—groans feebly as if struggling to speak—his lips move—

Oh, will he give the secret?—A still whisper—his eldest son bends over the bedside and listens—his lips move again—

"John—I—want John."

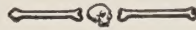
"Yes, Father, I am here."

"Son—My Son—I—must tell you something—before—I—go."

His voice dies out but his lips still move feebly—again it is audible.

"In—my—safe—Son—You'll find it—None other in the world like—it. Keep it—It's my last—bottle of Three Star Hennessy.

Tem—You know Howard?
Mac—Howard who?
Tem—Howard you like to go to hell?

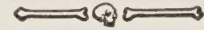


Doctor—The trouble is that you don't get to bed early enough.

Client—I go to bed close to one every night.

Doctor—But who is that one?

And there's the social worker who works for the uplift of fallen girls by introducing them to aviators. Some labor, says we.



"Make a sentence with the word Yuletide."

"If you'll lend me five bucks yuletide me over till next month."



"Are the children sleep?"

"Yes, but my husband isn't."

The Fall of Nasel

By Jim Tyson

Nasel Twanger, as a radio singer, was a grand success—that is until he went raving crazy. People all over the world listened in to hear his familiar croon.

He was on the pinnacle of fame until that fateful night—that night that he went berserk in the Roundelay Broadcasting studio.

Like an idol of clay his fame crumbled. His fans were at first anxiously sympathetic but he was soon forgotten when Vudy Rallee had his probicus lifted and regained his famous whine—and another king was set up.

But that will all come out later—maybe in Colliers—anyway look for it.

Nasel's story, told to me from the inside of a padded cell, was a pathetic one.

He was all ready for a big night and his first song was "Be Careful With Those Eyes"—given through the courtesy of the Optometrists of America. With cataracts in his eyes, he felt the song and rendered it as if though inspired.

Next he sang "Get Happy," for the Tankers Night Club. That was all right, for that club was the best place in town to get tanked at.

For the Town Doctors Association he sang "Any Time's the Time to Fall." Inspiration for that came to him through visions of broken legs, arches and thumbs.

His next presentation was the "Stein Song" by Banheuser-Ausch. This he rendered lively with clouds of foam and innumerable pretzels.

"A Cottage for Sale," given through the courtesy of the Alhambra Real Estate Co., came next, and he sang it as though he had the cottage himself imagining that he was the one who had lost his broad and with no further use for the cottage.

After reaching this point in

his narrative, his eyes took on a dazed, demonical luster. His voice was husky as he told of singing "Good News" for the Evening Telegram. Then he gulped twice and started pacing the floor.

I tried to calm him but he suavely said, "Oh, I'm all right—all right—all right—just crazy as hell—my asthetic senses have been crushed—crushed—crushed—"

With the aid of three strait jackets and eight wardens, I quieted him, but stayed around for the rest of his story.

He began with a far away look in his eyes—"The program had been a grand success up till then, for I had felt in my sensitive soul everything that I had sung—but then—" He sobbed bitterly—ate three peanuts—and haltingly resumed the story.

"I was at my zenith and was supremely happy until the last number—I'll wander through hell with it in my mind—it was I'm in the Market for You—"

To calm his poor soul I asked him what was wrong with the song.

"Oh, the song was all right," he responded, "but they—they—they wanted it given through the courtesy of the undertakers association."

H. A. J.—Were you ever pinched for going too fast?

T. A. G.—No, but I have been slapped.

Par—Who the hell cares if I do drink myself to death?

Ker—I do 'cause you're drinking my liquor.

Marriage is the lull before the storm.

Teacher (to Johnny, age seven): Spell rhinoceros.

Johnny: R h i n o c e r o s.

Teacher: Very g—that's perfect, Johnny.

"Boys," said the bootlegger, "do your Christmas shopping early."

Mother (before visitor): Now Jimmie, what does father say when he comes in every night?

Nonchalant Jimmie: Why in the hell isn't supper ready?

First Scotchman: What is your favorite kind of poetry?

Second Scotchman: Free Verse.

There were no stockings hung up near the chimney. Nor was there a Christmas tree in sight. No mistletoe was hung over the doorways where blushing maiden aunts could stand and sigh and wait and wait. No! Nothing! Nothing! No toys all over the floor to stumble over, no blowing of horns, or crying baby dolls! Where was the stuffed turkey, the steaming plum pudding, the mince pies, apples, candies, nuts, and other good things to eat? They were not there. Nor was there any snow on the ground or freezing temperature. One would never have thought that it was Christmas Day.

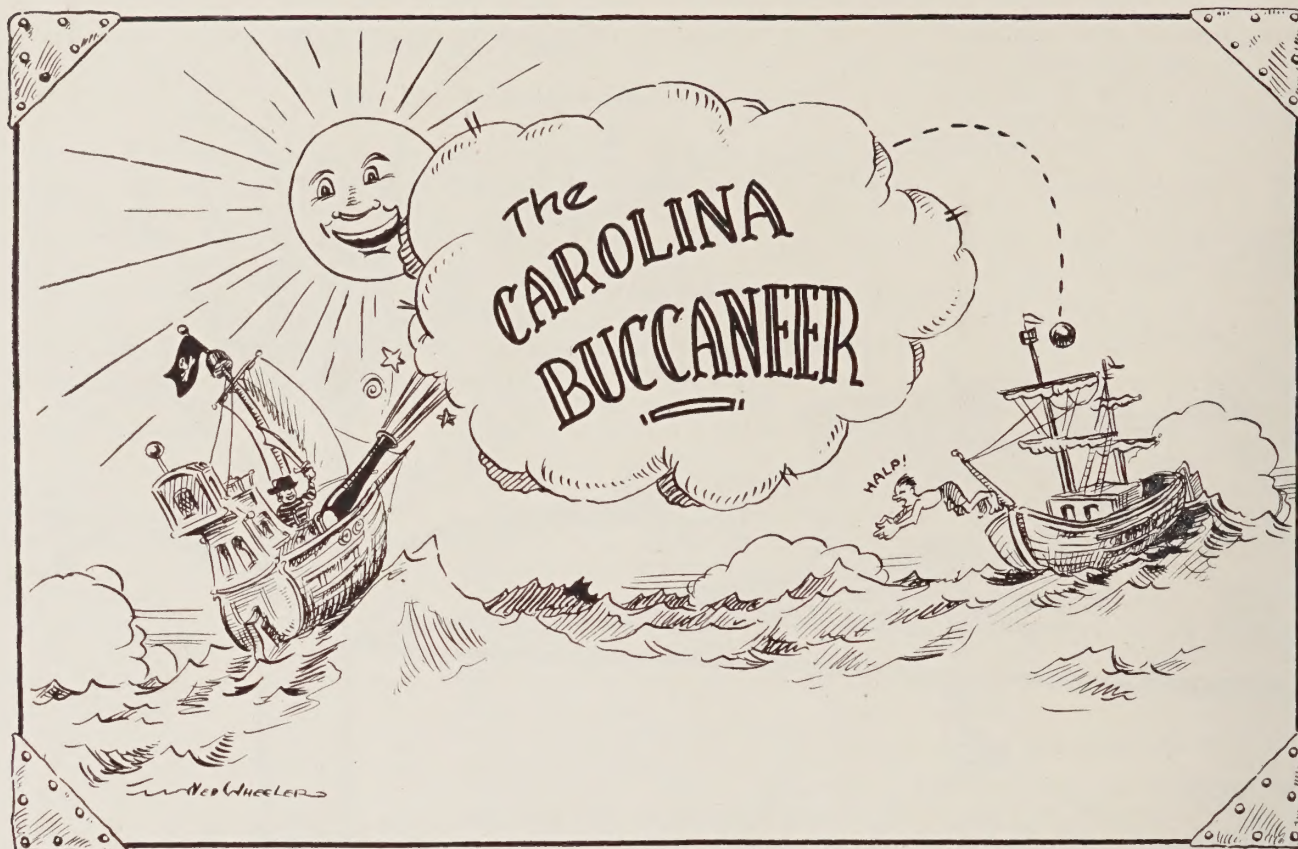
It wasn't. It was a hot day in August.

A model woman is a bare possibility, but a woman model is a naked fact.

"Life is a funny thing," mused the cigar-store clerk as he straightened up the magazine shelf.



"Pee! peep! Hell!"



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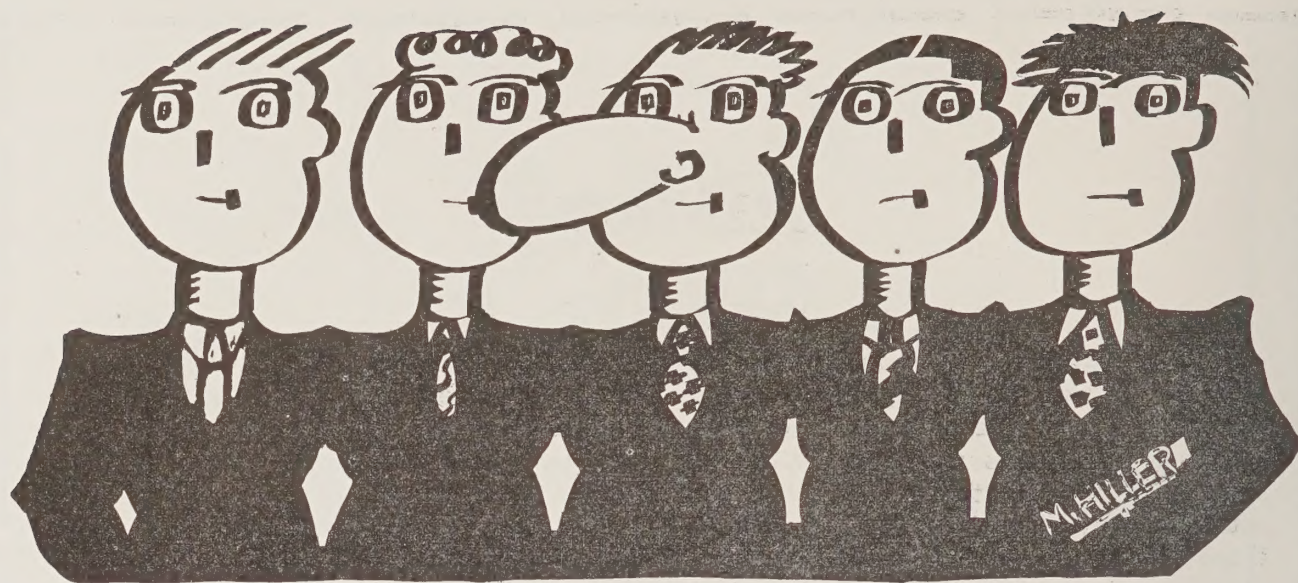
Editorial

The Christmas season again finds us facing the same perplexing problems that faced us last year and all the other years that had Christmases in them. What are we going to give to father and mother and especially what are we going to send to the girl-friend. The first two people are easily satisfied with socks, handkerchiefs, sugar bowls and door stops but the question of the latter is much more difficult. We suggest that you give her the gate—about a week before the big day but then she might take offense to go with it and there you are. You might try putting arsenic in her little brother's soup. This serves as a double method and kills two birds with one stone, for it is almost certain that she will not see you for at least a month and you are certain of never seeing the little brother again. Of course this method is a little drastic and maybe you should substitute sand for arsenic as the effects are not quite as bad.

Along with the gift question is the question of what are you going to do on Christmas day? This becomes more serious each year as one becomes older, and we find that shooting fireworks and imbibing firewater becomes tiresome year after year although the latter sport seems to be keeping its popularity. We are therefore going to give a few new ways of drinking that give the fullest and jolliest

possible enjoyment. For those who are more adventuresome than others we recommend pouring all of your pre-war out on top of the roof and then scrambling down and catching it in your hat as it runs out of the drain pipe round on the far side of the house. Others prefer to break all of the bottles of Christmas cheer on the parlour carpet and then sop it up with a bath mat and squeeze it into a suitcase—this is much more popular with the old folk than the former method because last year grandfather fell off the roof three times in his attempt to beat Aunt Lucy to the drain pipe and the last time he broke his back.

Another question that always arises with Christmas is: what are you going to do with your godawful gadgets that seem to come to you from people that are supposed to be your best friends? We find that the city incinerator has special rates which they will give to you on your Christmas presents. You also might be able to give them to the cook although this is getting more difficult each year as negro education progresses. You might also try leaving your downstairs window open and leave a note telling burglars that you will give them the keys to your silverservice and combination to the house safe if they will only take those neckties that Uncle Ben so thoughtfully sent.



One will always stand out.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Little Jimmy lay sleeping soundly 'neath the warm covers of his bed. Without all was white and cold, and the wind-swept snow glistened beneath the moon light. It was Christmas Eve. In Jimmy's mind there danced visions of plum puddings, turkey, with delicious dressing, and all manner of good things.

From far off across the snow-swept fields there came a rush and a clatter. A whistle awakened Jimmy. Quickly he sprang from his bed and dashed to the window. Softly he raised the shade and peeked outside. There coming swiftly across the new fallen snow was the object of his expectations. With entranced eyes he followed it as it drew nearer, silhouetted against the moon. Jimmy exclaimed gleefully, "Gosh, here comes the south-bound express!"

"What's the crepe hanging over the basin in the machine shop?"

"That's not a crepe, it's the towel."

"If Mary Pickford and Sandy Claus would get married how many children would they have?"

"Not any 'cause there ain't no Sandy Claus."

Tom—Make a sentence with reindeer.

Loy—Come in out of the reindeer.

The dumbest guy we know of is the one who saw a sign "Murderer Wanted" and went in to apply for the job.

Senior (rebuking freshman): Remember, nutmeg, there's always one grater.

Higher mathematics: Proving by logarithms to the old man that he's getting off dirt cheap in your college expenses.

French Professor: Has everybody read the lesson for today?

Voice from the rear: I couldn't find a pencil anywhere last night.

SIX WAYS TO GET CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

1. One of the most effective ways of getting Christmas presents is to ask them. If you would have your desires granted it is essential that you express them.

2. A subtle way of asking for a Christmas Present is to write on the outside of your Christmas Present to someone else "Here's mine, I'm waiting for yours."

3. Send your name into the Salvation Army and below your name list your first, second, and third choices of presents.

4. One of the most effective ways of getting Christmas Presents it to steal them.

5. Write your rich uncle on the 15th. of December thanking him for last year's present, telling him you are hoping to have the same excuse to write again next year.

6. Take it from me.

City Carrol (at dance)—May I have intermission with you?

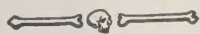
County Connie—Another remark like that and I will slap your face.

NERO AND HIS FIDDLE

Say, everybody's got this Nero and burning business all mixed up. We say that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; but that doesn't mean there was any fire. This guy Nero didn't know how to fiddle so it burnt the Romans all up to listen to him. Nero took fiddle lessons by a correspondence course and the first lesson was addressed wrong. Wouldn't it burn you up if Herby Hoover plumped you in a chair and made you listen to him slaying a saxophone, just because he was president and thought he knew how to play.



Overdoing it: when the vegetarian refuses to eat turnips because they look so bloody.



"What lady was that I saw you with in a Packard last night?"

"That wasn't a Packard; it was a Cadillac."

THERE'S MANY A SLIP

"What! You've misplaced a hundred dollars, young man?"

"Yes, it does seem so."

"I suppose you are fully aware of the consequences you will suffer because of your carelessness."

"Now I wouldn't say it was carelessness."

"I hardly see any other excuse for it. People don't let money slip through their hands unless through carelessness."

"Well, couldn't you let me off lightly this time. It is my first offense?"

"Young man, I fear you don't understand the seriousness of it. If I would permit you to go unpunished, you might do the same thing again or something worse."

"Oh, I understand the seriousness of misplacing a hundred dollars, but I'm young, so couldn't you go easy on me this time."

"Well, I will give you until tomorrow to look for it."

"Thanks a lot. I may have to work all night, but I'll find that hundred dollars to make this accounting problem come out right, Thanks, prof."

TOO BAD

Boss—I say beautiful wasn't she?

Asst.—She sure was.

Boss—such nice and shapely limbs.

Asst.—So smooth, and white as anything.

Boss—It seems a sin.

Asst.—No doubt, it was.

Boss—Tell me why did I ever do it?

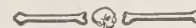
Asst.—Don't know but she's dead now.

Boss—To think, I did it.

Asst.—Yes, and you killed her.

Boss—And that was the first time I ever cut on her.

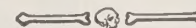
Asst.—Yes boss but that tree has always been in the way.



English Instructor: What phrase often appears on the feature pages of modern newspapers?

Bewildered Freshman: Ask me another.

English Instructor: Correct.



Chemistry Instructor: What does this gas smell like?

Witty Student: H E L2.



"Can that! Didn't you bring me the New Yorker?"



Bobbie
Mason
Merry
Xmas!

"Aw, naw. I'll bet it's just a pillow."

SOME THINGS TO BE DONE DURING CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

1. Write Santy Claus a letter and tell him what you want for Christmas.

2. Make a practice of getting up every morning at 7:30 so you will be in trim for 8:30's when you get back here.

3. Drink as much as possible and maybe by the time you get back you will have drunk up all this bum stuff. (Cooperation on this is essential.)

4. Be sure and 'make' the girl I've been hearing you talk about for the last month.

5. Come and see me during the holidays 'cause I'm spending them with friends.

6. Talk your 'old man' into letting you bring your car back to school so we can get away from here on the coming week-ends.

7. Convince Fanny that I was not tight the last time I staggered in to see her.

8. Mail Christmas cards to all our proffs and sign my name to them.

9. Be sure and get some good looking neckties 'cause they are running short around at the house.

10. Buy a slicker 'cause I'm tired of loaning you mine.



"Light one for me."

Tramp (after old lady has given him one of her husbands' suits): This will be the first decent suit I've had on me back in five years.

Old Lady: Why you poor man, what has been the trouble?

Tramp: I'm an ex-convict, Mum.

"I simply can't get over it," said the girl as she paused before the high brick wall.

Professor: What is Old Eli?
Co-ed: It must be a new kind of gin.

The Two Types of Girls

The "Yes" Type

"Oh yes, oh sure, I just love parties."

"Would I go riding? Oh sure, I adore rides. A Packard roadster. Why certainly I'll go."

"Do I drink? Say what's the idea of insulting a lady; do I look like a camel?"

"You know, I took to the right from the beginning. I sez to myself, 'Now there's a boy that's different'."

"Would I like to visit a nightclub? Why sure; let's go to the Pirate's Den. I've 'heard' they have the best poison in town."

"Oh yeah let's go now."

"Yes, yes, you're just grand."
"Oh yes, yes, yes . . ."

The "No" Type

"Oh no, no, I couldn't do that. Nice girls don't go out with strange men."

"No. Dancing is a bore; I'd much rather read a book."

"I don't like cocktails; when I drink one I don't know what I'm doing."

"Roadhouses? Oh no they're so vulgar."

"What! well I should say not."

"Moral: Now, children, just three guesses. Who gets the dates?"

Little niece to maiden aunt:
Auntie, why don't you write
Santa Claus a letter and tell him
to bring you a sweetheart?

Maiden aunt: Hush m'dear!



Little boy to Salvation Army
Santa Claus: I know what you
are—you're Lon Chaney.



Sober Friend: Well, are you
going to hang up a bucket this
time?

Sot: Bucket hell! I'm gonna
hang up a barrel.

THE SAME THING

The captain was going over
the reports in his orderly room.
Suddenly he started.

"Mutiny!" he shouted, "Pri-
vate Jones charged with mutiny.
Look here, first sergeant, do you
charge Private Jones with
mutiny?"

"I do, sir," was the reply.

"On what grounds?"

"Well, sir," replied the top
kicker confidentially, after a
moment's thought, "it was real-
ly insubordination, but I did not
know how to spell that; so I put
'mutiny'."

Ruth (a movie fan): Is that
you Santa Claus?

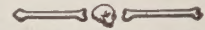
Father: Yes, lie still.

Mae: Drop the whole sack and
fade out or I will turn my six
shooter on you.



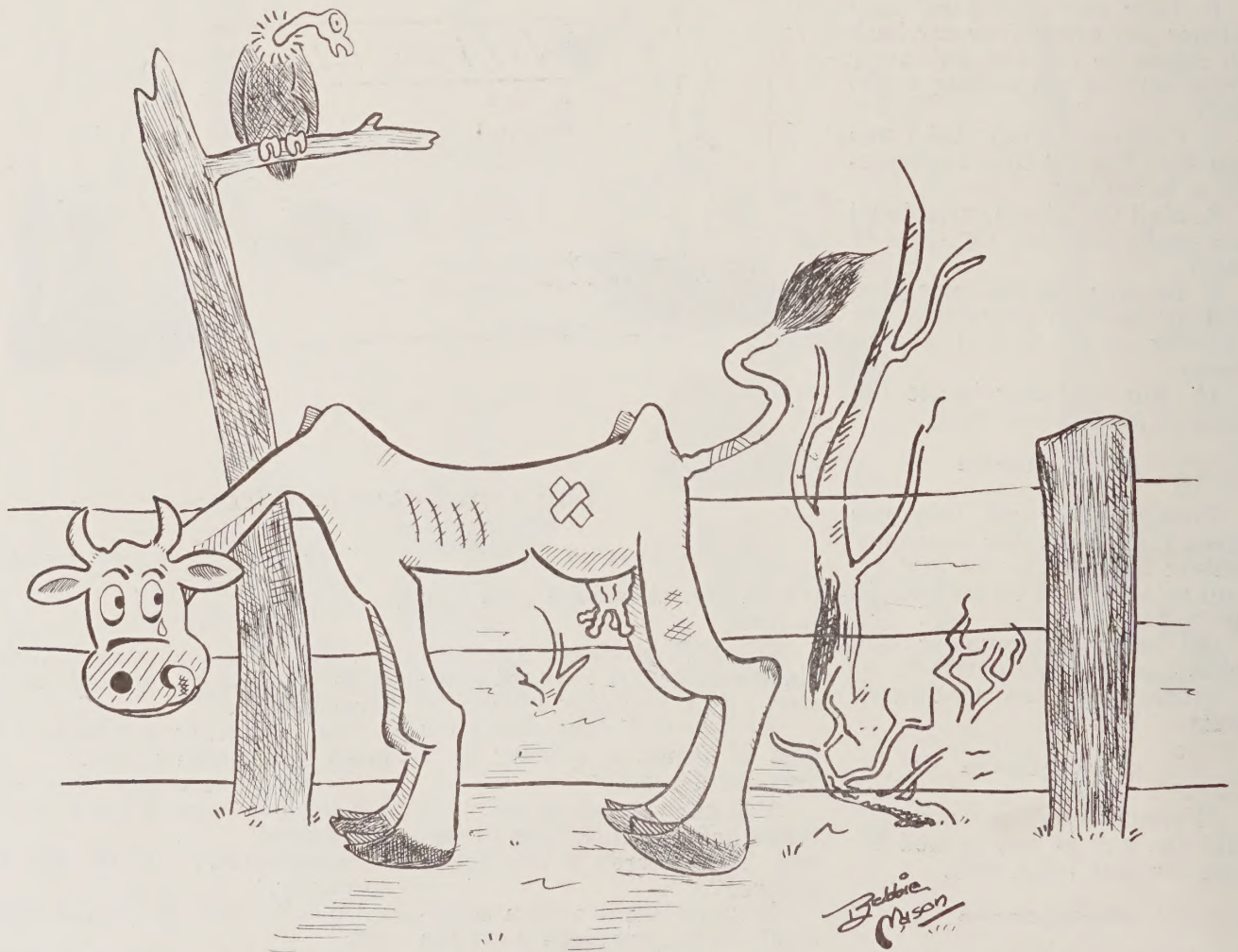
Mother, calling to daughter—
Are you entertaining John?

Daughter—No, we're just
talking.

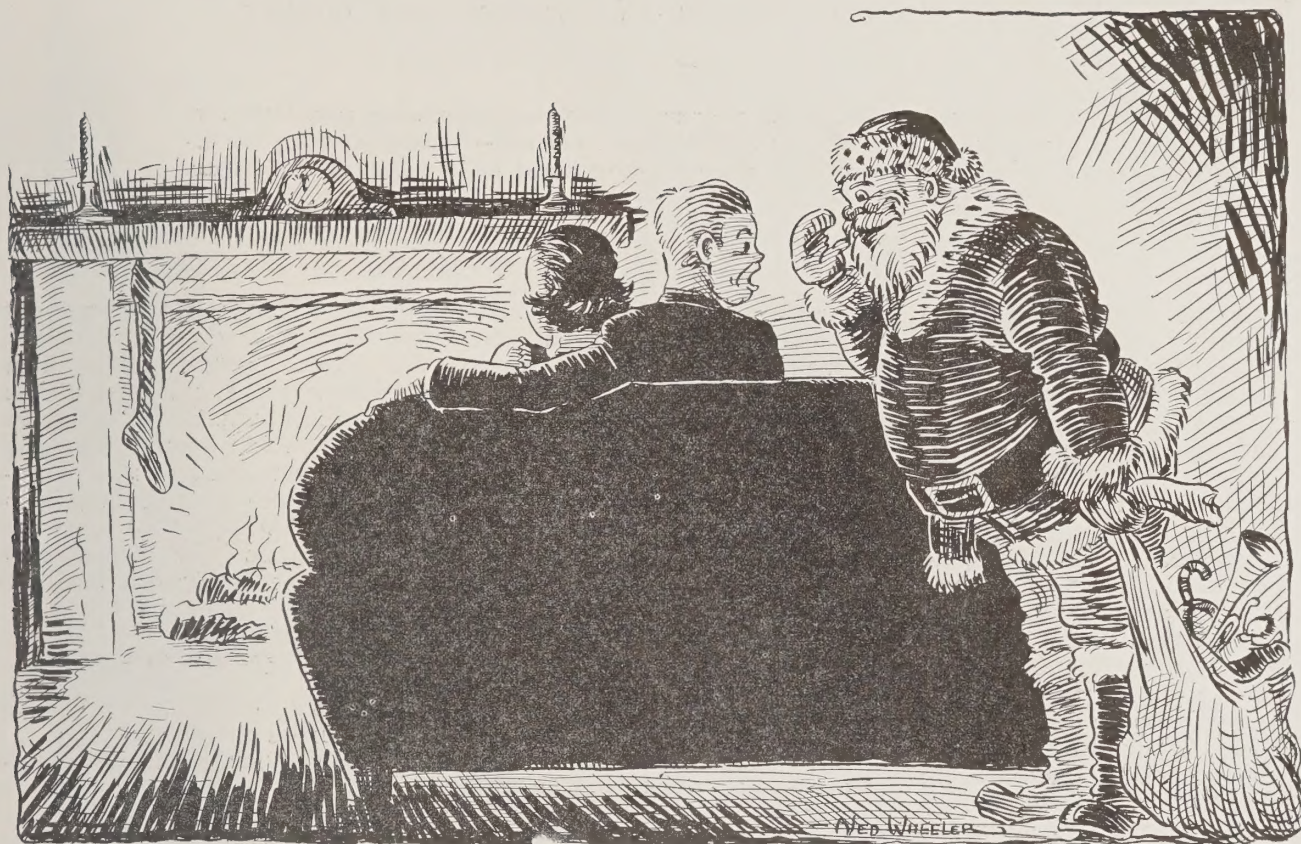


Shake—can you make a sen-
tence using the plays "Hamlet"
and "Romeo and Juliet"?

Speare—Ham let Romeo pay
for what Juli et.



Udder Abandoned.



"Ask her if she's got a friend."

The Biography of Captain Nickolas, the Patron Saint of Children, as Related by One Ike Dann

"Nick" Nickolas was born in an English seaport town. While still a young shaver he was expelled from school for beating up the teacher. His father and mother could do nothing with him, and he put out to sea.

He got in with a band of bad pirates, and became the worst member of the crew. Fair damsels trembled at his glances while silently wishing for such a brave man to marry. His fame spread and he became known as Nick the Terrible. Nick robbed and plundered vessels of all sizes, including rum-smuggling boats. On one occasion he stole the mayor of Boston's board, which he used for a feather bed. Big rewards were offered for the capture of Nick, but Nick could

not be caught.

One day while standing on a New York street corner, he snatched a lollypop from a little Jewish boy. The little boy said "Oi," Nick dreamed about the little boy that night. The next day, December 25, he stood on the same street corner loaded down with lollypops and Buccaneers. To every child that came along he gave a lollypop and a Buccaneer, for, as Nick later said, he wanted to give them a sweet taste in their mouths as well as improve their minds. The day was such a success that Nick made it an annual affair, and would repeat his stunt every year on December 25. This spread all over the world, and Nick gave up running his sword

through fat little men and went to the North Pole to establish a big toy factory. He later went to the South Pole, thus becoming the only man to have two poles under his belt. Nick was in much demand. The 25th of December became a world-wide holiday, and Nick the Terrible was made Saint Nicholas by the W. C. T. U. and the Street Cleaner's Association of America.

And thus a bad, bold pirate became the Patron Saint of the children, and one of the eight Patron Saints of the Buccaneer.

That girl is so dumb she thinks belladonna is an opera singer.

Women, Unemployment, Depression, and Misery

(With apology to the ideas and convictions of others)

Being an amalgamated, aggravated, strange, terrible, and unfortunate conglomeration of ideas, arising out of situations both fictitious and real—terminating in a needle-point focus upon the nature and cause of misery and its multitudinous derivatives.

By Zero Galloway

All of this talk about the unemployment menace is positively puerile. The whole difficulty would be solved if women were taken out of men's jobs and put in their proper place, the kitchen, no matter whose kitchen it might be. We men, the backbone of the nation, are already up to our collar-bones in trouble without having the fair ones come along and step into our pants. Women must be made humbler, if the present order is to weather the storms of time and the hurricanes of temporal duration. Civilization, law, and order must not be shaken from their pedestals. Our harried leaders of church and state are already burdened by too many besetting difficulties; the addition of women's troubles to the docket is heart-breaking.

The Dominion of Canada has set the world a good example by choosing for its leader a real man, a bachelor who has sworn never to cramp his style by the bonds of matrimony. We agree with that writer (a subtle more, perhaps) who said, "If women were humbler, men would be honester."

There is always some forsaken and silly fanatic going about proclaiming the *triumph of women*. Recently, someone dangled before our eyes the feat of Amy Johnson in flying to Australia, as if women were not flighty enough beforehand.

Every now and then we read of proposed legislation to give women more privileges, as if in ignorance of the fact that she has already usurped all the rights of the race. Even our barber-shops, traditionally the haunts of men, are cluttered up with the ribbon-wearers. The situation has, indeed, arrived at

the point of tragedy. What has woman that she can call her own, save the clothes in which she stands and endeavors to sit? Nothing, nothing.

England is a decadent country, we are told. This was all the more proved when the Privy Council made the error of all time in declaring that woman is a person. Such a monstrosity is worse than words can say.

For the benefit of those who are forever marvelling about the success which women have made of their usurped positions, we cite the opinion of Doctor Johnson. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

The world was gladdened recently by the publication of Henry Savage's book, *How to Manage Our Women*. Woman is something that must be managed, lest she do damage to the nation. Rather than a person and a part of the race, she is a problematical adjunct to it. We learn how to manage a cat. Why not learn how to manage a woman? The similarity is striking.

Obscurity is woman's real place. Outside of it she is lost and valueless. The only use for women that we can think of is as an indicator of the financial status of the country. For example, when there is a large supply of old maids there is also a large supply of cats, and so fewer field mice, therefore more bees, which means more prosperity, which means fewer old maids, which means fewer cats, which means more field mice, which means fewer bees, which means less prosperity, which means more old maids, and so on far, far into the night. From this cyclical analysis, one can see that the present financial depression harks back to women. There is no room for them in a progressive civilization. George Meredith had the right idea when he said, "I expect that women will be the last thing civilized by man."

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"What society is noted for its well dressed members?"

"The Taylor Society, I suppose."

Hiram: Well, son can help us here on the farm when he gets out of college.

Neighbor Hank: How's that Hiram?

Hiram: He wrote his Ma th' other day that he wuz studyin' pharmacy.

From Home: Thanks for the "Buc."

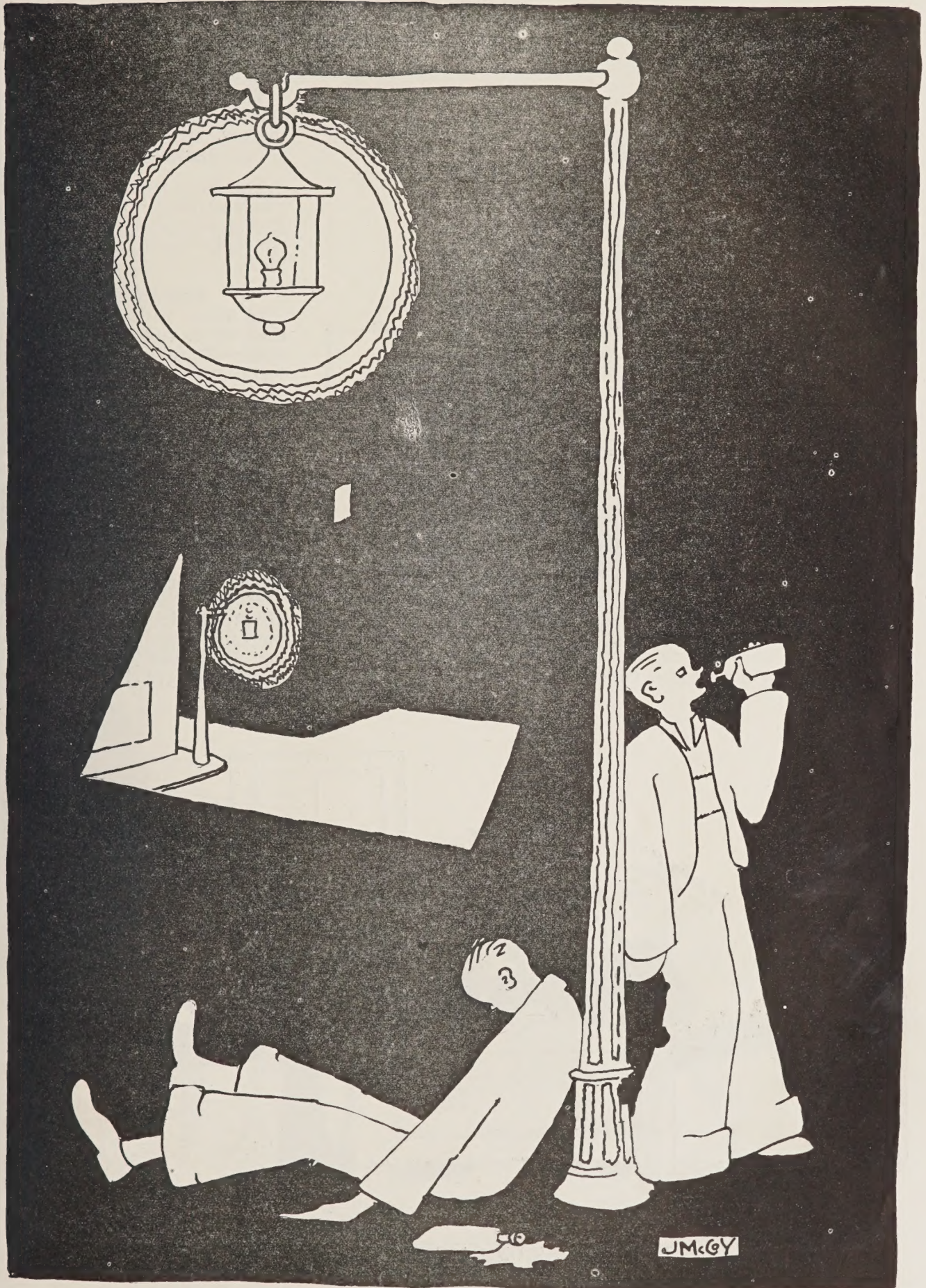
From Student: Thanks for the buck.

First Waiter: What are all these glasses doing tipped over on that table?

Second Waiter: A party of Scotchmen just finished eating there.

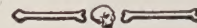
"Why did John drop out of school last quarter?"

"He told everyone he had 'I' trouble."

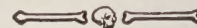


Do your Christmas slopping early.

There's two kinds of flat tires and both of them make you stop the car.



The True Scotch Spirit; Angus MacGreager, age five: Papa, I want some candy, but I'll wait till tonight and take some Castoria.



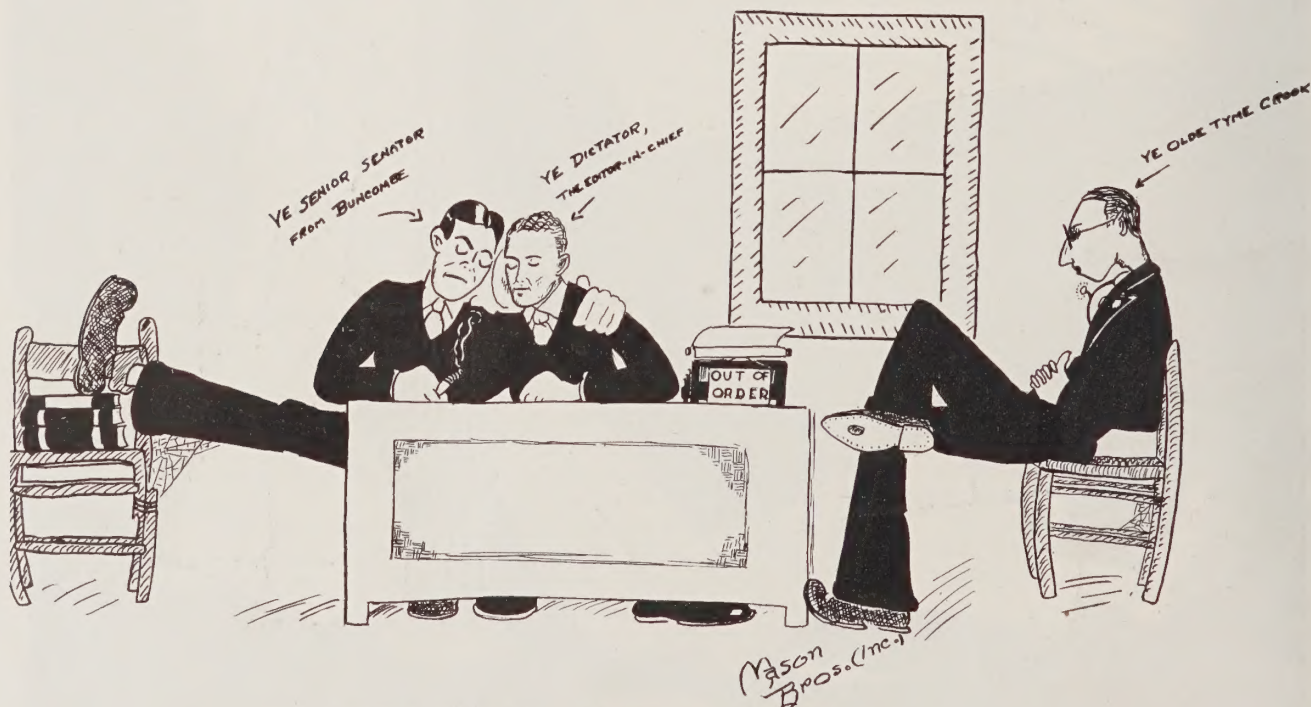
IS THIS YOU—Do you have that tired, run-down, wornout, weary-of-life feeling? Do you feel that you are lacking in vim, vigor, and vitality? Do you feel sluggish and indisposed to any form of exertion? Does some power seem to hold you in its all-embracing clutches, leaving you powerless to do anything, even though you feel that it is positively necessary? Have you no interest in what is going on about you? Are you content to remain where you are?

If that's the way you feel about six-thirty on a cold winter morning you'd better be glad you don't have to get up until a quarter of seven!



J. ALLAN SUTHER

The night after Christmas—not before!

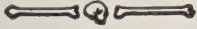


IMPRESSIONS OF CAMPUS PUBLICATIONS
No. 2. The Carolina Magazine

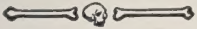
Major Heckshaw was relating some of his experiences to a breathless crowd of co-eds: "As I aproached the drowning man I saw that he was panting for breath—"

"And you saved him?" asked a pert little girl.

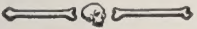
"Oh, na!" answered the Major. "You see, the blooming chap had halitosis."



"I am certainly enlightened on that subject," said the Prof. as the co-ed stood before the window.



Now that football is over the real kicking season will begin. It's strange how masculine ardor wanes as Christmas approaches.



One of our clever co-eds tried to call up her gentleman friend (no advt. though it should be) at the Delta Psi house, but when the person answering said "St. Anthony's Hall," she hastily hung up and told her friends that she must have gotten the church number.



Walter Mason
32

"Well, if it isn't one thing it is another!"



-NED WHEELER-

"Now I know there's something fishy about this Santy Claus business."

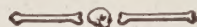
TEN LITTLE CO-EDS

Ten little co-eds whiling 'way
the time
'Long came a sales man, 'n then
there were nine.
Nine little co-eds looking for a
date
'Long came a college man, 'n
then there were eight.
Eight little co-eds out until ele-
ven
One saw a gink in knickers 'n
then there were seven.
Seven little co-eds in a pretty fix
Guy drove up in a Packard 'n'
then there were six.
Six little co-eds picked up for a
drive
One met up with a sailor 'n' then
there were five.
Five little co-eds clustered round
the door
In came the iceman 'n' then there
were four.
Four little co-eds out on a spree
One got a drink too much 'n'
then there were three.
Three little co-eds wanting to
bill and coo
Long came a preacher's son, 'n'
then there were two.
Two little co-eds playing with a
gun
Out came a bullet 'n' then there
was one.
One little co-ed and there was
only one
The editor came from his office,
'n' then there were none.
P. S. The last one finally com-
mitted suicide.



Professor: Name four famous
humorists in the public eye to-
day.

Freshman: Groucho, Harpo,
Bippo, and Zeppo Marx.



Little Willie, full of fun,
Hid one time in a three inch gun.
The Fourth it was; and sad to
say,
Willie came down in the form of
spray.



"You know Ron and Edythe.
Well it's all off between them
now."

"How common."



"Lo, Pop!"



"Carry your bag, mister?"



NATURAL CHARM

A CIGARETTE so mildly mellow, so alluringly fragrant, so whole-heartedly satisfying that you respond to it as instinctively as to the charm of natural beauty.

Camels are mild! But their mildness is never flat—never artificial. Through every step of their manufacture the delicate, sun-ripe fragrance of choicest tobaccos is scientifically preserved.

Swing with the crowd to a smoke that's all pleasure. Don't deny yourself the luxury of



CAMELS

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A chewing-gum girl,
And a cud-chewing cow—
They look alike,
But they're different somehow.
Different? Oh, yes, I see it now.
It's the thoughtful look on the face
of the cow. —Blue Bucket.

HOT STUFF

Sin: Hear about Jack? He drank
sulphuric acid by mistake.
Copation: Kill him?

Sin: Hell no; he said the only thing
he noticed was that he made holes in
his handkerchief every time he blew
his nose. —Iowa Frivol.

He: What would I have to give you
for one little kiss?

She: Chloroform. —Yellow Jacket.

"When I don't want a man's atten-
tions and he asks me where I live, I
tell him that I'm just visiting here."

"Ha ha! Excellent; but where do
you really live?"

"I'm just visiting here." —Lampoon.

IN A FRATERNITY HOUSE

First Stewed: Who's your close-
mouthed brother over there?

Second Stewd: He ain't close-
mouthed. He's waiting for the jani-
tor to come back with the spittoon.

—Exchange.

"How did you find your date, at the
dance, last night when the lights went
out?"

"I picked her out by the Braille sys-
tem." —Arizona "Kitty Kat."

FREE ADVERTISING

One is loneliness.

Two is company.

Three is a customer for Eagle
Brand milk. —Aggierator.

He (hands over her eyes): If you
can't guess who this is in three
guesses, I'm going to kiss you.

She: Jack Frost. Davey Jones.
Santa Claus. —Claw.

"I don't believe you still love me."
"Of course I do, dear; what makes
you believe I don't?"

"Well, for the last two nights
you've left the very first time I told
you to go." —Claw.

Two old maids were in an insane
asylum for years, always knitting and
knitting.

"Gee," sighed Mayme one day, "I
wish some tall, handsome man would
wind his arms around me and squeeze
me until I gasp."

"Now you're talking sense," from
Mattie. "You'll be out of here in a
few days." —Bison.

CASEY JONES

"I'm a different man since I met
that girl in New York."

"How's that?"

"I gave her the wrong name and
address." —Wampus.

Harvard: We're going to give the
bride a shower.

Penn: Count me in. I'll bring the
soap. —Punch Bowl.

WORRIED?

She (after appendicitis operation):
Will the scar show?

Doctor: Not if you're careful.

—Widow.

"Well, miss, are you the farmer's
daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm selling brassieres."

"Brassieres? What are they?"

"My name's Jones—Jasper Jones!"

—Bison.

It is a very noticeable fact from the
manner in which funeral processions
are treated that traffic officers respect
the dead much more than the living.

—Claw.

Reporter: Are you in favor of pro-
hibition?

Senator: Are you going to offer me
a drink or do you want a statement
for the paper? —Wampus.

First Bum—Y'aint y'self no more.
Watsa matter; sick or somethin'?

Second Same—Got insomania. Keep
wakin' up every few days. —Burr.

A LINGERING DEATH

"So," sobbed LLma Valadoffovich-
skioffsky, "Ivan Ninespikeskie died in
battle. You say he uttered my name
as he was dying?"

"Part of it. He did the best he
could," replied the returned soldier.

—Drexler.

"What's your racket?"

"I live by my wits."

"You believe in doing things by
halves, eh?" —Claw.

"I guess that's cutting a swell
figure," said the chorus girl as she
fell on a broken bottle.

—Yellow Jacket.

"Have you heard the song about the
fleas who fell in a bucket of paint?"

"Sounds bad, but go ahead."

"Little White Lice." —Dirge.

"Is Jim a sportsman?"

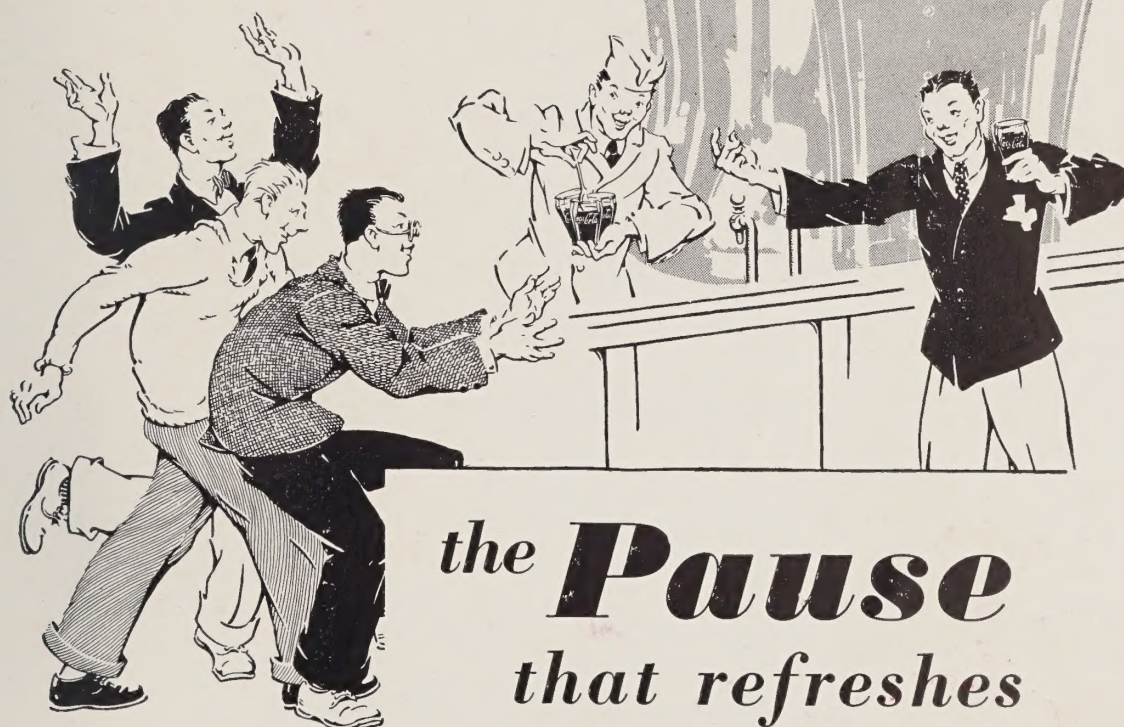
"Yeah, he follows the horses."

"Aha! A street-sweeper!" —Claw.

"Gawd!—well—go on—what did I
do next?" —Gargoyle.



Your good deed
for today



the ***Pause***
that refreshes

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The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

CM-3

20,679 Physicians
say **LUCKIES** *are*
less irritating

I too prefer
LUCKIES
because...

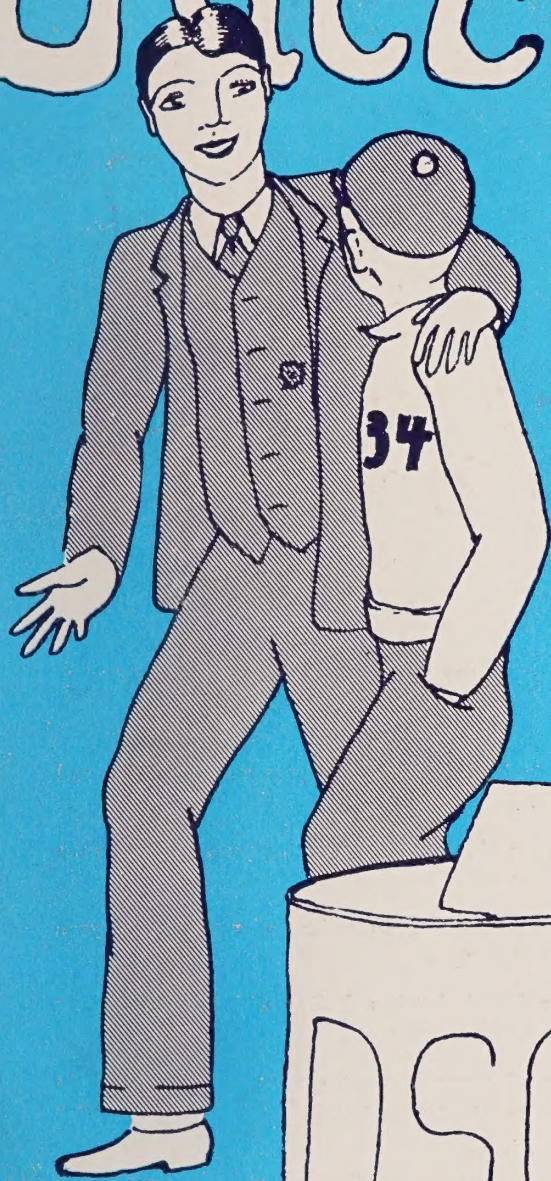
Toasting removes
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation
and coughing



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection —
against irritation — against cough.

buccan'eer



fraternity number

DO YOU LIKE NIGHT LIFE?

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Can you gain access to a speakeasy without knowing a fellow from Princeton? . . . Williams? . . . Harvard? . . . Yale? . . . Is it considered *the thing* to bring a flask of ale to a night club? . . . Would you roll a half of beer up the steps of the Central Park Casino, or try to smuggle a gallon of corn up onto the St. Regis roof under your opera coat? . . . In fact, is it the *dernier cri* to wear an opera coat over corn licker before 6 o'clock? . . . Can you tell a good vintage of bicarbonate of soda from a bottle of 1912 Moët Chandon? . . . Should you order a turkey leg when lying under a table at Reuben's? Vanity Fair answers all these questions.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
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Spokesman: We are Kappa Sigs and honest men.

Judge: Fine, the Kappa Sigs line up over on this side and the honest men on the other.
—Punch Bowl.

REMINISCENCES

Many years after graduating from his alma mater a professor managed to obtain a faculty position there. Both as a new member of the faculty and as an alumnus he visited his old room in the fraternity house.

"Same old double-deckers," he muttered, "same old bathroom, same old pictures, same old carpets."

Then he opened the door of another room and found there a young student and a beautiful co-ed.

"Er—meet my sister, professor," said the student.

"Same old lies," muttered the professor again, backing out of the room.

—Purple Parrot.

Once: Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice: Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand.
—Rice Owl.

PAGE SHYLOCK

"Hello! City Hospital?"

"Yes, this is the operating room."

"Well, send me up a pound of liver."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

Divorce Court Judge: Upon what grounds are you applying for a divorce, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown: Extravagance, Your Honor.

Judge: How's that?

Mr. Brown: Well, sir, my wife continued to buy ice after I bought a frigidaire.

—Georgia Yellow Jacket.

HOW TO BUY A USED CAR

Look behind, underneath, and all around the rear seat cushion. If you find a couple of lace handkerchiefs, a handful of burnt matches, a garter and an empty bottle, buy the car. Any of the above items is sufficient proof that the car has been used well and run but little.—Minnesota Shi-U-Mah.

Both them hula girls loved the same man, so they pulled straws for him.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.



Properly
Salted

THERE is a salty tang to these big, brown Planters Peanuts that makes them irresistible. Make sail for the nearest confectionery counter. Stow a glassine bag in your pocket. Look for MR. PEANUT on it. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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CHOCOLATE Co.

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SALTED PEANUTS



To the man whose mind is over cut...

You rarely miss a lecture or a quiz—but if attendance of minds was checked—boy, how you'd be overcut! Wandering attentions can be quickly and pleasantly controlled by a simple change of rations. Switch to Shredded Wheat for breakfast and you will soon notice the difference. The reason why is simply this—Shredded Wheat is whole wheat, including all the bran in a tasty and easily digested form. Two biscuits in milk make a nourishing breakfast, packed full of vitamins, and properly balanced in carbohydrates, proteins and mineral salts. A satisfied stomach promotes a clear mind—and that means more work with less effort. Let Shredded Wheat help you. Start tomorrow!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Unedda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT



WITH ALL THE BRAN
OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

I SEE

First Cat: Do you believe in prenatal influences?

Second Ditto: Sure, look at Mrs. Brown's brat. Bowlegged as a pair of ice-tongs.

—Batillion.

Nurse: Its a boy.

King Solomon: Curses—I wanted a girl.

Nurse: Be patient, oh king. There will be three more this afternoon.—Brown Jug.

Reckless driver,
Speeding freight;
Solemn music,
Golden Gate.

—Log.

"So you want to be a boxer—let me hear you yell 'Foul!'"

—Boston Beanpot.

Student (at book store): Gimme a map of New York State.

Clerk: All we have are maps of New Jersey.

Student: O. K. That's close enough.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

"You are the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said Jim College, as he shifted gears with his foot.

—Panther.

"If you want to kiss me, squeeze my hand. If you don't want to kiss me, don't squeeze my hand. If you want to kiss me and don't want to tell me, squeeze my hand."

"Ouch! Hey, get off my foot!"

—Punch Bowl.

The Commencement Procession was just passing the new Liberal Arts building.

"For four years I have been chiseling, and look where I am now," cursed an unseen mason at work as he gazed with envious eyes on the graduates.

"You're not the only one, baby," cried a flowing-gowned chorus.—Penn State Frater.

"And how was your father-in-law looking last time you saw him?"

"Straight down the barrel!"

—Texas Longhorn.

"Marie was half-undressed at the dance last night."

"Well, that's the first time I ever heard of her doing things by halves."

—Yellow Jacket.

FROM THE LIPS OF THE FAMOUS

"Who the hell wants to get married unless he wants to?" —*H. L. Mencken.*

"I believe Washington, Lincoln and Hoover to be the three greatest presidents: Washington freed the country, Lincoln freed the slaves, and Hoover freed the working man." —*Will Rogers.*

"America needs an ambassador of good will. Why not elect 'Good Will Rogers'; the Illiterate Digest will gladly conduct the polls." —*Herbie Hoover.*

"While in Rome, do the Romans." —*Ben Mussolini.*

"The economic situation is not alarming." —*John D. Rockefeller.*

"I'm an atheist, thank God." —*Gandhi.*

"It's a shame the way idols of American slang have applied the dignified nautical term 'three-decker' to sandwiches." —*Gar Wood.*

"It's the cut that counts." —*Any Bootlegger.*

"Modern humor is vile." —*The Editor.*
—*Siren.*

SPRING RAPTURE

The March wind blows
Away the winter snows.

The first intrepid vanguard of the Spring,
Perches in the branches and begins to sing.
Soon will the March wind cease;
Then, when the last pond thaws . . .
Oh, ecstasy of God-sent rest and Peace!
I shall discard my woolen underdrawers.

—*Lampoon.*



MILESTONES IN LITERATURE

S. S. Van Dine reading a Mary Roberts Rhinehart detective story.

H. L. Mencken reading the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Percy Marks reading the Frank Merriwell books.

The editor of the *New Yorker* reading the *Juggler*.

Rockwell Kent reading the funny papers.

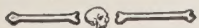
Bernard MacFadden reading *Vanity Fair*.

Sinclair Lewis reading the *Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge*. —*Juggler.*

They had to carry Carrie to the ferry,
The ferry carried Carrie to the shore;
The reason that they had to carry Carrie,
Was that Carrie couldn't carry any more.
—*Punch Bowl.*



At the Lincoln County picnic at Vine-land, the rolling-pin throwing contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Ppsell, who threw the rolling-pin 67 feet. Mr. Ppsell won the 100-yard dash for married men.—*Exchange.*



During a grouse hunt, two sportsmen were potting the birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of one butt, and the occupant said, "Curse you, sir, you almost hit my wife just now."

"Did I?" said the man, aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—er—have a shot at mine over there." —*Stevens Stone Mill.*

Fancy Ices

Sherbets

Durham Ice Cream Company Inc.

"Blue Ribbon"

ICE CREAM
DURHAM, N. C.

"Won its Favor by its Flavor"

BLOCKS

PUNCH

Our idea of an unbeatable combination
is Methuselah's age and Solomon's wives.
—*Mountain Goat*.



A prize is being offered by the Pretzel
Bender's Association of America to the
person who can divulge, with substantial
proof, the last name of Robinson Crusoe's
man Friday. Those submitting the name
Fish will be sent a scathing letter of re-
buke. To your horses, men, the British are
coming!
—*Brown Jug*.



First: Why so glum there, feller?
Second: I got a letter today saying if I
didn't stop going out with a certain man's
wife he'd shoot me.
First: Well, that is easy to fix. Why
don't you stop going with her?
Second: He didn't sign his name.—*Log*.

"A Knight had always to be true to one
maiden."
"Yeh, that's why many good nights were
wasted."
—*Widow*.



Mother (reading letter): Oh, John, our
boy will be home from college in a fort-
night.
Father (getting angry): He's got his
nerve. What's the matter with his Chevy?
—*Widow*.

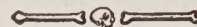


"I just heard the funniest joke about a
Congressman."
"Well, what was it?"
"Cstbtz lgnfrh mcdyhys."
"I can't understand a word you say."
"Aw, it's too funny for words."
—*Punch Bowl*.

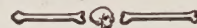


Hey waiter, I can't eat this meat, it's
all gristle."
"That's tough."
—*Lyre*.

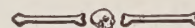
For that lousy feeling—scratch!
—*Reserve Red Cat*.



Dean: What steps ought to be taken to
get students to their classes on time?
Bean: I'd suggest longer ones. —*Siren*.

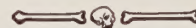


1st Grave Robber: Say, guy what are
you here for?
2nd: Thought I might scrape up an ac-
quaintance.
—*Kitty Kat*.

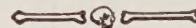


Prof: What kind of leather makes the
best shoes?
Jim: I don't know, but banana skins
make the best slippers. —*Pitt Panther*.

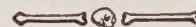
They were at the table.
"Won't you have something more to eat,
Mr. Smith?"
"Well, just a mouthful, please."
"James, fill Mr. Smith's plate."
—*Lampoon*.



First Frater—Do bugs have sex appeal?
Second Home-wrecker—No; but they
have itch!
—*Flamingo*.



Little Boy (to parson): Please pray for
my father's floating kidney.
Parson: But I can't pray for any one
thing like that.
Little Boy: Well, you prayed for the
loose livers the other day.
—*Log*.



Professor: This examination will be con-
ducted on the honor system. Please take
seats three apart and in alternate rows.
—*Frivol*.

The IBUCCANIEIR
Presents The
FRATERNITY
AND A NUMBER

VOL. 0 NO. 000
BARED MANUAL
of
CAMPUS FRATS
AND
OTHER SOCIAL
OUTCASTS
LATEST NUMBER OUT

Fraternally Speaking

Carolina has fraternities; this is not very difficult to see. Aren't there a lot of beautiful, unpaid-for houses on the campus? Well, we won't stop to argue about the situation—they are here in all their glory or otherwise. The question is now that they are here what can we do about it? We cannot go around some night and burn all of the houses—this would be arson; we cannot go around some night and kill all the fraternity men—this would be murder. Well then what is there to do?

The **Buccaneer** has looked the situation over from all angles and the only thing that it sees to do is to let the fraternities know exactly how an outsider sees them. This classification has been wanted for several years. We are not going to say who is best in fraternity circles because there is no such thing as a "best" fraternity—they all have their good and bad points—this following classification will

cover more of the latter than the former. If you happen to belong to one of the lodges which has received an exceptionally bad blast from our classification, don't worry over the fact and throw your pin in the river—especially if you happen to be wearing it at the time. The best thing to do is to go down to the **Buccaneer** office and give the editor hell—he will just love this and will probably ask you out to dinner the next day. If you realize what is said about your fraternity is true then don't worry because you will have four years to get over your complex; and when you get out you will have a good opportunity to join some nice, quiet, peaceful organization like the shriners. Just remember that there are two sides to every fraternity—a bad side and a worse. Before you are ready to send the fraternities to everlasting damnation take a look in the following pages and see just how much more you want to damn yours after it has been criticised by an outsider.

The Carolina BUCCANEER UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1931

NO. 4

A Bared Manual of Carolina Fraternities or What Every Freshman Should Know

SYSTEM OF RATING

One * Drinking frat.

No * Non-drinking frat.

Below are listed some of the fraternities on the campus; these are not all but these are supposed to be best by members. If your fraternity has been left out it is because no dirt or scandal was known at the time.

D. K. E..* Generally conceited to be the best and only fraternity at Chapel Hill by its members. A nice bunch of automobiles outside with the flat tires in the house. Membership to those whose great, great, great, great grandfather was a Deke, and providing that you yourself will be the true Deke type which includes everything from Lord Chesterfield airs down to a yellow pair of Finchley socks.

Phi Gamma Delta.* A huge mob of boys doing their best to fill up a beautiful new house to such an extent that the second mortgage will not be foreclosed before the beginning of next rushing season when they will attempt to pledge Manly dormitory.

Beta Theta Pi.* A big bad bunch of happy college boys (the Rover Boy Type) joined together by those inseparable ties that binds and binds and binds. A streak of Northern blood in their veins which seems to keep the campus talking about their antics. A beautiful new house that will be paid for when "Just Imagine" is a

reality. Everything seems to be running smoothly so far—they haven't killed anyone yet and it looks as if they are not going to be foiled again this year in the race for the fencing championship.

Delta Psi.* A tiny group of naughty, naughty college fellows that have lured more than one unsuspecting freshman into the bonds of St. Anthony. After one joins one must keep the pin with one at all times. Even when taking a bath it must be held in the mouth. Statistics show that last year twenty-eight pins were swallowed on the Atlantic sea-coast alone. Take Heed!

Chi Psi.* Another conglomeration of happy college men who by mistake burned their house

down mistaking it at the time for a bundle of old news papers. They also contain a yamdankee streak of really bad gin drinking.

Phi Kappa Sigma.* A nice quiet bunch of congenial boys that write home three times a week and then not for money. A nice quiet house with a pool table.

S. A. E..* Back in the roaring forties the S. A. E.'s were able to have meetings in their house without much difficulty but now in the gay nineties they are forced to use Gerrard Hall on Wednesday night and even then the gallery is full. If you like violets you had best join because the lodge pledges very few pansies.

Zeta Psi.* At the foot of Cameron Court and used to taking socks from the K. A.'s and the K. Z.'s. An unusually quiet group of bandits on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. Fourteen men on the wrestling team who usually get their training on weekends.

Chi Phi.* A big bunch of athletes who get most of their training from a ping pong table and take most of their outside workouts at the Carolina Confectionery and the Co-ed house.

A. T. O..* A beautiful house located ideally for Co-eds and Pi



A Deke



A few S A E's get together

Phi's, but a very poor location for college capers as it is only one block from the registrar's house. At present the lodge contains a bunch of docile hell raisers that are at present recuperating from Christmas.

K. A.*. Also a nice quiet bunch of hellers that seem in some way able to have their house raided by the police at least once a week. They seem to keep Cameron Court alive on week days and try to kill the Kappa Sigs and Zeta Psi's on weekends. If you want to find a K. A. on the campus *whistle* three times for a bottle opener—they will be there at the first whistle. They also contain a mild element.

Phi Delta Theta*. A new house that is rather far out and no one has been able to tell whether they behave or not. They had the captain of the track team three years ago—he got his training walking home to supper.

Sigma Nu*. A bad bunch of politicians that will promise you the world with a gold fence around it and then give you the gate. Their house caught fire last year but there were not enough wooden bricks on one side to get the insurance. Usually quiet when not more than two are in the house at the same time.

Sigma Chi*. Don't let them

sing their "Sweetheart" song to you because you may join. They have a bar in the basement and a piano in the parlor. Wine, women and song with the Co-eds going unneglected.

Kappa Sigma*. Unusually quiet this year. Their streak of athletes seems to have dwindled at present to a normalcy. A new house that looks like a barn outside but is very comfortable inside. Very few hellers at present.

Pi Kappa Alpha*. A nice quiet bunch most of the time but they occasionally pull an orgy which resounds through fraternity court for several weeks. No really bad men.

Phi Kappa Phi*. Kept quiet unsuccessfully by a house mother but nevertheless the fraternity manages to exist now that Block Bryson has moved to the Graduate building. A number of quiet boys that are really



Cosmopolitan Club member

trying to get educated. They usually pledge plenty from Greensboro and they don't neglect G. C. and N. C. C. W.

Delta Sigma Phi*. "A dollar sixty-five". No that is not the

cost of admission. Don't get the idea of cheapness—they soak you just as much for initiation and dues as any other lodge. No members on the warpath at present.

Theta Chi*. Every member must have a drum in the house because they keep everybody awake for a radius of three blocks. Generally calm during class periods and the house is usually quiet during holidays such as Christmas and Easter vacations. Not many hellers—no not many!

Delta Tau Delta*. Far enough off the campus to hide most of their sinful deeds. Occasionally a member of this fraternity appears on the campus to attend classes and they can almost always be found on the campus during weekends—usually on the roof of some other fraternity or under the table somewhere.

Chi Omega*. Membership to males is forbidden even if he can sing soprano. A bevy of sweet, innocent girls that absolutely swear that they did not come to college to get a husband. Fair dates on dull dull weekends.

Phi Beta Phi*. Another of those women fraternities that has a nice house across from the Co-ed shack. Their pin looks like a detour sign and in most cases should be taken literally. A really charming bunch however and they do make dates a week in advance—sometimes. They are the sister chapter of the Beta Theta Pi lodge and at present the happy family practically lives together.



Sigma Chi chapter hall



Beta Quartett

*Phi Beta Kappa**. Freshmen usually bump this lodge their first quarter. A few really serious boys can be found in this lodge. In most cases its members are a sad looking bunch that are usually on their way from class or are going. They don't have a house which they have to pay for. Socially they would only get D's.

*Kappa Beta Phi**. Similar to the above lodge only they have a little higher purpose in life. They rate much better socially and the key looks enough alike to get by. Membership in this lodge costs \$15 and any member will tell you that it is nothing but a suck-in.

*Wigue and Masque**. A herd of stage-door Johnnies and painted chorines that are not happy unless they are displaying themselves before the vulgar public which includes you and me. Some members have talent.

*The Coop**. A flock of guys crowded together for the purpose of sustenance. Its members are those boys who have been outlawed from other eating places because they failed to pay

their bills or because of their terrible table manners.

*The Cabin**. Another one of those eating halls where a terrible bunch of roughnecks collect three times a day and eat grub off of thick chinaware.

*Minotaurs-Shieks-13 Club**. Three clubs of sophomore origin with but a single purpose and that to have its members to shine and then paddle them for not shining enough. Nothing but a paddling organization. Members are of low moral character, drunkards, murderers and what not.

*Amphoterotheren**. No one seems to know what this club is for, but it seems to have absolutely no purpose other than to have a page in the annual. It is probably an organization for the purpose of filching money from green freshmen such as selling radiator keys and spots on the gym floor. Membership to almost anyone that has a good ready money idea.

*Epsilon Phi Delta**. Just a long name for the cosmopolitan club. A bunch of foreigners that have invaded our campus



Coop member after hearty meal

and who collected into a club to keep them from agitating or bombing the library.

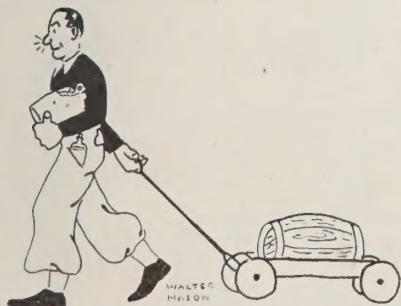
*Order of the Golden Fleece**. If you have done something really outstanding like passing math 2 or have made the glee club two years running you have a chance to make this. Entrance

to this club is a little more difficult than a pressing club so do not try to purchase tickets as they are not on sale.

*Order of the Grail**. A dance organization that really has a purpose. This purpose seems to be giving a "no break" dance that lasts for too long. These dances are supposed to be social affairs but they usually end in wrestling matches. Eighteen people were in the infirmary after the last one. The orchestra that plays for these dances is usually collected the day of the dance and at the previous dances the members of the orchestra had to be introduced to each other at intermission and even after that they had very little in common—musically speaking. The Grail gives eight dances a year and the freshmen are unable to attend and they should learn this lesson and refrain for the next three years. It is just such organizations that fill our institutions, especially the asylums.

*Gorgon Head and Gimghoul**. Junior orders for those who do not eat soup with a fork. These organizations do not trouble anyone as they are far enough from the college.

*German Club**. A dance organization which frames up on every one and at all times for no reason at all. It does however give dances in which one is safe and one can be assured that there will be no drunks at these dances. Occasionally some boys with ribbons on them are a little tight but as a rule there are only a few of these.



Kappa Beta Phi going to class



HOW TO TAKE A PLEDGE FOR ACTIVITIES

Show pledge car belonging to business manager of college paper.

Pledge will build air castles. Will crave money. Start work on all business staffs.

Ask president of student body to speak to pledge. Pledge will get high hat. Will walk with head in air. Pledge will get elected band leader.

Tell pledge he's lazy as a member. Pledge will become furious. Will want to fight. Rush to gym to work off rage. Knock out boxers. Pledge will get berth on boxing team.

Tell pledge travel broadens one. Pledge will think matter over. Will decide it does. Figure out way to travel. Pledge will try out for glee club.

Show pledge *College Humor's* hall of fame. Pledge will want to become interesting collegian. Will study situation. Pledge will try to become big campus leader. Be member of this, that, and the other.

Order huge supply of paddles. Show pledge huge supply. Tell pledge to get hell out for activities. End of trouble with pledge.



Three Little Words: Bend over, Freshman.

Professor to student gazing out window: No one ever got anywhere gazing at space, young man.

Student: Oh yes. How about Einstein?



Professor: The sun gives us heat, Mr. Long; does the moon produce any heat?

Mr. Long: It depends on what kind of heat you mean.



"I understand that John is a distinguished student at college."

"No, sister, you have it backwards: he was extinguished."



"The tale is ended," said the neophyte on the morning after the night before.



"There's cold in those chills," remarked the doctor as he felt the patient's pulse.



"The end is in sight," said the frat pledge as he bent over the chair.



"No more cuts in this quarter," muttered the butcher throwing down his knife.

THE SUSPENSE WAS TERRIBLE

It was over at the club. We were sitting around discussing Bill's case. Bill had always been considered a jovial fellow, but for the past week his manner had been changed; he wore a worried expression and had become extremely reticent. During this period, he had been spending much time in the club's periodical room reading nothing but humorous magazines. No wonder he was a source of discussion. Bill was in there now. We sat watching him through the open door. From where we sat it looked as though he were reading the *Judge*. Suddenly he threw down the paper and let out what resembled an Indian war whoop. He looked around and his eyes fell on us. In a moment he was in our midst. He looked happy again.

"I've done it! I've done it!" he cried.

"Done what? Had a contribution to *Judge* accepted?"

"No! No! Not that!"

"Then What?" we asked as a man.

"I've read a suspense paragraph through without first looking at the ending!"



"My business is picking up," said the hobo as he reached for the cigar butt.



Proff: Heck, ain't there no pictures in this book?



"Will Yuh . . . huh?"

ON BUSSES

Oh, so you like busses. I hate busses. I never ride on busses. Sure I admit they are comfortable and you can look out on both sides and see the beautiful scenery and read the sign boards. Yes, yes, they're clean. The cinders and smoke don't get in your eyes and down your throat and under your collar. Fast, good schedules, cheap rates and rapidly becoming safer. No, I can't deny all this. And they may run the passenger trains out of service. But I hate busses. I never ride on busses. They don't stop at enough rest stations!

Don't bother to take this simple test. You'll probably flunk it anyway.

Professor: Who was it that said 'He who steals my purse steals trash'?

Student: It must have been a college boy.

"Do you belong to the Book-of-the-Week Club?"

"No, I eat at a boarding house."

"Who's that singing over the radio?"

"I think it's Rudy Vallee."

"Turn to another station; I don't care to hear *her*."

"Did you hear the Chesterfield cigaret song?"

"Oh, Lord! Will they never stop."

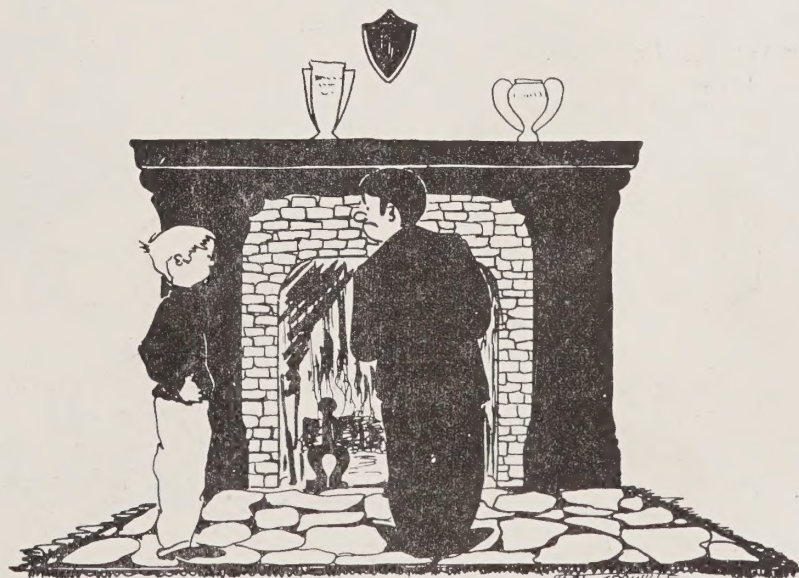
"Chesterfield you in my arms."

Frater: All our members are Democrats.

2nd gink: Yeah, I notice they never get elected to anything.

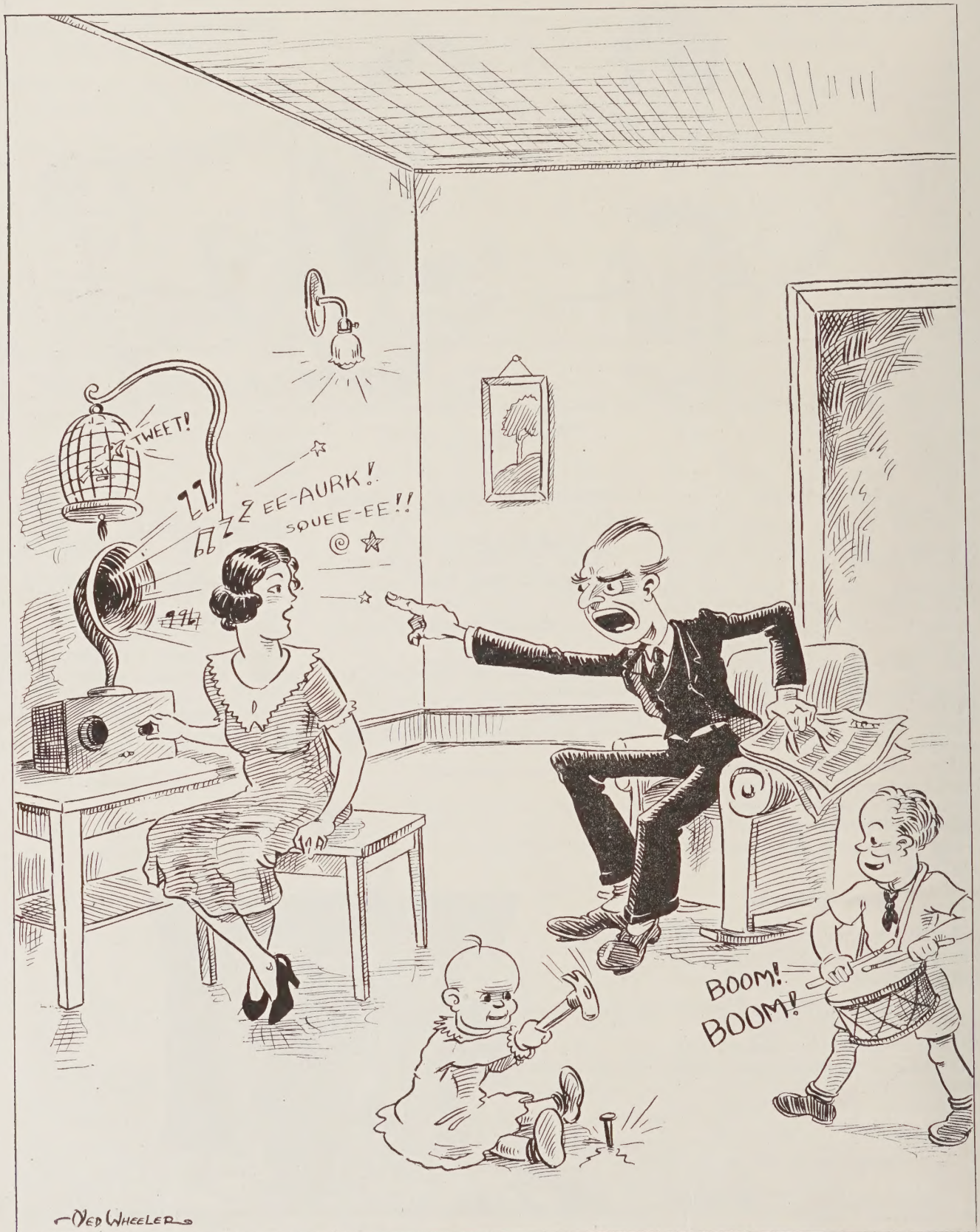
"So you want a position in the insane asylum. Any experiences?"

"Yes, I was president of a college fraternity."



Pledge: And how did you win those cups?

Frater: Them's lovin' cups, Neophyte, them's lovin' cups.



"For gosh sake, Mary, take that d—n canary out of here!"

The Adventures of Captain Marcus Fratto, the Patron Saint of Fraternities, as Related by the Distinguished One Ike Dann

Marcus Fratto was born in Athens around 400 B.C. (before Christmas). Mark was a tough lad and was constantly throwing little fish back into the water. At an early age he was sent to Plato's Academy in order to keep him out of mischief. There he would throw rocks at all the old philosophers, including Plato. Young Fratto called Plato "Pluto" because he moved around so quickly.

Now all the youth of Athens attended the Academy at this time. The professors often griped them then as they do today. So young Marcus set about to organize the youth of Athens into an organization to combat the professors. The members were all to be called brothers and were to help each other out. Today they wear out

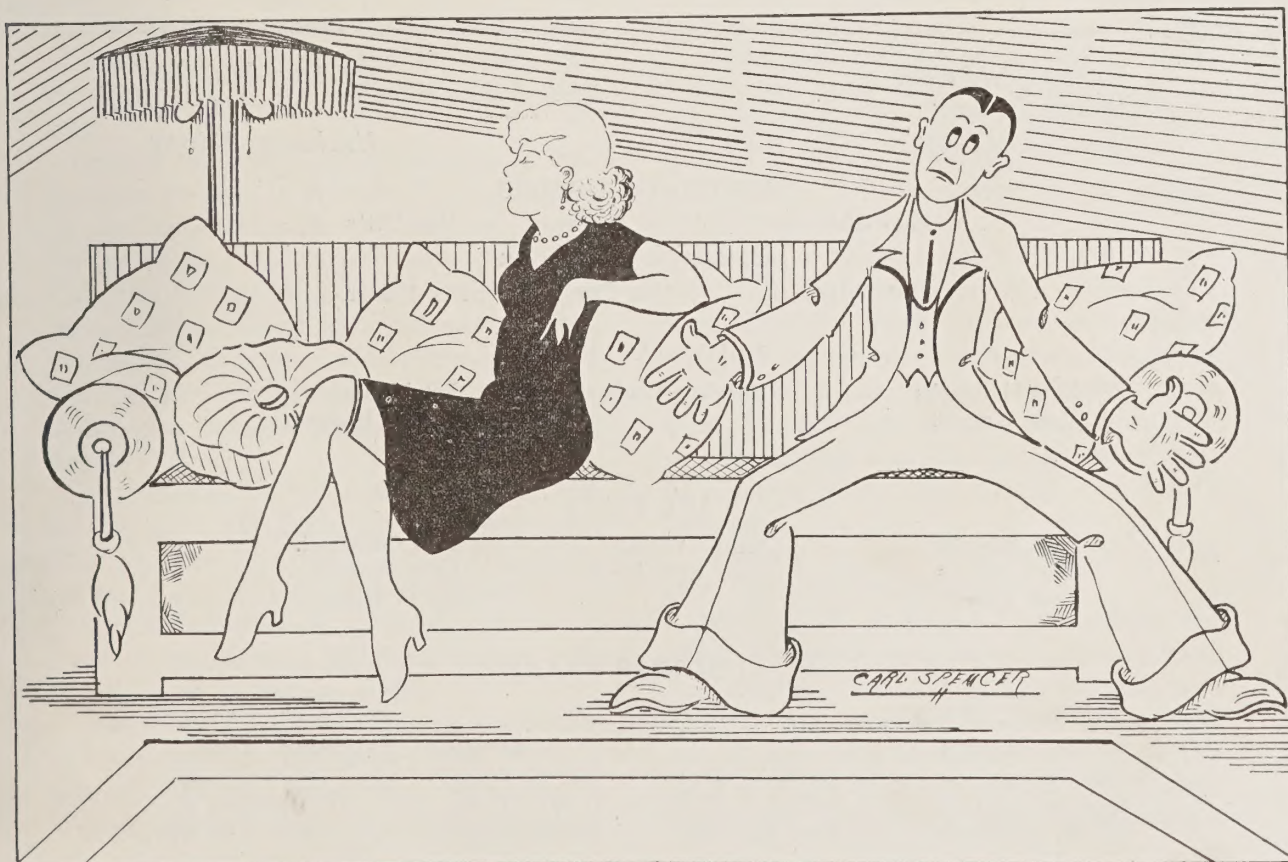
each other's clothes, neck one another's best girl, drink each other's liquor, and so on. The young Greeks then would gather together in some secret lodge and wise-crack about their crack brained professors, and relate their various and sundry literary experiences.

One day Fratto bounced an over-ripe egg off of a distinguished philosopher's head. He left Athens that night and got in with a band of pirates. He soon became captain, just like a hero in one of Alger's novels or the movies. They plundered all of the Roman vessels loaded down with rich spices and teas. Captain Fratto taught his men the meaning of fraternity—we are everything, the other fellows are nothing. Hence they would paddle everyone they cap-

tured and didn't like. Then they would make them jump overboard and swim home.

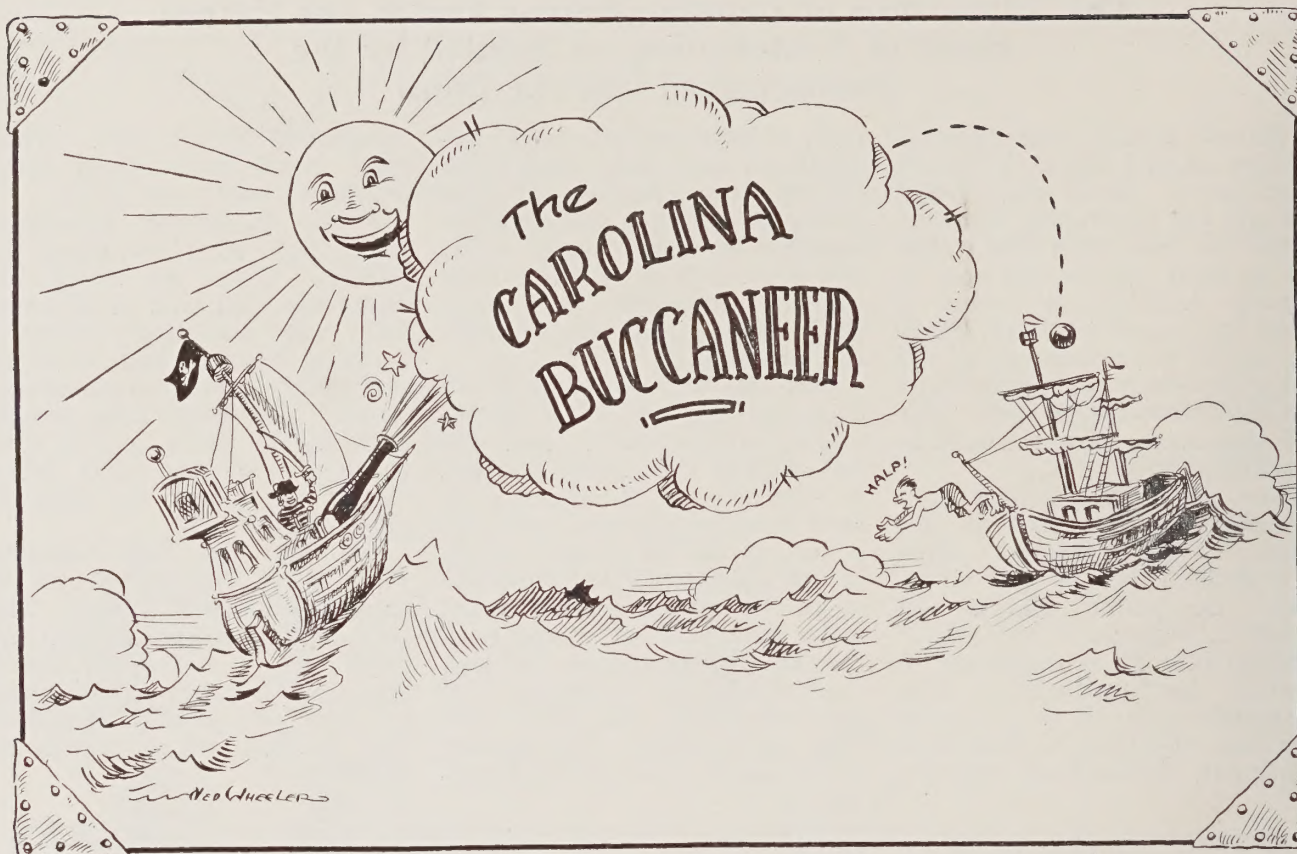
Fratto prospered amazingly well, and soon returned to Athens. There he found the fraternity idea well established. They were gambling recklessly, drinking heavily, and swearing proficiently enough to please any Greek. There was keen rivalry between the frats, and it soon became a byword that when Greek met Greek he tried to pledge him up.

One day at the Academy Plato asked Captain Fratto to explain Einstein's theory. The poor captain had brain fever and never quite recovered. And thus, dear reader, passed away the man who started all of this frat business which still bears his name.



He: I know she is angry—but
Her scorn I deserve—for her

Lips were so near—and I
Hadn't the nerve!



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Editorial

Our jovial editor came smilingly up to me today—slapped me on the back and I at once knew that I was elected to be “papa Rabbit” in a grand old suction game. His troubles, he explained, were many and he still had a lot of “Buc” copy in the negative. As one good pirate to another, he explained that we must carry on—

How well I remember that phrase—Carry On—. My father, a world famous bare back rider, after slipping on an orange peel, called me to his dying bedside and said, “All the world’s a circus and we are all performers. After all we have a definite mission in life and it is to gyp our friends. So my son, CARRY ON. Never let the show stop. Carry ON.”

With this tradition in mind, I must carry on. Our editor wants an editorial—so why shouldn’t I write it? I ask, why shouldn’t I? No one will ever read it anyway.

One of the Buc’s pet grievances is fraternities so here I present the PIRATES vs. the lousey Greeks. (They are lousey, for according to Dean Paulsen’s latest statistics a fraternity man’s b. v. d.’s are three times as hard to launder as one belonging to a person who wears his own clothes—and figures do not lie, especially those seen through shadeless windows at Spencer Hall).

The arguments against joining a fraternity are: (I) Being a fraternity man. The reasons for being a non-fraternity man are (I) Being a non-fraternity man.

So you see this is a vicious circle—almost as vicious as a saddistic Greek with a paddle on initiation night.

Another thing that comes to my notice is the proposed 10% salary cut. If it is passed—heavens help the poor profs. Were it in my power, I would double their

pay and give them a Carnegie medal for mildly tolerating the gummy, backslapping and bootlicking Greeks.

But enough for that—Someone might get the impression that fraternities are the elite at this University.

As for optional class attendance—Well as for it. What of it? To start with it, it is optional or else who the hell made you come to Chapel Hill?

And too, the instructors would doubtless welcome a chance to miss seeing your ugly, vacillating face once in a while.

And another of my pet grievances is dry cleaners. Recently I sent my only suit to be dry cleaned and it came back with a little red tag hanging to one of the buttons, saying that the button was replaced through the courtesy of the Virginia Cleaners.

I appreciated that a great deal but what I want to know is what in the heck did they do with the other eight that they tore off? After many years of observing this species, I have drawn up my theory about dry cleaners.

Long ago there lived a little poor boy who had no buttons on his clothes. To keep his birthday suit from *shining through*, (Another fraternity custom) he was forced to use pins. Using them made him pin conscious and he soon developed an anti-button complex which caused him to go crazy every time he had a button to tear off.

Needless to say, he formed the United Dry Cleaners Association.

Well this is over and I have added another weight to your mind. If you have any complaints about this editorial—take them to the editor. You can’t to me for I am on my way to matriculate at KEELEYS, where optional Attendance, fraternities and 10% salary cuts are unknown.

HE'S EVERYWHERE

He's always present. You've heard him and I've heard him. He's on class each day; he's at every chapel meeting; he's at all lectures. You can find him at conventions. Why he would even be at a Democratic convention. At fraternity meetings he is heard. Cold weather never prevents him from attending football games; stuffy gyms can't keep him from indoor sports; and blistering sun and sweltering heat have not the power to make him stay from baseball parks. He is even found in the theatre. He's always present. You've heard him and I've heard him. He's the voice from the rear.



"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Now what's so funny?"

"I'm gonna write a joke, and I'm just starting backwards."



"Who's that woman coming out of that fraternity house?"

"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher!"

What the Well Dressed Man Is Tearing, or Secrets of Fashion Ripped Open

By Oh! Oh! Oddattire

There is very little change in men's clothes this year, or anything else much except duns and cigarette coupons. Trousers are being worn longer, however—maybe they'll last through next year too.

Shoes are again being seen on Broadway, and are being taken up by all the better dressers (up to the nearest shoe shop to be half-soled). Hop boots are *de trop* for the ball-room or billiard parlor. There is not a careful dresser in New York today who wears red-silk knee-breeches with roller skates to match, bearskin bathing cap, and rubber hot-water bottle. There is also a tendency to veer away from bicycle costumes, a correspondent writes.

Socks are "out" now—some at the heels; others at the toes.

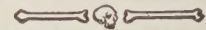
Ties may be either bought or borrowed. Many men prefer to borrow several at a time, as a larger selection from which to

choose is thus insured.

Hats are either a brownish tan or a tannish brown, depending on the kind of mud you dropped yours in.

Handkerchiefs are "in" again if Santa Claus was good to you. If not, the laundry will probably send you a couple back in place of your best shirt sometime in the near future.

A post-card with any inquiry you may have on questions of style addressed to this office will be returned to you in about ten days marked "Not at above address."



"They laughed at me when I sat down to the piano, but their laughter soon changed to surprise when I reached under the seat and pulled out a quart of White Mule.



"That's two bad," said the cook as he reached for another egg.



Beta: May I kiss you?

Pi Phi: Don't open your mouth to me.

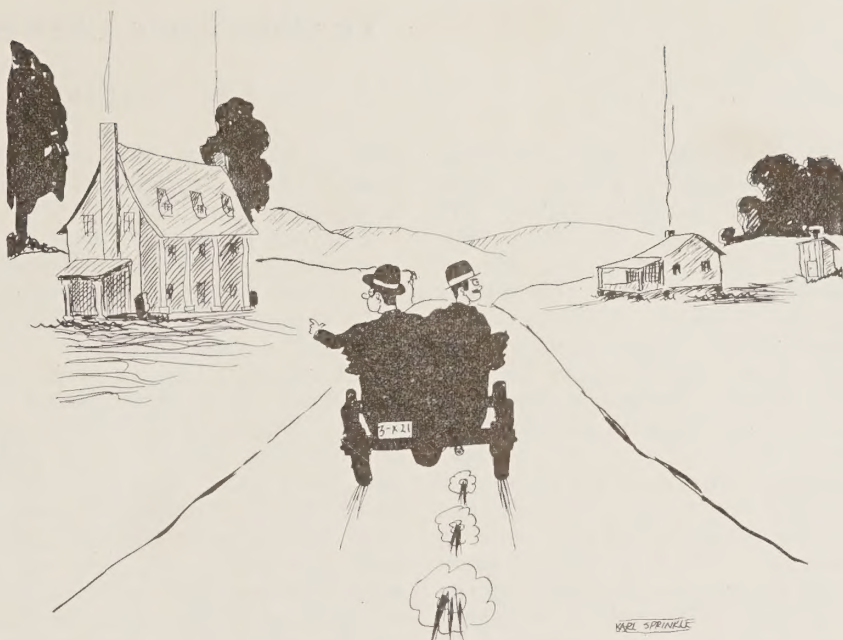
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

"Did you know" that "four out of five" cross the danger line" on easy payment "at one dollar down" and nine months to pay? "Just mail the coupon below with a dollar" and "you too can become the woman that men turn and look at"—"for ten days free trial"—"for fifteen minutes a day"—"for they'd "walk a mile"—"to satisfy"—but "mums the word" for women spend years of fear and doubt" thanks to "bald-headed men" who are "sweet as a rose the first dance" but "laugh at the things your daughter must be told"—"how to help nature wisely" with the new personal belt "in three days only" just gargle with Listerine" and eliminate the three dangers" for "yeast builds up resistance" against "gifts that the memory lingers on" and are "so delicate to discuss" of that "pasison called love"—"not even your best friend will tell you" that "there is no mystery" why "zonite checks infection" in thirty days—"if you have the courage to take it"—"the laugh will be on them" for "it's as simple as A B C"—"get your first one free"—"don't delay"—"be safe"—"run no risks"—"for nobody's immune"—"just ask the man who owns one"—"he said he would never marry" but "thanks to your yearly expenditures"—"at last we have found a way to kill 200,000,000 germs"—"in 15 minutes"—"Bob and Mary will tell you the rest" because "it's toasted."

"The Phi Delta Pies have pledged me."
"For how much?"

If caught without a Murad, be nonchalant. Try to borrow one.

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. In the case of Slavaskovonavitchsky it's a lot of ink.



Nitt: That's the Kappa house over there.

Witt: Yeah, and what's that in front of it.

S. O. S.: Who is that guy with the mustache?

P. D. Q.: Oh, he is only one of my frat brothers who bought his razor-blades from a mail-order house.

Pi: Why do they call that prof "North Pole"?

Phi: Because no one has ever passed under him.

Someone remarked that there were a lot of strange faces among the co-ed ranks this quarter. They've always been rather strange looking for that matter.

"My business is rotten this morning," muttered the unemployment apple seller as he gazed at his stock.

According to the *Daily Tar Heel*, the deepest hole in the world is an oil well at Olinda, California. It is 8046 feet deep and $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. Now blame that on the moths!

THINGS WE WISH EINSTEIN WOULD EXPLAIN

1. What influence the moon has on marriage?
2. How long a piece of string is.
3. What would happen to us if our frat brother lost his shirt studs?
4. Will Al Smith run again?
5. How many cuts you can get away with and still pass that English course?
6. How deep is a hole?
7. Who sent us these modernistic ties for Christmas?
8. Why most courses are "dry" or "all wet"?

"Waiter, there's a man's toenail in this soup."

"Sorry, sir, that stew meat we've been getting from the medical building hasn't been up to normal lately."

"How about borrowing the car tonight, father; I have a date."

"All right, son; there isn't much gas in it anyway."

Ye Olde Tyme Chewer

By Zero Gollywog

It was in the crowded subway that we chanced to see a gum-chewer of Ye Olde Order. We were engaged in the idle, though fascinating, pastime of gazing at the drab commuters on the opposite platform, when the human robot in question met our then stunted gaze for the first time. Intense observation for several minutes failed to uncover the *raison d'être* of this strange case. "Perhaps," thought we to ourself, "he is the victim of some uncanny nervous disease." No, that did not seem to be the proper diagnosis of the situation. "Possibly he is biting his upper lip upon recollection of some witty thought that would have sounded good a thousand years ago." This also seemed to be the wrong combination for unravelling the mys-

tery. Suddenly we saw the light. "Oyez," we exulted, "he is chewing gum! That's it."

But not long were peace and tranquility to be our appointed lot. Even as we scrutinized him with the subtlest of fascination, his jaws ceased to move! Our heart missed a lick, so great was the shock of so unexpected an event. The very spouting fount of perpetual motion itself stopped in its flow! But our amazement was ill-chosen. The gentleman had merely shifted gears, and now he swung into action with the other side of his mouth—seemingly bent upon making up for lost time. Simultaneously our heart struck up, too (and may it continue striking for many long lunar seasons yet).

Now strange as it may seem, we have given this imminent

problem of gum-chewing many hours of careful analysis and deliberation. Speculation and practice alike have made this humble writer an authority on the subject. We have for days been prying into the fundamental and deep-seated causes of this engaging pastime. From the wealth of our experience and disorganized research we find: gum chewers are those individuals so stuffed with energy that the reaction to the biologic urge expresses itself in the muscular contraction and expansion of the jaw. This generality falls down, you may say, in that most persons are not quite so zealous in their chewing as the gentleman in question—many obviously being on their "last jaws". In reply to this, we say that the persons that you have in mind are seasoned veterans who although still possessed of extreme energy, have tired and weary machines with which to ruminate.

We must not be too severe in our criticism of the rapid-fire chewer. We see no reason for despising the man who works off his surplus weight and enthusiasms in his own simple manner, be it ever so humbly feeble. Nor can we leave unadorned the decrepit martyr who has worn out his teeth in the service. Our heart goes out to him, as do those of the unnumbered hosts comprising the victims of false teeth.



Of all the words from the
tongues of men
The rarest are these, "I'll lend
you ten."

When Einstein said that there was no such thing as a straight line, he had evidently never seen a Carolina co-ed.



IMPRESSIONS OF CAMPUS PUBLICATIONS
No. 3. The Yackety Yack

Student: Has **The Mayor of Casterbridge** been in lately?

Librarian: No, but I saw **The Warden** around here yesterday.

She (at dance): Are you a med. student?

He: No.

She: Then stop cutting in on me.

He (after telling joke): Now wasn't that funny.

It: Yes, but you should have heard the way grandma used to tell it.

Corset fitters usually come to some bad end.



He: Gee, I would give two cents to kiss you.

Sally: Can you change a nickel?

President (to pledge): Didn't I tell you not to bring her in this house again? Now the next time it happens I'm going to use drastic measures!

Pledge: But, sir, you can't do that, I love her. Besides she's very nice and some of the boys like her.

President: Nice is she? Why you couldn't trust her out of your sight. Do you know where she was this afternoon? No? Well I'll tell you. She was upstairs on my bed. Nice is she? Now this thing has got to stop. Pledge, the next time you bring that poodle in this house, I'll throw both of you out.

"And what did you say?"

"And I sez, 'you can't treat me like that, Mister!' Gee but he was grand looking."

"And what did he say?"

"And he sez, 'G'wan, you're all alike.'"

"And what did you say?"

"And I sez, 'Stop this machine, or I'll scream.' You know, real swell like and sort of virtuous."

"And what did he say?"

"And he sez, Gee, I musta made a mistake, maybe you are on the level."

"Oh, gee, Mamie, that was grand; just like a movie or sump'n."

Will Forty Do?

Now, Harry, I tell you we are doing the wrong thing.

No, Bill, we're not, it's just the thing to do.

Listen here, don't you know that this country is suffering from over-production.

Sure, sure, I know, but I just got a hop tip today and we need to produce a little more this month.

Yes, the big business men are always getting tips like that but they don't mean anything.

But this one will. Bill, the law school exams will be over in a couple weeks and that will mean we will have to run off at least forty gallons of extra corn between now and then.

Rushing season should come more often. Exactly 289 freshmen were cured of the bridge habit during the last one . . .



"It's certainly surprising how Louise can fleece these innocent college boys out of their fraternity pins."

"And, my dear, not only that; besides having D. K. E., P. G. D., B. T. P., and D. P., pins galore, she came home last night with a policeman's badge."



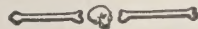
Editor: What a lousy bunch of jokes! Don't you know you can't get away with stuff like this?

Contributor: What's the matter; don't you think the readers would like them?

Ed: Why of course they wouldn't and you know that.

Con: Well, some of them seem funny to me.

Ed: Oh, some of them may be funny all right, but you haven't put a dirty joke in the whole lot.



"Is his father rich?"

"Rich? Why he didn't know when his son paid his fraternity initiation fee."



"I say, did you miss it?"

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE TEN PER CENT SALARY CUT

President Chase: Ha! Ha! Ha!

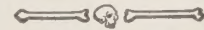
Dean Hibbard: Ho! Ho! Ho!

Professor Howard Mumford
Jones: Heh! Heh! Heh!

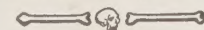
Once upon a time there were two little sparrows who lived in the country. Now one of these little creatures became restless for the city; so he proceeded to fly to a large town nearby. Not so long afterwards the other sparrow went to the city.

"Getting anything to eat here?" he asked his friend.

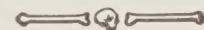
"No," replied the sparrow, "there aren't any horses here, and I've been following these automobiles around and they're always going 'putt, putt, putt,' but I can't live on promises!"



Girl (calling on telephone): Hello, Bill, will you come over to my house party tonight? Fine. And, Bill, bring your sedan will you, mother and father are using the library tonight and we may need another parking place.



Were you ever introduced to someone and he shook hands like t-h-i-s?



She was only a doctor's daughter, but she certainly knew her stiff.



A gyp off the old bloke.

Letters to the Grand Chapter

(As They Are)

Dear brothers of Iota Nu Psi:

We wish to make the annual fall report on our chapter. The opening of school found Beta Beta chapter back with 30 men. Twenty of these are rooming in the house. Beta Beta started out with full cooperation from all the brothers and we have made many improvements around the house. We have painted the interior of the house and also paid off the balance due on the radio-vic combination we purchased last spring. This was done by assessing each member \$5.00.

Rushing season went off fine and Beta Beta did mighty well. The chapter went into it whole-hearted and we came out with 25 new pledges, the largest, and we believe the best on the campus.

We were very pleasantly surprised last week when the traveling sect. paid Beta Beta a visit. Brother Crawford with his general good humor and witty remarks made himself very popular with all the boys. We hope we may look for another visit from him in the near future.

In the field of activities we might mention that we have four men on the football team and that the captain of the boxing team is a member of this chapter. We also have two men on the wrestling team and the president of the junior class. Also in the chapter we have 10 brothers that are members of honorary fraternities.

There being no further business we close our report for this time.

Fraternally yours,

(If the Truth Were Told)

Brothers in Iota Nu Psi:

Dam it all every time we turn around we have to write another report. Well here goes. The opening of school found Beta Beta back in everything as per usual. We have 10 men back,

seven are rooming in the house. Yes, we still have the house but the house company threatens to foreclose next month. We assessed ourselves five hooks the other night and bought a case of Orange County. Did we have one hell of a party? We had wine and women but no song. Wish you had been here. Two of the boys are still in the hospital recuperating.

Rushing season as usual was a failure. We came out in our old place at the end of everything. We sent out 30 bids and got 5 freshmen. We might say here that we had little trouble in getting the men we did since

we were the only lodge who gave them a bid.

For Pete's sake let us know the next time the traveling-sect. is going to pay us a visit so we can lock up the corn and the house-mother. He made one hell of an impression here with his 10 year old wise-cracks and cleaning the whole bunch in poker.

Speaking of activities. We have three men members of the Blue Key. Two men are on the Dean's probation list, and three men members of the "Shine Club." Also we might mention that brother Smith is spending the winter in jail.

There being no further business we will close right now.

Frat. yours,



"What, dark meat today! S'matter, out of missionaries?"

Fashion Hints for the Campus

A House or Host Suit

The old-fashioned house-jacket or smoking jacket has returned to fashion and with it has come a pair of trousers, making it a house suit. It is a far more elegant outfit in these days, however, than its predecessor.

No longer is it made of flowered silks and brocades, but is perfectly plain and simple. As made by New York's finer tailors, it is usually tailored of a medium weight cashmere cloth. The lapels are silk-faced. Sleeves have silk cuffs and silk lining is used throughout the jacket. An even greater luxury is the pair of silk-lined trousers. All the careful tailoring and attention to detail that are given to a dinner jacket or a tailcoat are given these suits.

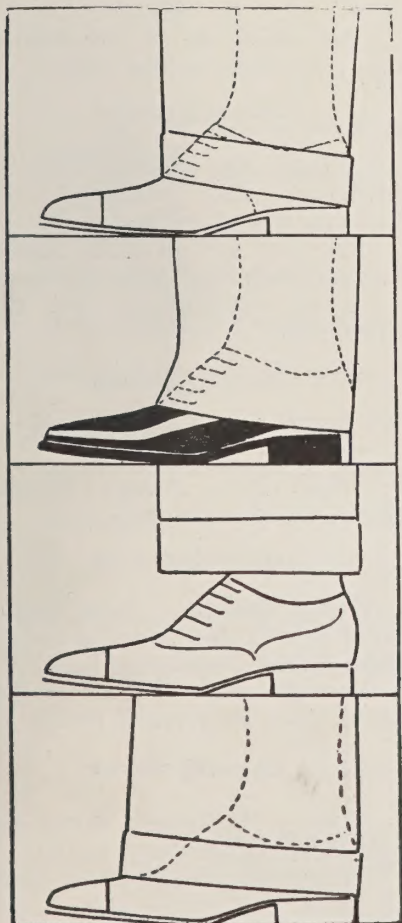
In the accompanying illustration, we see the suit worn with informal evening accessories including starched shirt, wing collar and black bow tie. It is frequently worn in this way for small dinners at home, that is, for six or eight people. The host wears a suit of this sort in bright blue, maroon, or green and the other male guests come in dinner jackets—hence the name "host" suit.

The bow tie may match the silk facing of the lapels, which is usually a darker tone of the color of the jacket itself. And when a double-breasted jacket of this type is worn, no waistcoat need be worn with it.

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Correct Width and Length for Trousers

We sometimes hear that the correct width for trouser bottoms is eighteen inches. This pronouncement is usually made with a great show of authority and with a finality that invites no further discussion. And yet, a second's consideration shows us how obviously false and wrong such an arbitrary width can be. For some men—perhaps for the average man, if there is such a person—eighteen-inch trouser bottoms may be quite right, but we are not all made from the same pattern, and by the same token, our trousers can not be cut from the same pattern.

The width of the trousers at the cuff is determined by the size of a man's foot and the shoe he wears. The trousers should barely cover the lace at the front of the shoe and hit a little above the heel at the rear. They should not cover the entire foot, nor should they be so short that several inches of ankle show at all times.

Trousers with cuffs should hit the top of the shoe without a break. Those without cuffs should break slightly over the instep. Both should be cut on the bias at the bottoms, and both should taper to their bottoms from a much greater width at the knee and an even greater width at the thigh and hip.

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

He (after quarrel): Now I suppose you will go home to your mother.

She: No, I'm going home to my husband.

And everybody has heard about the Scotch citizen who came to town after some free wheeling.

Lover: Oh, precious, how can I ever leave you!

"By air," said her papa as he sent him sailing out the front door.

"This sure is a lucky break for me," said the little chick as it climbed out of the shell.

Kappa Beta Phi: What are you doing, trying to drown your sorrows?

2nd: No, I'm teaching them to float.

Here lies the remains of Arthur B. Shorter
He tried to catch every class for a whole quarter.



Abie: Can you use velocipede in a sentence?

O'brien: Vell, if a copper chases me velocipede up.

"Put the screws on him," shouted the chief engineer at the toy factory as he picked up a tin soldier.

Last Days of a Condemned man: A week before exams.

"What's the matter with the professor this morning? He looks pale and nervous."

"He just got a notice saying all members of the faculty must take an intelligence test this afternoon."

"He must be an archetack."

"Why?"

"Well, he's always making plans for the future."

House Matron: Young lady, I want you to stop running around with those fraternity men.

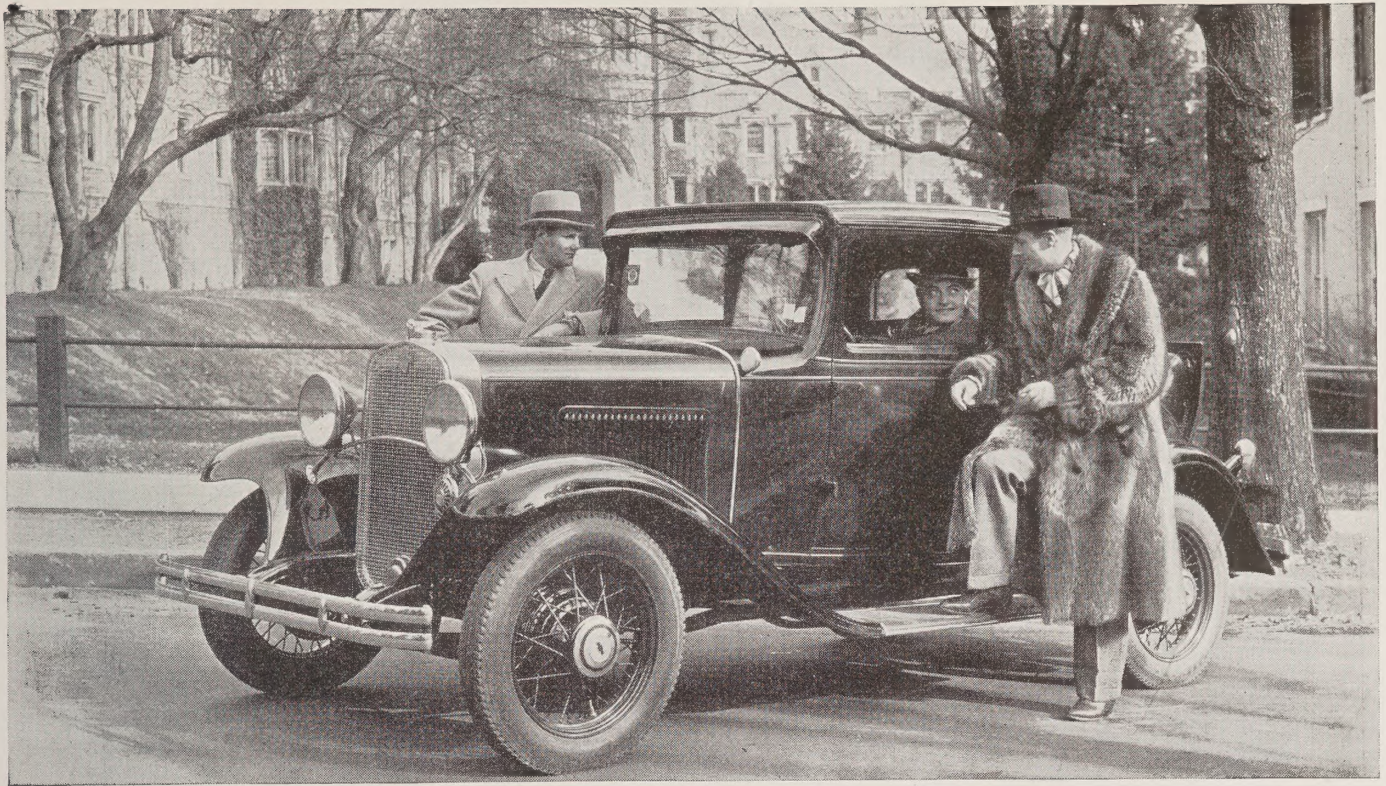
Young Lady: What do you think they are, track men?

History Professor: When was the Oregon territory ceded?

Freshman: Right after frost-in' time.



Prospective pledge: What's that? An old time initiation committee?



The new Chevrolet Sport Coupe photographed on the Princeton campus with Blair Hall in the background

Built to *modern* standards of appearance and performance



Here is the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built—quick on the trigger, loaded with speed and power, easy to handle, downright dependable and designed to cover more miles at less expense than any car you can buy! And it is as smart an inexpensive automobile as you have ever seen—long, low, racy lines; graceful body contours; and the very latest type of fittings and appointments. Furthermore, the new Chevrolet is a thoroughly *modern* automobile. It delivers the

smooth, swift performance of a big 50-horsepower six-cylinder motor. Its Fisher bodies have the smartness, style and comfort of fine, modern coachcraft. In no single feature that contributes to the satisfaction and pleasure of owning an automobile, is there any compromise with quality. A fast, smooth, fine-looking Six . . . up-to-the-minute in every way—as a *modern* car should be! You'll be doing yourself and your pocketbook a favor if you see and drive the new Chevrolet before you buy *any* low-priced automobile.

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NEW CHEVROLET SIX

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And one more EXTRA for the helluva it

Girls

Girls

Girls

It has been our custom in the past to dedicate the March issue of the **Buccaneer** to the four most beautiful women in the Tar Heel State. Departing from our custom, this year we show our appreciation only for the pulchritude of the co-eds of Chapel Hill, by condescending to print the photographs of the four most beautiful co-eds here (if there are that many). This number will specifically be given over to the weaker sex and the most charming of said weaker sex will grace the cover of the Girl's Number. She is to be painted by none other or other nun, Kent Creuser, who has just been exhibiting (we call it shining here) himself, one week in the Grand Central Galleries, two weeks in Philadelphia, and thirty days on the roads in Orange County.

Our desire is to give the co-eds publicity (as if they haven't had enough already). So send your photo in, girls, with names, addresses, also telephone numbers, and nights in which you are free. This business depression is terrible, and we haven't had a laugh in months. Now don't get peeved,

we're giving you bare facts, and if you want to return them o. k. with us. You know, girls, tit for tat. Those pictures you had taken at the beach last summer will be fine, also those you and the girls took in the woods—you little devils!

Here's your chance, girls. Think of it (you think of it) your complexion made new and also known to twenty-six hundred in Chapel Hill. You'll have to get a secretary to take care of your business (I'd advise one about six feet four, strong and willing). You'll be the rush of the season, even the dean may rush you.

Pardon our facetiousness, but we are dead in earnest (in fact some remarks have been made about the staff being dead altogether), so don't look upon this as a joke, because really, girls, we are glad that Adam didn't die with all his ribs in his body.

Address the GIRL'S COMMITTEE of the **BUCCANEER** (WHOOPS ROSIE!!), Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.



COMPANIONSHIP

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SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

The Boyd flight across the Atlantic is going to prove terribly confusing to little New York boys, who thought Boyd flew to Paris several years ago, prior to his trip to the South Pole.
—*Detroit News.*

An optimist is a student who fills his pen just before a Green exam.
—*Shi-U-Mah.*

"Learning to ice skate," says a U. S. D. co-ed, "is just like an exciting adventure story. You never know what is going to turn up next."
—*South Dakota Wet Hen.*

Valet (to Master): Sir, your car is at the door.
Master: Yes, I hear it knocking.
—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

My, my, so you're a Ph. D. How in the world did you ever get that smart?

By degrees, madam, by degrees.
—*Texas Longhorn.*

And then there was George. He was a good guy, all right. He had to have a lot of sleep because he slept slow.
—*Gaboon.*

An actor was singing, "For Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Voice from the Audience: "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?"
—*Virginia M. I. Skipper.*

"Who shall I say is asking for him?" inquired the operator of the man in the booth.

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Just a minute—the wires must be crossed."
—*Washington Dirge.*

"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Prof.: Will you men please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?

Stude: Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shooting craps.

Prof.: Oh, pardon me.

—*Texas Longhorn.*

The early bird may not always get the worm, but he surely gets the hot water around a fraternity house.

—*Columns.*

"My roommate's gone crazy. I found him on Mount Bonnell neckin' his girl."

"That doesn't prove he's crazy."

"But his girl wasn't there."

—*Texas Longhorn.*

Of all the insects that annoy Nava-jo enthusiasts, the worst is the kluck who loses the corkscrew.

—*Texas Longhorn.*

A student was recently confronted in a dark alley by a yeggman.

"Hand over your money, or I'll blow your brains out," snarled the stickup artist.

"Blow away," was the calm reply. "You can go to college without brains but you must have money."

—*Texas Longhorn.*

"Whither away, my little man?"

"To school, old boy," he said.

"But why so many books, my lad?"

"To put brains in my head."

"For what do you wish most, little man?"

"To grow up, you old fool, So when the teacher's lonely She will keep me after school."

—*The Cajoler.*

Mr. Frederick Frosh was dining one bright Sunday night with a small party of upper-classmen. The joviality of the gathering was marred by only the excessive timidity of the Freshman. When the telephone rang between the third and fourth courses, a Sophomore most courteously got up to answer.

"It's for you, Fred," he announced.

"Er-ah," the Freshman began timidly, "is it a boy or a girl?"

After a pause: "Why, congratulations, old man, it's a boy!"

—*Punch Bowl.*

A tabloid newspaper offering \$1.00 for each "embarrassing moment" letter accepted by the editor, is reported to have received the following epistle:

"I work on an early night shift in a steel plant. I got home an hour early last night and there I found another man with my wife. I was very much embarrassed. Please send me \$2.00 as my wife was also embarrassed."

The editor, so we are told, sent a check for \$3.00, admitting the possibility that the stranger, too, might have been embarrassed. —*Exchange.*

Louis Angel Firpo walked into a New York night club and was approached by one of the younger and more beautiful hostesses.

In high falsetto, she queried: "Are you Mr. Firpo?"

His answer in deep bass: "Yes."

In high falsetto: "Are you going to fight Jack Dempsey?"

In deep bass: "Yes."

In high falsetto: "Are you the wild bull of the pampas?"

In deep bass: "Yes."

In very high falsetto: "Mooooooo."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Education used to be a hard old grind for four years, but now they've done away with that. They have colleges.
—*Utah Humbug.*

Students! Faculty! Alumni!

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CLAIMS about shrinkage that can't come true are *not* the clear promises made by Arrow for its famous new broadcloth—TRUMP. Shirts whose collars strangle after a few washings are *not* Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk Shirts. Shirts whose sleeves creep up must have been "shrunk" or "pre-shrunk" by some other process—for they are *not* Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk. That goes for shirts whose tails climb short each laundering, too. Confusing claims which fall a long way short of Arrow's plain spot-cash guarantee of permanent fit may throw dust in the eyes of a few men-in-a-hurry—but they have not prevented TRUMP, at \$1.95 in white, and in smart, restrained, fast colors, from becoming in a short time the largest-selling broadcloth shirt in America—nor from being "sale value" 365 days a year. Arrow made fine broadcloth the perfect all-occasion shirting; Arrow broadcloth today is smarter and finer than ever.



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



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ARROW SHIRTS

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DO YOU LIKE THE THEATRE?

IF SO

READ VANITY FAIR

Do you think that *Lysistrata* is a remedy for Athlete's Foot? . . . At what point of the play should you hold hands? . . . What, besides the vice squad, passes through the portals of Earl Carroll's theatre? . . . What time should you arrive for an 8:30 curtain? . . . Is snapping one's opera hat considered good taste at the Martin Beck? . . . Who's elbow has the right of way on the arm of a theatre seat? . . . Can you make a *bon mot* like "Let's get seats for Pineapple Shubert?" . . . Should you purchase "feelthy tickets" from a speculator? . . . George Jean Nathan is paid by *Vanity Fair* (or will be, this Saturday) for separating the theatrical wheat from the chaff. If you read *Vanity Fair* no chaff can touch you.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VIII FEBRUARY, 1931 NUMBER 5

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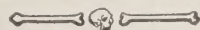
Rastus had been arrested for speeding. It was his fifth offense, and as he was presented to the judge, he muttered something that sounded suspiciously like an oath.

"Repeat that!" thundered the judge.

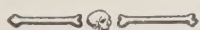
"I didn't say nuthin', Judge."

"You did say something, and I want you to repeat it!"

"Well, all I says, Jedge, was 'God am de Jedge, God am de Jedge.'" —*Rice Owl.*

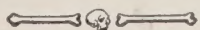


A bird in the hand has to be watched closely. —*Cajoler.*



So your name is Tim Riley. Any relation to Jim Riley?

Very distantly; I was the first child and he was the eighteenth. —*Purple Parrot.*



George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in, etc., but he got left once. He married a widow. —*Longhorn.*



It's a BLURB FEST

● Just a couple of the girls—but they're discussing a matter of rare importance. Small talk is out—the weather and the business depression have gone the way of all good bromides, and there is something new under the sun. It is BLURBS, the game everybody is talking about. It's not only entertaining, but it pays—twenty-four cash prizes each month—and it's good keen fun. It's a new way to spend an evening and not spend anything else. Any number can play, and the possibilities are endless. So simple that even your cousin Gus from Germany, who can't speak a word of English, can play it. All you need is a copy of the latest issue of *College Humor Magazine*, a pair of scissors and an open mind.

THE GAME YOU PLAY ON WORDS

Rules and key picture every month in

College Humor
MAGAZINE

Instructor in University Bible Class:
We will now read a chapter in unison.

Frosh (whispering to his neighbor):
Tell me, is Unison in the Old or New
Testament? —Do Do.

THANKS

You kissed and told,
But that's all right—
The man you told
Called up last night.

—Sagehen.

EASY

Wife: Dear, these rabbits are excellent;
where did you shoot them?

Hubby: I didn't. I knocked them off the
back fence with a shoe last night.—Bison.

French Magistrate: You are charged
with soliciting, mademoiselle.

Mlle.: Yes, Your Honor.

Magistrate: I sentence you to ten days
in the Bastille.

Mlle.: Yes, Your Honor.

Magistrate: Have you any requests?

Mlle.: Yes, your Honor. Will you sub-
scribe to the Ladies' Home Journal?

—Punch Bowl.

"I hate dumb women."

"Aha—a woman hater!" —Beanpot.

Squire Perkins: Nell, after I die, I wish
you would marry Deacon Brown.

Nell: Why?

Squire Perkins: Well, the deacon
trimmed me on a horse trade once.—Bison.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the
one that used to turn out the parlor light.

—Temple Owl.

Freshman: This medicine won't do me
any good—it's for adults, and I've never
had them. —Old Maid.

8TH WONDER

The weighing machine was out of order.
A fat lady clambered on and inserted a
penny. An inebriated gentleman standing
in the vicinity saw the scale register 75
pounds. "My God," he whispered, "she's
hollow." —Jack-o-Lantern.



It puts you
on your
toes



THERE'S noth-
ing like it for
refreshment. Gets its
flavor from ripe, lus-
cious juicy oranges,
picked when they
are most tasty.

You'll always come back to

Orange-Crush

A Carbonated Beverage

WE BID \$100

Abe was at a dance and lost a wallet
containing \$600. He got up on a chair and
announced: "Gentlemen, I lost my pocket-
book with \$600 in it. To the man what
finds it, I will give \$50."

Voice from the rear: "I'll give \$75."

—Medley.

Numb: There's something about this
club meeting tonight that's boresome.

Skull: That's what I say.

Numb: Yes.

—Rice Owl.

"Is that likker potent?"
"Potent? Boy, pour it into a rose bed
and it'll turn them into tiger lilies."

—Longhorn.

She was only a "Yes" man's daughter!

—Longhorn.

CONSOLATION

Elderly Lady (about to go up in airplane): Oh, Mr. Pilot, you will bring me back all right, won't you?

Pilot: Yes, indeed, madam. I never left anybody up there yet. —Log.

Student (translating passage in German class): 'I fell to the ground and clasped her by the knee—' and that's as far as I got, Professor. —Purple Parrot.

"He's gotta Buick."

"Queek! Den dake 'im outside."

—Desert Wolf.

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang,
New York City.
Gentlemen:

Listen, you big bunch of crooks; if you don't stop plagiarizing our material we'll put your damned magazine out of business.

Emphatically

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HERALD.

—Puppet.

The scene is a dress rehearsal of Noah's Ark. Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?" And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, "The flood lights, you sap." —Northwestern Purple Parrot.

The small girl from the city was making her first visit to the country, and on her first night there she went to the barn to see the hired man milk the cows. She was much impressed, but said nothing. The next morning the hired man came running with the news that one of the cows had been stolen.

"Don't worry," piped up the kid, "they won't get far, because we drained her crankcase last night." —Green Goat.

Guide: On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould.

Old Lady: John Jay Gould?

Guide: No; Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Guide: No; Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady): Now's your chance! —Log.

The three greatest Presidents of the United States were Washington, Lincoln and Hoover. Washington because he freed the country; Lincoln because he freed the slaves, and Hoover because he freed the laborers. —Punch Bowl.

how to avoid being SWAMPED!



Eat wrong and you're sunk. And that applies to studies as well as to swimming or water polo. Eat food that's easy to digest, yet plenty nourishing, and even the dreariest prof sounds interesting. Work is done in half the time, and you get twice the enjoyment from your leisure hours. Shredded Wheat will do it whether you eat it for breakfast, lunch or mid-night supper. Easy to digest, packed with nourishment, and containing all the bran of the whole wheat, it's a natural food for college men. Two biscuits a day, in good rich milk, will do the trick nicely. Try it!

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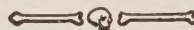
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Agent for



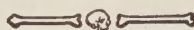
She: We've been here a long time for that mother of mine.

He: Hours, I should say.

She: Oh, George, this is so sudden!—*Log.*



Then there was the coed who was so dumb that she thought assets were little donkeys.
—*Battalion.*

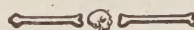


"Did you hear the birth control song?"

No, what is it?"

"Go home and tell your mother."

—*Widow.*



HELP—HELP!

The stately old aristocrat was approached somewhat cockily by a rich and vulgar young man who announced: "I say, sir, I am thinking of marrying one of your girls. Have I your permission?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Which one interests you, the maid or the cook?"

—*Exchange.*

Fancy Ices

Sherbets

**Durham Ice Cream
Company
Inc.**

"Blue Ribbon"

ICE CREAM
DURHAM, N. C.

"Won its Favor by its Flavor"

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For years and years the Bank of Chapel Hill has been the depository for the funds of University students and the University itself.

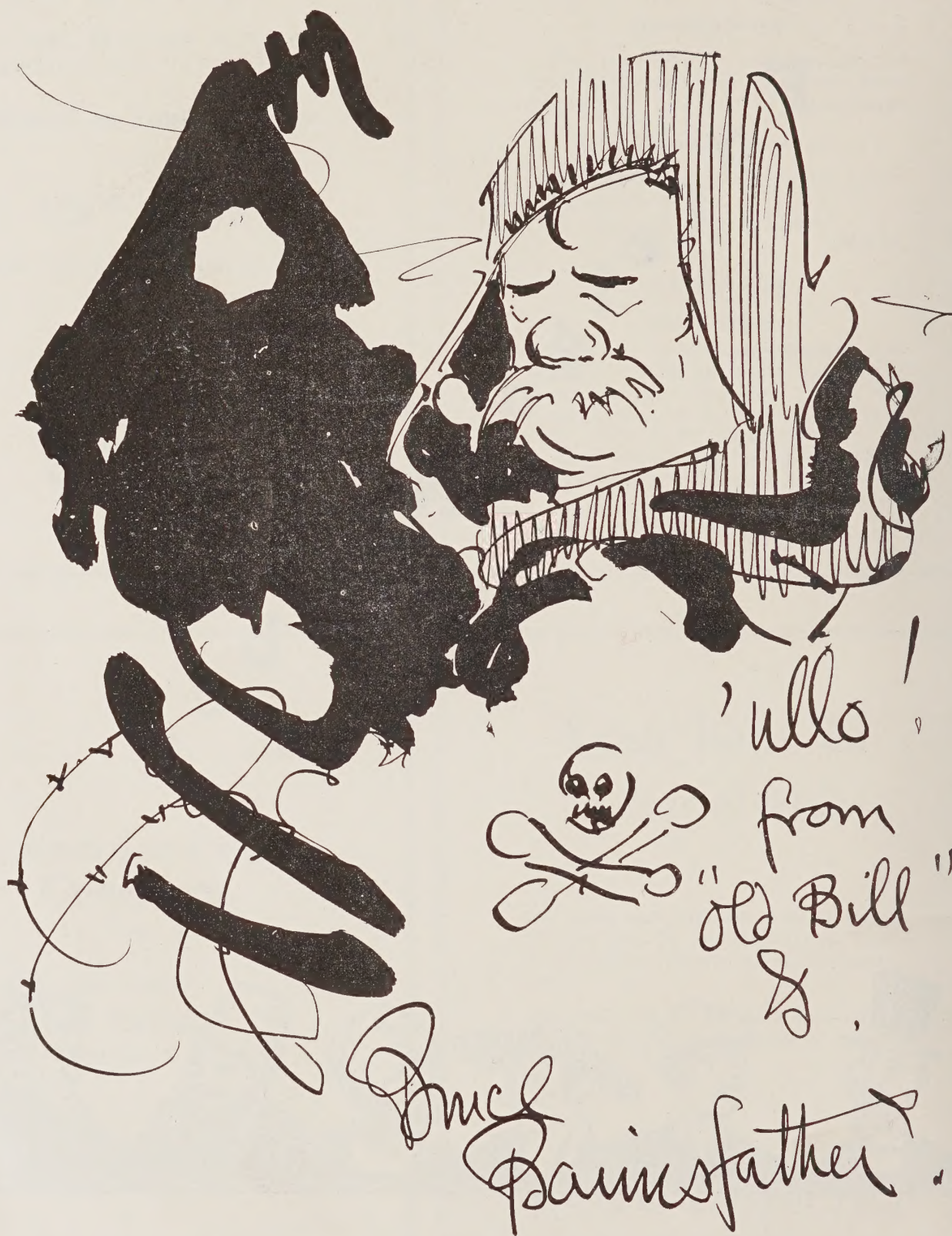
This bank will be glad to render you all the services you would expect of a bank.

**The
Bank of Chapel Hill**

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

Foreign Number





The Carolina **Buccaneer** UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1931

NO. 5

Between Glasses

After the last issue came out—late as usual—many of our dear readers (we have them, you bum) said, "We are certainly glad that lousy "Between Glasses" was not published." So then and there I got sore and replied, "Oh yeah (with accent on the antipenult), well, just for that, Mr. Wheary, in this issue my column is left out over my dead body." And as our editor didn't want to get mixed up with the board of health, he said, "Aw, go ahead, go ahead, it can't be any worse than what I write." That's how conceited he is!

* * *

All the Miss Americas down at Miss Spencer's hall for blimps are objecting to the "goings on" (how grandma would enjoy this phrase) in the vestibule. It seems with the spring weather coming on, the boys and their female friends no longer get that tired feeling at 10:15. Instead, they continue the Sonneberg tactics until the last bell. Then at the sound of this gong they break and the girls finish their workout by running up a couple of flights of stairs (of course I won't tell you what floor). Well, all I can say is, "Girls, remember the folks back home."

* * *

Here's one from Fred Atiyeh, the Arrogant Arabian: Her only sport was the spinning wheel—yet she had athlete's foot. And, Fred, you go round having sinus trouble!

Incidentally, I haven't been arrested lately. I mean, accidentally.

* * *

Since these foreign movies, sponsored by the language department, have entered Chapel Hill, the boys have been given a chance to have bigger and longer dates. (Notice I didn't say better.)

* * *

Gosh, but Ralph and Sam, the Playmaker boys, get oodles of letters from New York and all from the same girl. And oh boy! is she nice. She even sent me a comic valentine.

* * *

The Engineers' dance was a wow! Little balls were on the wall, but no one brought their rifles.

* * *

Kent Creuser went to a class the other day but he fell asleep, so his record is still as spotless as ever.

* * *

The old guard of the Law School till floats around the campus the same as ever. Block and Bunny haven't had a cold this year. But the snakes are biting persistently, aren't they, Scott? By the way, isn't it about time for another frog giggling party?

* * *

Now that we all know for whom we are going to vote why not do away with the elections

and publicly congratulate the stronger combine and offer our condolences to the weaker.

The Buccaneer with its maternal instinct towards the campus has conceived the idea of a Foreign Number. We have yet to cope with the Immigration officials.

* * *

The editor of this publication is over fed.

* * *

Billy Arthur has been offered the agency of the Austin car in Chapel Hill. His motto will probably be: I can do it in an Austin; why can't you?

* * *

Please suh, youall excuse me. Ah got to go on class down yonder this evening (2 P. M.). But youall come ovah here and eat with me, ya heah? By youall, I'm gwine right smart piece. And then you wonder why I don't like hominy grits, in fact I don't care how many grits.

* * *

If you will notice the drawing on the opposite page you will discover that it is by Bruce Bairnsfather, the creator of "Old Bill." After his lecture last Friday night, Mr. Bairnsfather was confronted by our editor and a staff member in the Carolina Inn and asked to do a drawing for the *Buccaneer*. His time was limited but he gladly consented. The *Buccaneer* wishes to thank him for this portrait of "Old Bill."



The dexterous waiter who—



took up bridge

Now Pisa Leans

Back in the merry fifteenth century, shortly after America went dry, two good toppers from Milwaukee decided to go abroad in search of alcoholic satiety.

They landed in Liverpool and trekked to London. After taking on a slight edge they decided to explore the sights.

They first saw the Tower of Pisa and American fashion they saw two towers. Now each was exceedingly proud of his capacity and neither wished the other to know that he saw two where there was only one. So they both argued that it was leaning. That started a great argument so they decided to go to a pub house for another tank conference and settle the question.

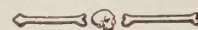
But neither could come to an understanding. One said that it leaned to the right and the other said that it leaned to the left.

They came back to the tower the next day, tighter than ever and the argument was on again.

They came for many days at the foot of the tower, where they argued loudly that the tower was leaning. After listening to their talk for such a long time the tower became gravity conscious and the power of suggestion won out over the contractors' skill.

Each loud argument had caused the tower's base to slip a little bit—so today we have it leaning at a scandalous angle.

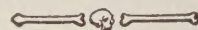
One of the boys at the house tells a story about the time he was in France and was in the company of a Parisian girl. The subject of the American girl was brought up, and the young lady from Paris said that she heard that so many of the American girls LOVE swimming that she wanted to try it that way herself sometime.



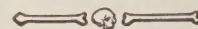
Along the Mexican border soldiers are searching vehicles which pass close to crossings into Mexico. One evening a car full of young girls was stopped and the usual procedure of examining the bottom of the car was in progress when one young girl asked: "What are you looking for?"

"Arms," replied the sargent.

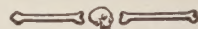
"Well," said the flapper, "it's all legs down there."



The calf in the stocking has killed many a prodigal son.



Ever since the beginning of time men have been interested in feats of skill and endurance, but it is a known fact that all men have not been interested in the same thing at the same time; therefore, the *Buccaneer* offers the suggestion that there be a national tree-sitting contest for girls.



Bud: Tell me why it is that Tom is so unpopular?

Artimesa: Tom who?

Bud: Oh you know, the guy who works in the bank.

Artimesa: Oh, he's a teller.



"Adam was an unfortunate man. Think of being cast out of the Garden of Eden."

"Oh, he wasn't so unlucky. He didn't have to bother with a mother-in-law."



A man with tuberculosis may be walking slow, but he is going fast.

WINTER SPORTS

By Damn

Winter sports are those which are indulged in in the winter time, and this being winter we think every one should have a clear idea as to whatever game they are watching. With the best interest of our readers in view the Buc presents the following article which we feel sure shall make every one enjoy basketball much more in the future.

Basketball is played by five men on one team and five on the other, which is entirely too many. The object of the game is to get possession of the ball, which is about eighteen inches of air wrapped with leather for ease in handling. The purpose of getting the ball is to throw it at the basket, which is a butterfly net that had a chance that had a chance and took it. When one team gets the ball near the basket they throw the ball at it, if it goes in all the freshmen on said side yells for the team, and the other freshmen yell at the referee who is a person that wears an obnoxiously colored shirt and blows a whistle so people will notice him. He is very unpopular. If a vote were taken he would, no doubt, be the most unpopular man on the floor, which is the place on which basketball games are played. It has nice white lines on it which show you where you must throw the ball in order to get the rest until the referee brings it back. Kicking, biting, holding, and pinching are allowed . . . if the referee doesn't see it. If the referee sees it he blows some popular number on his whistle, and the players thinking a dance has started begin to leave the floor. The referee calls them back and says that he saw Whoozit bite Whazzit, and so Whazzit gets to chunk the ball at the basket. If Whazzit misses the game goes on, if he puts it in the ball is dead. See, if he shoots the basket the ball dies. Then the referee (who isn't feeling very well) throws up the ball in the center of the floor accompanied by blowings of his whistle. When

the ball is thrown the two longest men on each team jump for it, but they don't want it because they knock it to somebody else. Then we have all this to go over again. I don't know, but this game may have some excuse for being played.

Then there was the Scotchman who crossed the ocean on the Dollar Line.

"What kind of a fellow is he?"
"He's everything you call your collar-button when it rolls under the bed"

"Let it lay, let it lay," said the attendant at the poultry farm as he finished feeding the hen.

The Danger Line: 69-70.



CARRBORO

"Hey, Joe, the New Yorker's in!"

"Who is that man over there addressing the people?"

"That is the great Mussolini, signor."

"The Duce you say!"

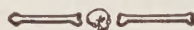


"What do you think of Paris?"

"Oh, it's all right after a fashion."



"It's the principal that counts," chuckled the banker as he lit a fat cigar.



"It's just an old Spanish custom," said the border official as he opened the traveller's luggage.



"What do they call this fast train we are on?"

"The Russian Express."

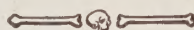
Albert Einstein: Well, at last I've discovered perpetual motion.

G. B. Shaw: Where did you discover it?

Albert Einstein: In America at a Woman's Club meeting.



Stewed American Student, pushing against one of the pillars of the Leaning Tower of Pisa: Hey, Bill, come here and help me hold this thing up. I saw it falling and just got here in time to catch it.



"Did you see the Passion Play in Germany?"

"Listen, I saw passion plays all over Europe, especially in Paris."



Russian District Attorney: Are you a Red?

Stewed American Tourist: No, I'm a white.

Benito Mussolini: Down with liberty; are you all with me?

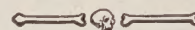
BENITO MUSSOLINI: Aye, aye, aye.

Benito Mussolini: Do we stand together, come what may?

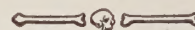
BENITO MUSSOLINI: Aye, aye, aye.

Benito Mussolini: Are you ready to go the limit for *Il Duce*?

BENITO MUSSOLINI: Aye, aye, aye.



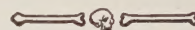
The cheese is ended but the odor lingers on.



Our French Vocabulary (after twelve consecutive quarters of the stuff):

French
cafe
chauffeur
restaurant
rouge

English
cafe
chauffeur
restaurant
rouge



"Mussolini is Italy's dictator."

"Is Miss Italy a good stenographer?"



M.P. Heller

SAHARA DESERT

"Gosh! I'd walk a mile for a camel."



ITALY
That's News



TWELVE MILES OUT

"Hey, mister, I'm going your way"

Startling Facts About Carolina's Foreign Element

Few people realize that our Carolina Campus is faced with all the serious problems that the foreign element can possibly offer. The Yellow Peril has ceased to be a fancy and has become a fact. Why only the other day a yellow cab was seen on the very outskirts of Chapel Hill and who knows that tomorrow we may look out of our windows and see it lurking about our very doorways. This has got to stop if we are to have a truly Americanized civilization.

Statistics from the dean's office show our foreign element to be increasing by leaps and bounds—this is especially true on the track squad. These same statistics show that our

foreign element comes from countries which are capable of producing the most hardened of our criminal and feeble-minded elements. These countries are in their order of importance: Nostalgia, Algebra, Gonehomia, Carrboro, Raleigh, Durham, Pittsboro, etc. The situation is growing every day. What are we going to do about this question is another thing to think about.

The Cosmopolitan club was supposed to be the place for all foreigners but there is a difficulty in getting them to attend meetings where they can receive lectures on peace and brotherly love. Instead of attending these meetings they are out on the campus borrowing tuxs, bit-

ing old ladies ankles at church and generally keeping the campus in a continual turmoil over their foreign ideas. What is to be done? What to do? We might try taking them one by one and make them attend freshman chapel but here again we have found it difficult to make the freshmen do that. We might get them together and make them subscribe to the Daily Tar Heel or the Carolina Magazine. We might even try to get them to read the Carolina Buccaneer, but all these plans have proven to be almost impossible.

Day after day the foreign element situation is growing more serious. Why just last week one of these foreigners said that he actually liked to study. Why if this idea got out over the campus what kind of a place would we have. Why the professors might try to make the classes interesting and then we might even lose those two hours of sleep that we get on our eight and nine thirty classes. Thus we see that these foreigners are trying to undermine the health of our college with their wild ideas.

These dern furriners are also trying to take our places in every phase of college life. Our teams, our dances, why they are even trying to take away our co-eds. Haven't you noticed how difficult it has been to get a date at the shack lately. Well if you haven't it is because nine out of ten reasons the co-eds know who you are and would rather have a date with a Swede or a Swiss cheese or a Spanish Pretzel than you anyhow. But here is the situation as concerns the co-eds. These dern furriners go down there with their new ideas from Raleigh, Carrboro and whatnot and tell about the advantages of living in these Utopian places and just what chance has a feller that has lived in Old East all his life got? The answer to this question is, none.

The only thing that we can do is to draw up a petition

against these furriners and make them pay taxes on everything from eating in Swain hall to co-eds although eating in Swain hall and going with the co-eds is almost a reason why anyone should be exempt from anything because only people who are not responsible do these. But the idea behind this article is that we have got to get rid of everybody that comes from beyond our pale and when we say pale we don't mean the bucket shops of New York; we mean the terrible perils that are facing us in our very neighborhood.

When George became father of the country little did he realize that in a hundred years it would need a wet nurse.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE WICKERSHAM REPORT

EINSTEIN: Interesting that the brain children of such a great collection of wits and near wits should be so minute and pallid.

QUEEN VICTORIA: But is it entirely proper?

KING GEORGE: A crude affair at the best, but since the big Chicago Mogul told me to keep my neck in, I must refrain from commenting upon American affairs.

BISHOP CANNON: Me and the Methodist Church are for anything that will increase hijacking and stock dribbling.

KAISER WILHELM: Anyway, I prefer schnapps, pretzels and beer.

MUSSOLINI: I never eata da spinich noway.

CHAUCER: POORE PROVISIONE FOR MANNES NECESITYE—DRINKKE.

"What kind of a cigar is that guy smoking?"

"A *White Owl*; don't you smell the feathers?"

Statistics show that men who marry single girls live much more happily than those who marry widows or divorced women. The cause of this was a great question in many of the scientific schools in Europe, but it was finally settled when a young American student, studying in a well known university in Germany read a report that summarized the whole matter into a single sentence which is: It is better to marry a single girl and satisfy her curiosity than marry a widow and disappoint her.

"Tom, go get the old hoss."
"Why the old one, father?"
"Wear out the old things first is my motto."
"Well, then you get the horse, father."

Him: I see by the papers they are going to do away with all the telegraph poles.

Her: How cruel that would be to all the little dogs in a big city.

She (to editor): Where do you get all of your jokes?

Editor: Just out of the air.

She: Well, I'd suggest that you get some fresh air.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said the seasick friend as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

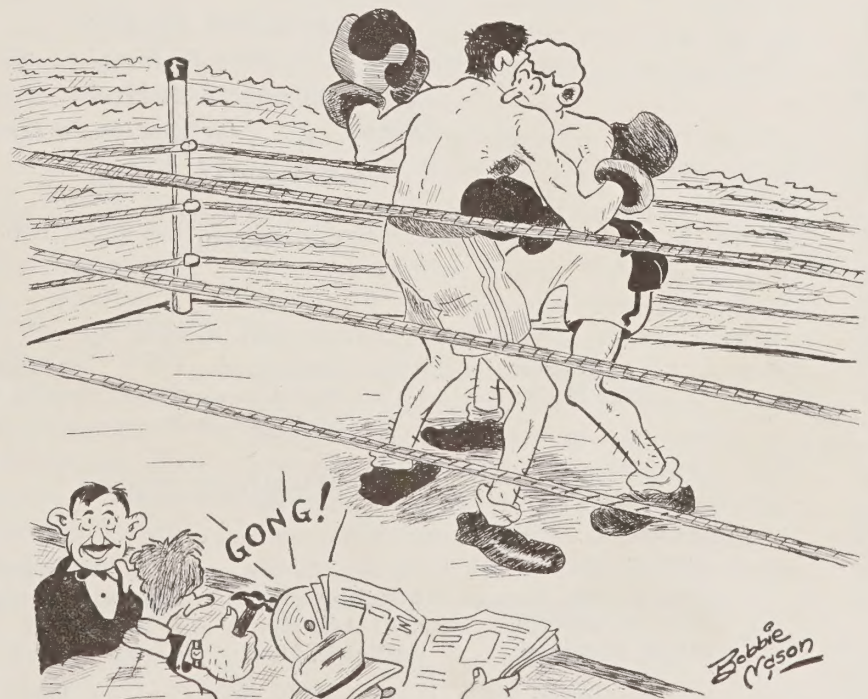
"The bouys are all lit tonight," chuckled Sailor Dan as he climbed down the rigging.

"Did you see Notre Dame while you were in Paris?"

"I didn't know they were playing any European teams."

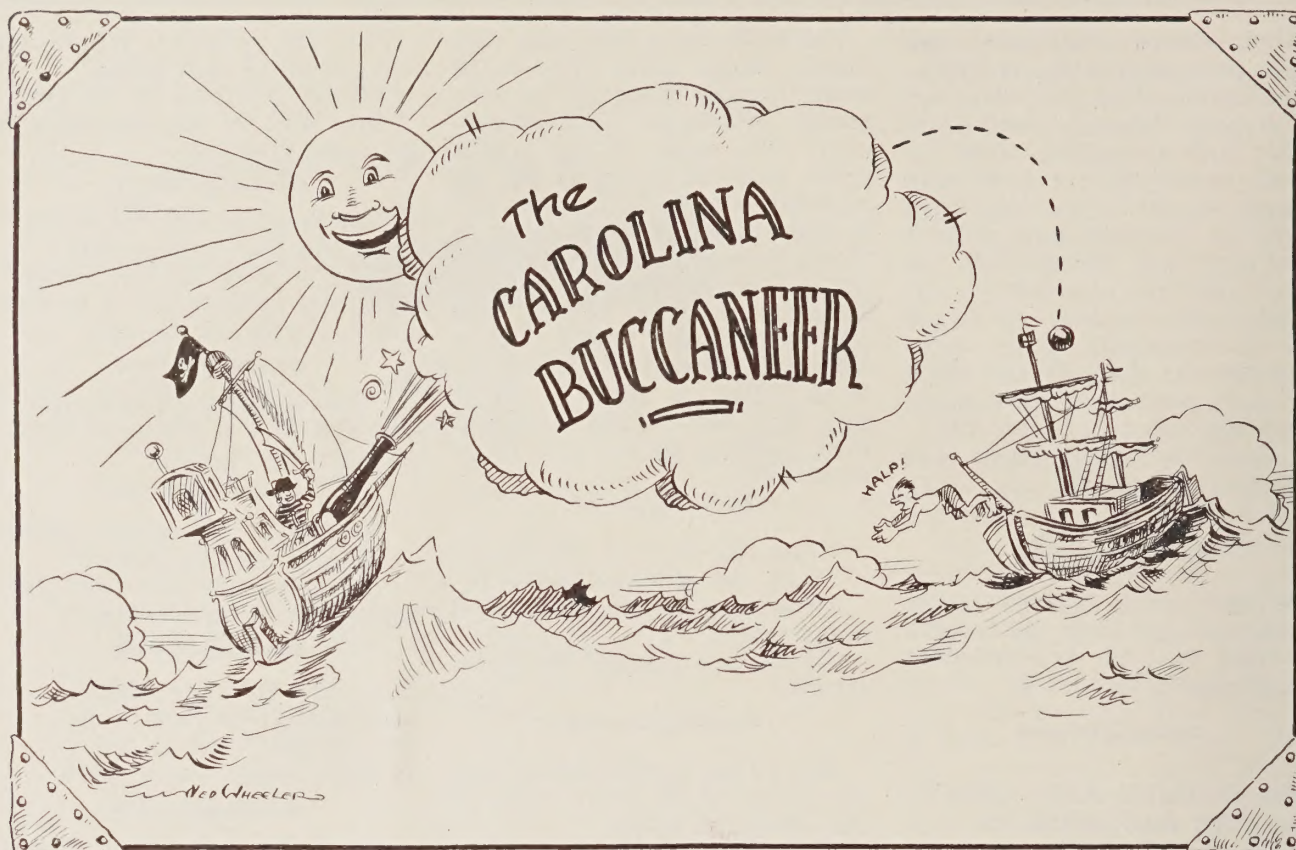
Here's to Mammie McGee
She hails from New York
She married just to see
If there really was a stork.

What the Prince of Wales' horse thinks: *I'm Falling for You.*



ENGLAND

"I say, my bally old chap, shall we sit this one out?"



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Editorial

The idea of a Foreign Number was not conceived through a visit to distant lands nor by reading the foreign news in the *Time* magazine; rather it was conceived when we took a general survey of the campus and University and discovered things which were entirely irrelevant to the University's progress and to the congenial spirit which has so long been prevalent between the fraternity and non-fraternity men. Reference is made to the proposed 34 per cent in appropriations for the beinnium, 1931-33, and to the issue of fraternity or minority rule which is apparently intended to play a prodigious part in the coming campus elections.

Last week much to our surprise, the committee on appropriations recommended, not a 34 per cent cut, but a fund equaling \$875,000, the amount asked for in making up the budget for the beinnium, 1931-33. If this can only be slipped by the assembly, we can again sleep through our eight-thirty without being disturbed by the thoughts of it. But the very thoughts of this proposed cut will always appear to be foreign to the idea of a progressive university. It will forever remain a puzzle why such an enormous cut should be proposed even in the face of the present economic depression. But probably we don't understand the circumstances surrounding the situation. We may not, yet we do know the effects which the cut would have on all departments of the University, and the *Buccaneer*, although it attempts to interpret, Thalia, Eighth Muse, cannot see where it produces anything to laugh about.

About this time of the year we are pes-

tered with the annual political rigmarole which has its beginning sometime in January and continues through the first week in April when the elections are held. The joy of an entire school quarter is put asunder. No peace; no pleasure; no happiness, but the one question: Who are you going to vote for? We become so exasperated that is a wonder we don't flare up and tell the whole bunch of politicians to go to hell. But we don't. We either work for one side or the other and like it.

Politics this year have taken a regrettable turn, a turn which will in no manner assist in keeping alive the friendly spirit which existed between fraternity and non-fraternity men for more than a decade. It is the fear of students in both groups that out of the ensuing campaign there will again spring that feeling of animosity which was so prevalent years ago. It is lamentable that fraternity or minority rule in extra-curriculum activities has become an issue in the present campus political campaign.

The *Buccaneer* does not enjoy the idea of straying from its usual policy which does not permit the printing of any statements concerning the activities of campus political parties, but as this was one of the things which was the cause of us thinking foreign, we consider a few brief remarks concerning it justified. In the writing of this editorial we are not giving a thought to the victory of any party; we are not here in favor of any party. Our only purpose is to express our sorrow that such a foreign issue has arisen which, if continued, may, in all probability, divide the student body into hostile groups.

Buccaneer Reporter Risks Life to Probe Into Secret Code of French Foreign Legion

(Editor's Note: For years our reporters have sacrificed all—family, home, wife, and children—only to be lured by the strange romance of exploring into the hidden realms of that great company of strong, silent men, the French Foreign Legion, and unraveling the code by which they have pledged themselves in immortal secrecy and brotherhood. Many have begun the adventure, but only one has returned to tell of it. In recognition of this singular distinction, the editor feels that mention should be made of this worthy reporter's name.)

F. F. L. (Food For Ladies) is Code of French Foreign Legion!!

—by I. B. Anonymous, 'H. A.—

Being alone in the heart of Algiers—which was some time before I met Agnes—I plodded wearily along the barren desert over one sand dune after another searching far an' wide for the Foreign Legion. I had been directed to follow the straight road, but a wind-storm the night before had moved it down to the Southern shores of Africa. Desiring further directions as to my course, I stopped at the nearest farmhouse, but finding no daughter there, I again bore my load and journeyed on.

Suddenly I came upon an Arab who was complaining over a jagged wound he had just received. Not wishing to see him suffer, I shot him five times. As the sixth shot penetrated his pancreas, he turned over and died; whereupon, I disguised myself in his clothes, took his money-bag, gold teeth, and some few other souvenirs, and once more resumed my march.

Soon I came upon a dead *sous-officier*, but realizing that "dead men tell no tales," I deducted that an interview with

him would be futile and so passed on. Gradually, the number of dead men per linear mile increased so rapidly that I knew I must be approaching the Legion just as it was entering its Hula-Ben-Atam Station. Insidiously I worked my way nearer to them. As I did so, a shot whizzed above my head. "*Bone Stew*," I cried, and I threw up my hands and surrendered on the spot to their Colonel. The officer, seeing that I was not a Fuller Brush man, shouted "*Garde a vous . . . Hic*". "*Oui*", I replied, and I pointed to a half-pint which I had brought along in my hip pocket. I gave him the bottle. After two snorts and a half of a gargle, he said, "Get me a chaser . . . *toute de suite*." "Yeah!" I agreed, "but it gets better later on." This put me over big. The officer met me to the other boys and then called to the chef for some mugs. In the distance I heard "O. K. Colonel," as the cook hurried to fill the command.

Thus I had ingeniously contrived to make the boys open up and uncork matters. My success was somewhat assured as I took *Mon Commandant* aside and asked him just why he had pledged himself to such a regiment. Tears came to his eyes as he slowly articulated: "Yvonne she no leta me keepa da monkey in da bed vit us." Assuring him of my sympathy, I then questioned one Henri. With some difficulty he explained: "Mademoiselle Marguerite iss verie vell vut-you-call 'assembled,' *mais* she vould not let me talk to her vidout I tie my hands behind ny beck. Ven I . . .," here I interrupted him—I understood.

Rather pleased with my results, I collected my courage for an interview with a very singular, resolute gentleman. I then

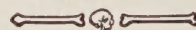
addressed myself to him: "Mon General Dibgy," and followed through with the pass-word "Hic." This action on my part somewhat relieved the tension of the situation. In answer to my bombardment of questions, he shot a glance at men and replied, "Back in the states foreign trade's bad. One Tuesday afternoon my wife came home and fired the Japanese maid. Wednesday she woke up in the middle of the night and fired *la femme de chambre*. Thursday morning the cook left town. Immediately I was called away on business."

(NOTE: Much other intersetting data was obtained, but it was censured by two editors—the third editor is still reading it.)



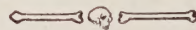
Spanish Professor: Use the word Machado in a sentence.

Cuban Student: Machado about Nothing.

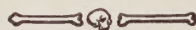


First Tourist: Were you ever in Nice?

Second Tourist: No, but I've been in bad quite a lot.

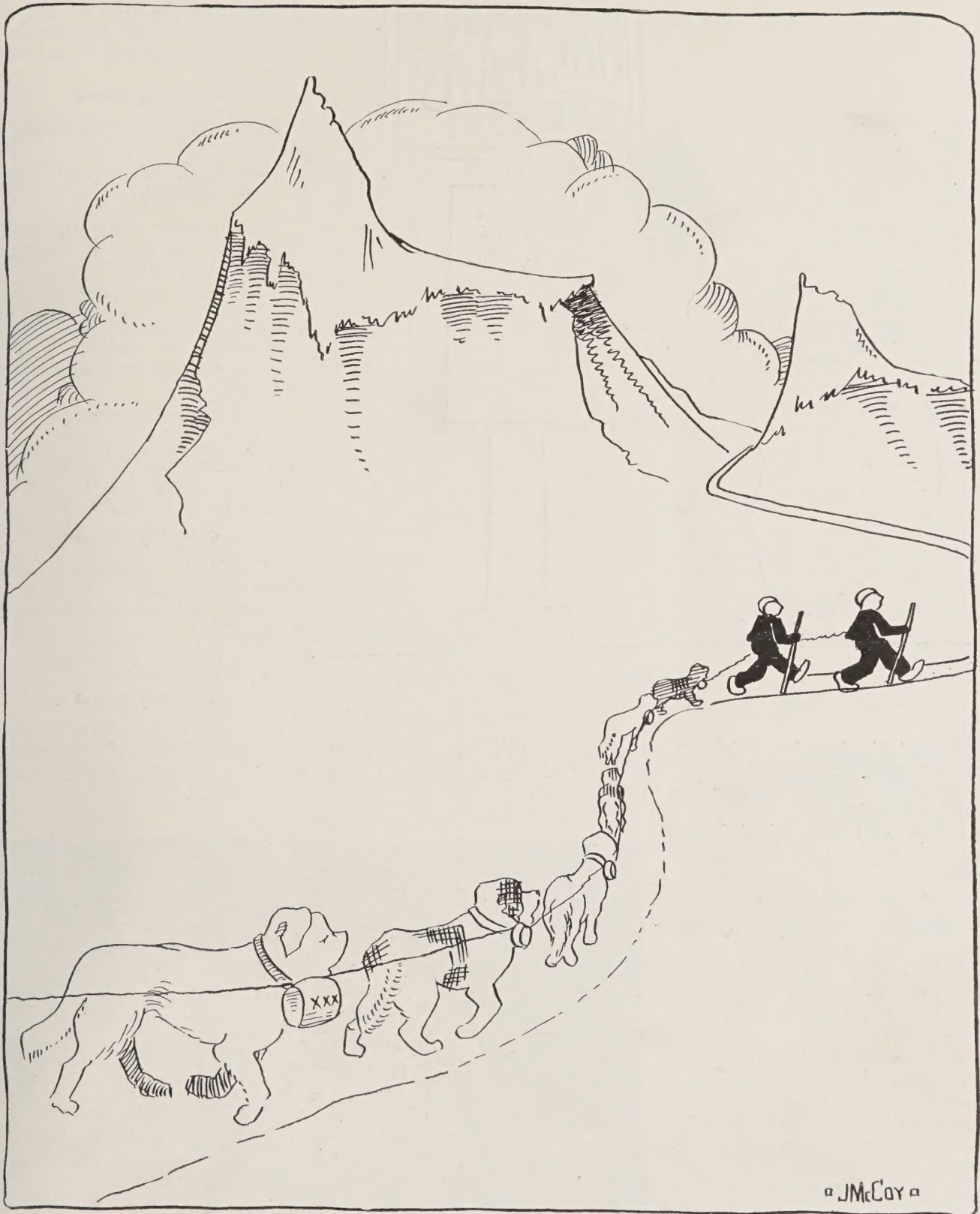


The old slogan "Busy as a bee" should be changed to "Busy as a fox terrier sleeping on a four-poster bed."



Frenchman: They tell me that flying is like that American game of strip poker. Can you tell me why?

American: Because of the big thrill in the take-off.



SWITZERLAND
Americans starting off on an Alpine hike



TURKEY
"Ah-h-h!!!"

Gangster's little boy: Mama, make papa take me with him.

Wife: No, your father has business tonight.

Little boy: But I just heard him say he was going on a slay ride.

"Wasn't it too bad about that immigration inspector?"

"Why, what happened to the poor fellow?"

"They caught him passing a bum Czech."

Student: Is your father very generous?

Second bore: Is he? Why he told me I could write home anytime I wanted to.

"I'll put this money where it will draw interest," said the chorus girl as she put her salary in her stocking.

No, we can't remember ever hearing of any Exchange Clubs in Scotland.

"Call up the city bridge department, Bill, and find out how many points you get for a grand slam."

He: I can't make that trip to Europe.

She: Well, non-voyage.

"How many doughnuts did you eat at Cleo's party, Caesar?"

"Et Tu, Brutus."

And then there's the fellow who gives his definition of a wooden wedding as the marriage of two Poles.

"Yes my son went to Oxford last year."

"On a scholarship?"

"No, on a cattle ship."

"That's a pretty girl over there with Bill."

"Sure is, but she must be Scotch."

"Why?"

"Very little waist."

Our pity goes out to the poor little Eskimo laddie who wanted a drink of water in the middle of the night.



THE ARCTIC

"Young man, do you realize it's March?"

Now That Spring Is on the Wing and Politics Are in the Air

A bunch of the boys were not exactly whooping it up in the Kappa Beta Phi house, but they were assembled for certain purposes, and strange to relate not drinking purposes. This imposing group of campus leaders and their henchmen, dear reader, composed a "frame-up"*, and as such the scenes were worthy of the best the senate, state or



Blowhornski

national, has to offer. The political fur flew thick and fast, while reputations were in the process of being made and broken, and mud slinging to the *nth* degree was the order of the day, —or night.

Said Machiavelli Blowhornski, member of the Ram's Wool, chief speaker of the Lie Senate, and head man of said political group.

"So, boys, there's nothing

more to say. (loud and long applause) All we've got to do now is to pull together and get out there and give the best there is in us. That's the way to do; that's the way to beat those *.* blankety-blanks who have organized, at least they think that are organized, against us. Why they haven't a chance. Their best man couldn't poll dog catcher (much laughter). The students know them for a bunch of lying, grafting nitwits and dumb nincompoops. Of course if any of you find some student particularly freshmen, who don't know that, then it's your duty, as loyal representatives of THE frame-up, to inform them of the fact. After all, we represent the best interests of the campus, and our men are the real leaders (rousing and sustained cheers) who really deserve the offices. That's all. Just remember what I've said and we'll sweep our bunch into office with a landslide victory." (Loud and long cheering, hurraing, stamping of feet and other uncouth indications that the boys really have got the spirit of the occasion and are really going to get out there when elecday rolls around and sweep the party into a landslide victory).

Remarkable to state, a scene bearing a close resemblance to that transpiring in the Kappa Beta Phi's house was going on in the depths of the Ei Felta Thi lodge. Here the group finally became quiet, and the leader, Furnifold Simmons Boloneyvitch, respected brother of the Ram's Wool society, chief speaker of the Bye Senate, and charter member of the Tappa Kegs, arose to his feet and cleared his throat.

"Fellow members of the political group, of course you all know that the time draws near, the time of the crisis, the eleventh hour if you will, when we, as the outstanding leaders and re-

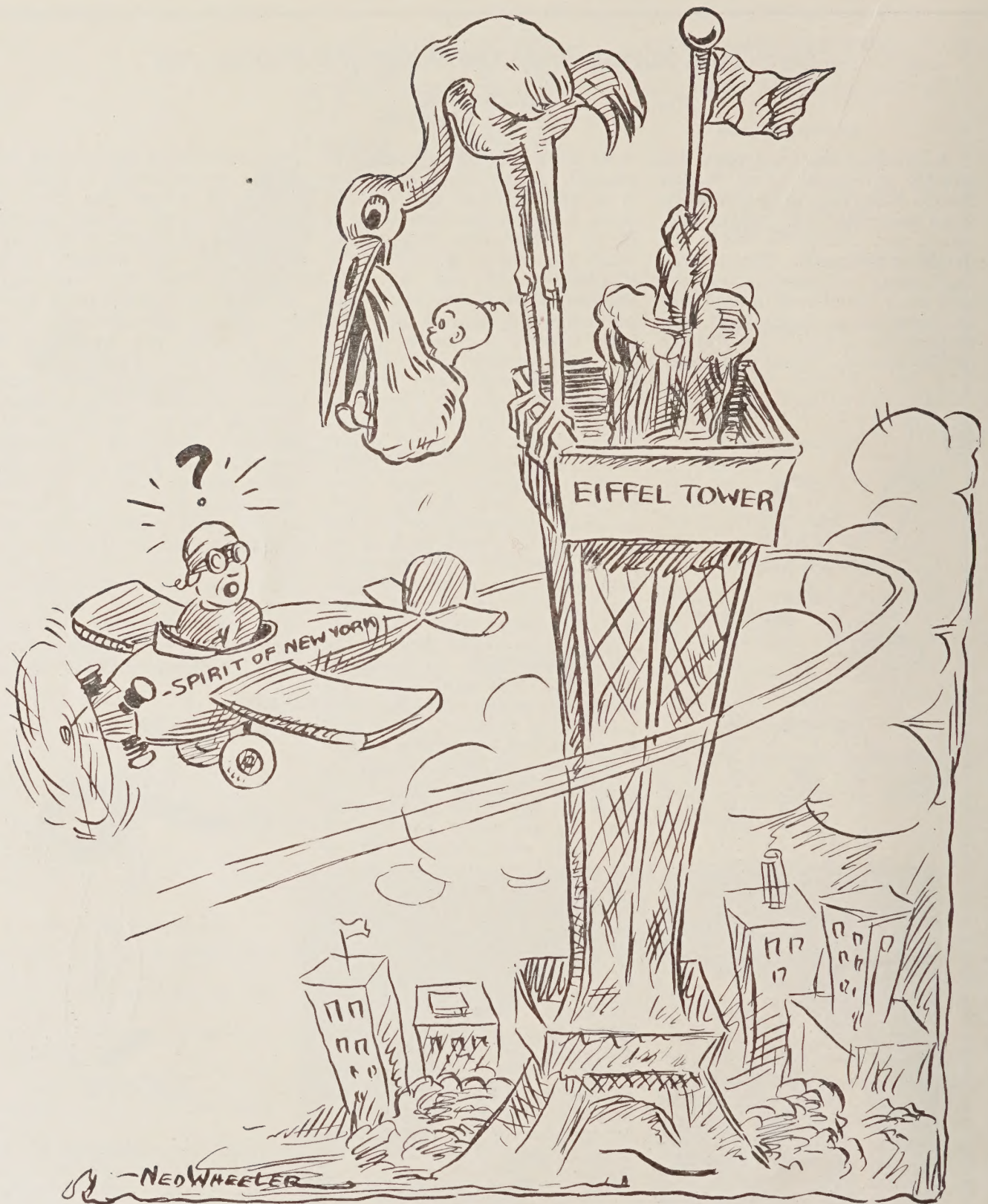
presentatives of the campus will be put on our mettle to hold our own. Of course you have all heard about the opposition, that - *' \$&|? bunch of pirates and crooks who are actually dumb enough to think they can usurp us from our rightful place as office holders and aspirants. But, my friends, are we going to stand for it? (Loud cries of "Hell, no!", "Not by a damn sight!" and other signs of honest emotion in the hearts of the earnest statesmen. Speaker continues.) That's the right spirit, men of U. N. C. Nothing can stop us now. We are backed by the right principle, our candidates are easily the outstanding men of the campus, a fact which the mass of students have long ago recognized. That's all. Just remember what I've said, and election day means a landslide for the loyal, and ashes of



Boloneyvitch

despair for jackasses of the other side."

Men retire with optimism beaming on their faces, and a contemptuous curl in their lips, presumably in thinking of that *—6&''? bunch who compose the other side.



PARIS
"Going Down"

The august body was meeting to discuss a prodigious question. At the present time the outlook for the future was extremely discouraging. The depression was at its zenith and no prospects for a rise in business could be seen. The slump appeared practically permanent. Business men the country over had been urging and soliciting the aid of all in a position to lend their assistance. And now the president of this huge university had called together the administrative council to discuss the current problem and to attempt to offer some solution in keeping the nation from sinking into absolute perdition. The president rapped on the table with his gavel. "Gentlemen," said he in his austere dignity, "we are all thoroughly familiar with our country's situation and we must do all in our power to aid the government in this economic strife."

"I agree with you, Mr. President," averred Professor Simpkins. "We must assist. But how?"

"Yes, how?" asked some in unison.

"Yes, how?" inquired another who had been left out.

"We can't lend money, that's impossible. So how?" another avowed.

"No," agreed the president, "but we can help to keep the unemployment situation from becoming worse."

"And what is your plan?"

"Simply extend the four year course to five, and keep the present seniors in school another year!"

They cheered him to the echo.

If all the frat rushers on the Hill were laid end to end they would still lie.

A Poem on Trusting to Luck on Exams

To trust is to bust;
To bust is hell.
No trust, no bust;
No bust, no hell.

News item: Burglar finds lady in the bath—covers her with his revolver.

We have recently heard of the poet who scanned meters for the gas company.

Her protector: Did he try to kid you?

Her: Of course not, we are not even married.



VENICE

"Stop, John! You're rocking the boat!"

The Amazing Adventures of Franko "One-Eyed" Barro, the Founder of the Foreign Legion Among Pirates

(As Faithfully Related by the Celebrated Ike Dann)

On one of Switzerland's highest Alps, Franko Barro was born, of French-Swiss parents. His first cry was a yodel that echoed to the shores of the North Sea on one side and the Mediterranean Sea on the other side. This led his fond parents to predict that he would one day be a hog-caller, auctioneer, or even a United States Senator.



A Map of Any Country

Young Franko developed his muscles by rolling snowballs down the steep Alps, and chasing goats up and down the mountains. The cheese they manufactured was sent down to Denmark. By the time it had reached there it was in such a state of decomposition that there arose the saying, "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark." The King of England, walking by the sea one day, was the first one to make this statement. When Franko reached the age of sixteen he wanted to go to sea, but as the Swiss Navy had disbanded at this time because of the business depression, he went to Marseilles.

Here he boarded a ship bound for Shanghai, China. Due to the heavy fogs encountered on the

voyage, Franko stayed up in the crow's nest and yodeled in order to warn other ships to get out of the way. It was in Shanghai that he lost his eye. Standing on a miniature golf course one day, a Chinaman hollered "Fore". Thinking it was something like "sound off" in the Navy and Army, Barro shouted back "Five" and snapped his head to the front. As he did so a miniature golf ball hit him in the right eye. Barro severely chastised the laundryman, and played a round of golf with his late right eye. "My left eye," commented Franko philosophically, "is all that I have left now."

Sailors were paid very poorly in those days, and "One-Eyed Barro," as he was called henceforth, grew weary of small change. Now it so happened that there were stranded in Shanghai at this time, a Scotch sailor, a Jewish sea-rover, a German sea-dog, a French seaman, and a former Admiral of the Swiss Navy. Barro told them of his plan to become a pirate, and get rich quick. There are two kinds of pirates: sea pirates and land pirates. Included in the latter class are brokers, real-estate operators, bootleggers, and politicians. All of the foreign sailors agreed to Barro's plan.

"One Eye" was to be captain of the ship. So it came to pass that the band stole a ship in the harbor one dark night and were many leagues out to sea when the dawn, cold and gray, broke.

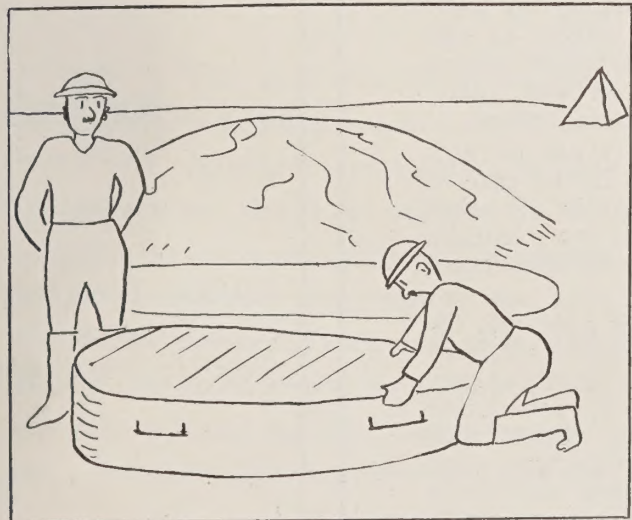
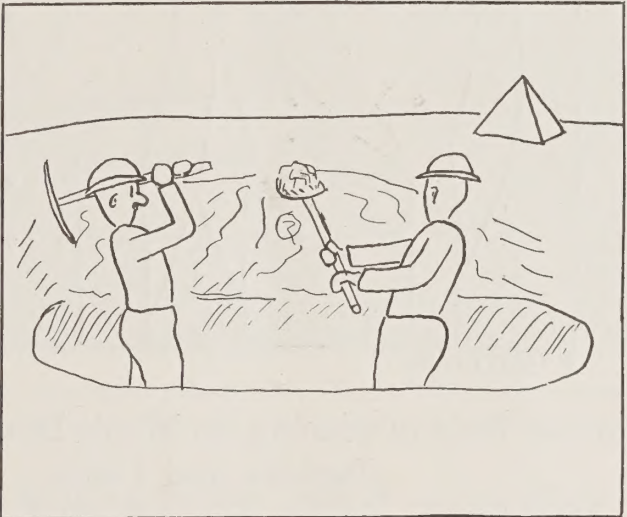
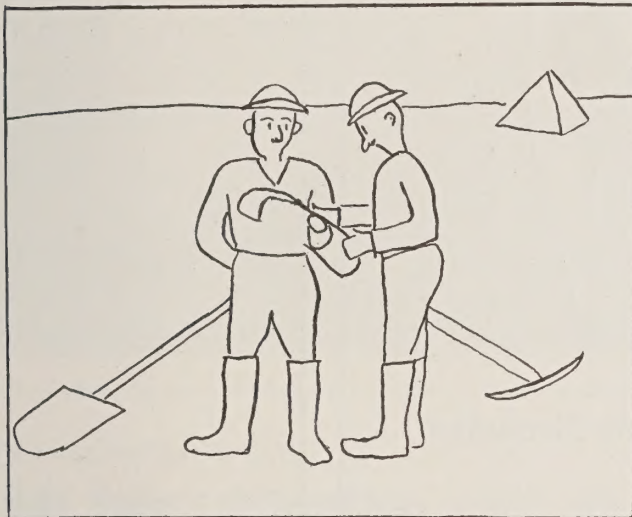
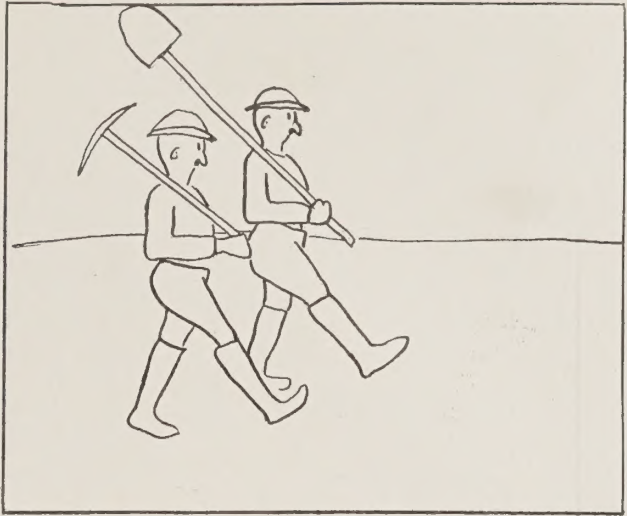
They plundered ships up and down the coast and prospered amazingly well. They were known as the Pirate's Foreign Legion. A great sum was placed on the head of Captain Barro, but they could never get close enough to put it on.

At last they sailed over to the

European coast, where pickings were more plentiful. Isaac, the Hebrew seaman, was in favor of making their victims strip off their clothes before walking the plank so they might pawn the garments later. One day Jack, the Scotch skipper, discovered Isaac borrowing one of his pennies without informing him. Mutiny broke out, and Captain Franko was severely wounded. A great storm came up, and the ship sprang a leak, and started sinking. All members of the crew were drunk on deck. They were singing *Show Me The Way to Go Home* and then, as the full fury of the storm broke upon them, they swung into that well known ditty, *Nobody Knows How Dry I Am*. And thus ended the careers of "One Eyed" Barro and his gallant band of mixed pirates in the briny deep.

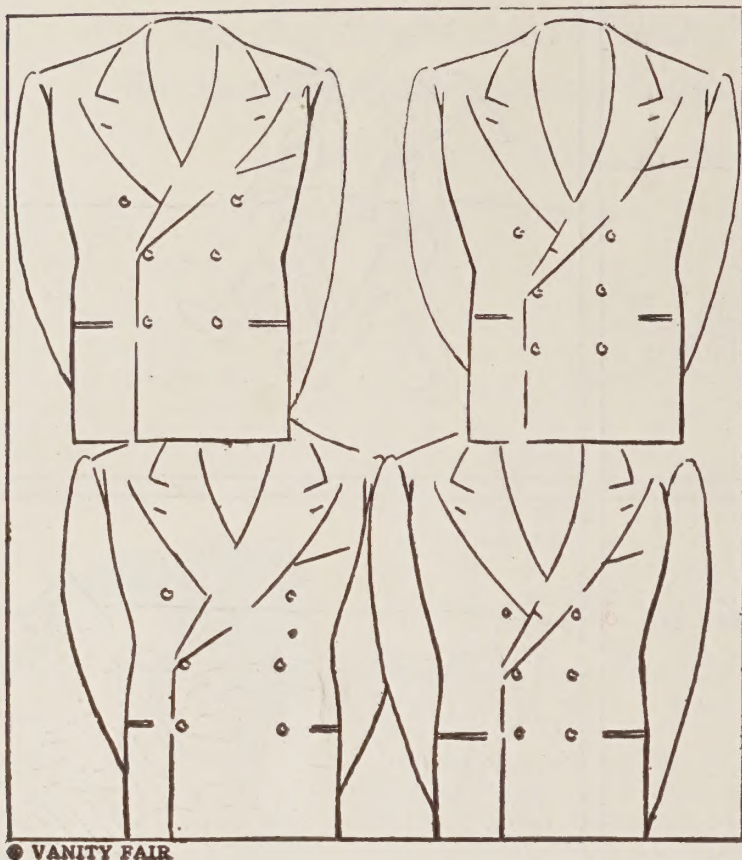


Gagged!



EGYPT

WALTER MASON



© VANITY FAIR

Correct Button-placing on Men's Double-Breasted Jackets and Coats

The correct placing of buttons on men's double-breasted jackets and coats is as important to the effect of the garment as the width and curl of brim is to a hat. Unlike a single-breasted jacket where the buttons are all but unnoticed, the two rows of buttons on a double-breasted jacket have a marked effect on the appearance of the jacket.

Four general types of button-placing are shown in the accompanying illustration. One shows them placed high on the chest, giving the chest an appearance of great weight. Another has the buttons placed low at the front of the jacket, giving the jacket a longer appearance. A third shows the buttons placed

close together, making the jacket appear less bulky at the waist. And the fourth shows the buttons placed well apart, giving a rather broad effect.

These various types of button placing, even in the case of jackets which are in all other respects identical, are naturally suited to as many different types of men.

The first type is advisable for the man who is short and needs to emphasize his length of leg. The second type is well suited to the tall man. Stout men should wear the third type. And thin men should wear the fourth type as described above.

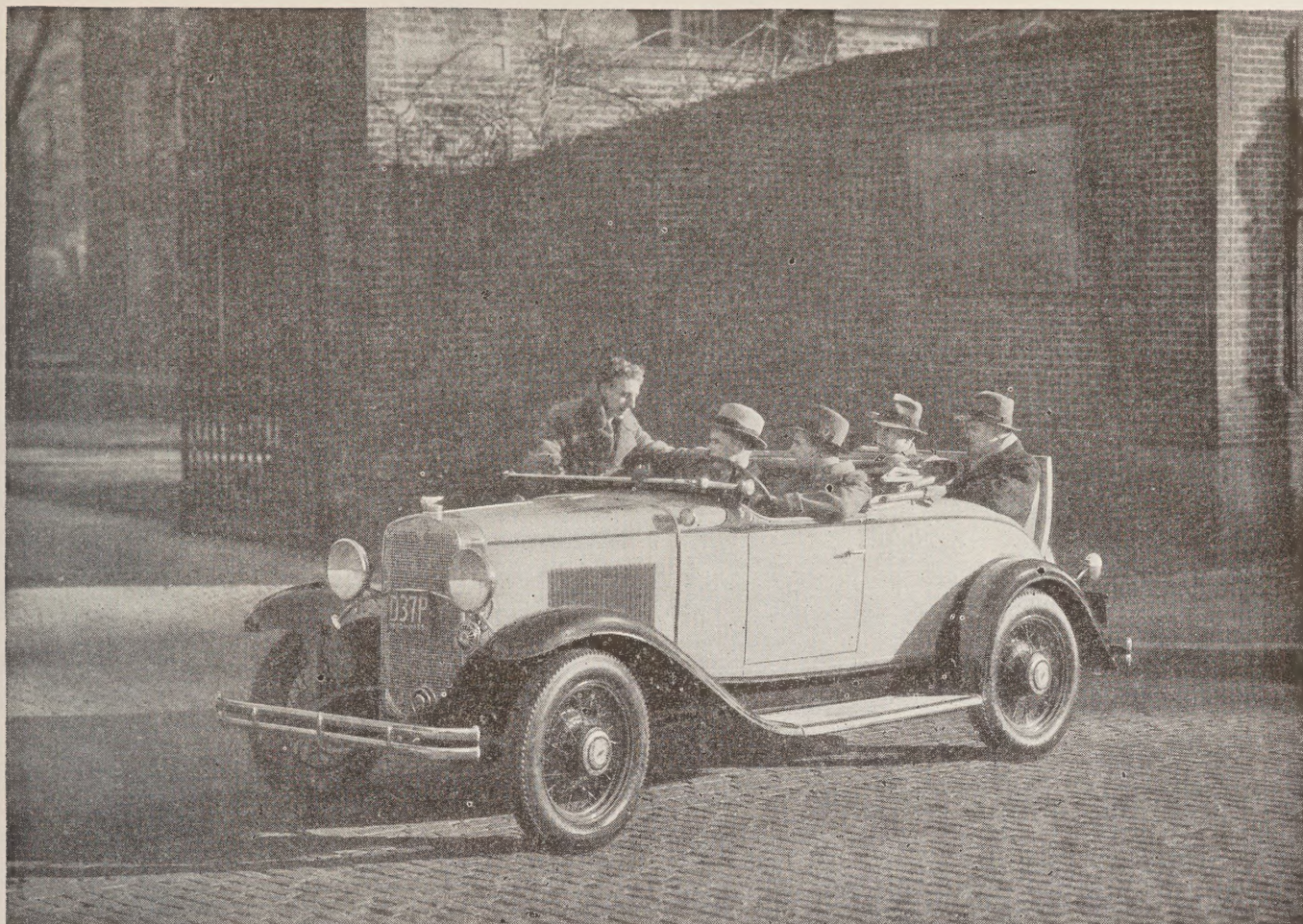
(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

"THE WAFFLE SHOP"

Chapel Hill
North Carolina

The World's Finest Coffee
Fresh Every 20 Minutes

"If Our Food Isn't
Delicious
Tear Up The Check"



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the Harvard campus near Johnson Gate with Massachusetts Hall in the background

An inexpensive car of character and quality



The new Chevrolet Six has introduced *modern* style, performance and comfort to the low-price field. Here's an inexpensive car complete in fine-car qualities. The engine is a fifty-horsepower valve-in-head six! And it is built to deliver the snappiest, smoothest kind of performance—and do it at lower cost per mile than any standard car on the market. Just drive this new Chevrolet and see

what a thoroughly capable performer it is. The new Fisher bodies of the new Chevrolet are smarter, roomier and more attractively finished and fitted than any Chevrolet has ever offered. They are built of hardwood-and-steel and are specially insulated against heat, cold and noise. The new Chevrolet Six is the *present-day* version of economical transportation—smart, swift, quiet and capable—a fine car, priced within the reach of every buyer.

Chevrolet prices range from \$475 to \$650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., Special Equipment Extra
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

Just as this issue was going to press, the editor received some letters from senior superlatives which he wishes to acknowledge:

Zeta Psi House
Town

Dear Editor:

Seeing as to how I am the people's choice for the highly esteemed position of the best-looking man on the campus, I thought you might want some of my newest pictures to go in the art page of the girl's issue of the *Buccaneer*. Now, the full-face view brings me out best, but I shall not be angry if you want to put in two or three others.

Yours acquiescently,

George D. Thompson.

P. S. The girls will want me to autograph them, so I have written: "I'm yours, American Beauty."

Best Looking

(Since this is a comic magazine, George, send down a dozen photos.—Ed.)

* * * * *

A. T. O. House
Chapel Hill

dear Dear kermit;

as soon as you hered that i was elected the most original man on the campus i know just what you must have thought now dont you go dening it cause i do no that that is true.

isnt it true that you egg spect for me two cend you some nice new naughty ideas foy your maggiezine heres a peach of a eyedear

have a cowboy catch and hogtie a bull for the purpose of branding him with a read hot ion. the title of which will be now youll like bran

for To make the joke to go over better you can say that you mean a serial for the last bran i think this is most original

with love

Paul Gilbert.

Most Original

(Whoops, Penelope. Page the New Yorker.—Ed.)

Spencer Hall
Chapel Hill.

My dear Mr. Editor:

As you know I have recently been elected to that enviable superlative of the "Most Popular Co-ed at Carolina." Dearest, Ed, think what this means. But really you know I don't really think that I deserved this distinction, but as the class has chosen me I think it my duty to take it, don't you? Now, I hope that you won't publish this letter because it will make more folks know that I'm "Most Popular," and that would never do. . . . not really.

Lovingly yours,

Clyde Duncan.

Most Popular

Well, I would accept it.
—Ed.)

* * * * *

Smith Building
Chapel Hill.

Dear K.:

I suppose that you know that I have been elected "The Best Writer of the Senior Class," and being elected by these able judges there should be no doubt in your mind that I am the best writer. And so, I feel that I am qualified to contribute to your famous publication. I am enclosing some articles which I wrote for the "Carolina Magazine" so that you may be able to better judge the nature and quality of my journalistic endeavors. Please inform me immediately if you will consider my contributions.

Most gratefully yours,
Joe Jones.

Best Writer

(Suppose you confine your contributions to the *Magazine*, Joe.—Ed.)

S. A. E. House.
City

K. Wheary:

This to advise you that I have failed to receive the last four copies of "The *Buccaneer*." It is not that I wish to read your mediocre magazine, but I have a girl what thinks that it is my duty to send it to her. And so, Mr. Wheary, if that next issue of your magazine is not forthcoming we shall have a mix up, and I'm a boxer of no mean ability, by damn.

Insultingly yours,
Noah Goodridge.

Best Natured

(Oh wa, oh wa, oh wa.—Ed.)

* * * * *

Zeta Psi House
Chapel Hill.

To the editor of the *Buccaneer*:

Recently the distinction has been given to me of being the social lion of the campus. I wish to use your magazine as a means for explaining to the girls just what my policy shall be. As everyone knows, I am in the Engineering School and have about five times as much work to do as anyone on the entire campus. Thus you may tell my female fans that I am compelled to take one night off and get up my work; the other nights as well as in the day from 9:30 a. m to 5:00 p. m. I am open to all admirers and shall consider dates in the order in which they are received. If a reply is desired, advise them to send enclosed a stamped envelope.

Yours truly,
Marion Cowper,
"Their brute"

Most Social

(Which night do you study, Marion?—Ed.)



“LET’S GO!”

GOING places . . . doing things . . . and smoking Camels. All three are in the modern tempo.

Camels, gloriously mild and mellow, retain all the delicate fragrance of choicest, sun-ripened tobaccos, through the scientific care with which they’re made. There’s life and joy in such a smoke . . . never flat nor over-treated.

You’re going somewhere when you go with

CAMELS



SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

FANCY!

Lady (to streetcar motorman):
Please, Mr. Motorman, will I get a
shock if I step on the track?

Motorman: No, lady. Not unless
you put your other foot on the trolley
wire.
—Purple Cow.

Believers in signs are encounter-
ing hard times these days. Then
there was the boisterous freshman
who purloined a "Men at Work" sign
from the boulevard and tacked it on
the sorority house one moonlight eve-
ning.
—Bison.

A teacher was giving his class a
lecture on charity. "Mary," he said,
"if you saw a boy beating a donkey
and I stopped him from doing so,
what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," Little Mary re-
torted promptly.
—Yale Record.

Critic: What kind of a picture is
that?

Painter: It's a realistic study of
a college man at work.

Critic: But he isn't doing any
work.

Painter: Well, that's the realism.
—Punch Bowl.

Jack and Jill once owned a still
Despite eighteen amendments.
They cupped and drank till senses
sank

Then busted all commandments.
—Medley.

He laughs best who laughs with
the prof.
—Tiger.

ERROR

I thought that you were like a tree—
So tall and strong—to shelter me;
But now I know you're like a tree—
So wooden!

—Washington Column.

"Pa," asked little Willie, "what is
the meaning of Figure of Speech?"

"That, my son, is the very latest
name for a man's better half."

—N. Y. U. Medley.

Guest: I sure am thirsty.

Hostess: I'll get you some water.

Guest: I said thirsty, not dirty.

—U. of Kansas Sour Owl.

He: Do you like to kiss?

She: Does a duck like to swim?

He: You got the wrong idea.

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

"What, ho! Cassius, what means
the word 'symmetry'?"

"Begone, Fool, a symmetry is a
place where the dead are buried."

—Froth.

When tempted to indulge, don't
reach for a Lucky, but go ahead and
indulge, and when you get that fu-
ture shadow, be nonchalant, smoke a
Murad.
—Yellow Jacket.

Cop: No parking; you can't loaf
along this road.

Voice Within Car: Who's loafing?

—Kansas Sour Owl.

Most professors seem to forget
that, although they may cover the
ground, so does mud!

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

If Chic Sale were presented to
Saint James' court, he would prob-
ably be made Privy Councelor of the
King.
—Chicago Phoenix.

A man was walking by a grave-
yard one evening and heard a strange
noise. Being a kind old gentleman
he sauntered over to find out what the
trouble was and saw a poor man,
weeping and tearing his hair, pros-
trate upon a grave, sobbing "Oh why
did you die? Oh why did you die?"
"What's the matter my good man?"
he asked.

But the poor man just sobbed again
and again, "Oh why did you die? Oh
why did you die?"

"Who died?" asked the kind old
gentleman.

The poor man raised his head and
with tears in his eyes and broken
voice answered, "My wife's first hus-
band."
—Beanpot.

TO A COLLEAGUE AT LARGE—

DIVINE EINSTEIN

O Einstein,

You are divine!

Your every thought

Agrees with mine;

You've written down,

Line by line,

What I'd have done

If I'd had time.

Light goes in curves—

Space is Time. . . .

When I get out

I'll prove that I'm

Napoleon, or

A Hetrodyne.

Your reputation

Won't match mine,

If they let me out—

Oh, Einstein!

—Yale Record.

An old lady kept a parrot which
was always swearing. She could put
up with this till Saturday, but on
Sunday she kept a cover over the
cage—removing it on Monday morn-
ing. This prevented the parrot from
swearing on Sunday.

One Monday afternoon she saw
her minister coming toward the
house, so she again placed the cover
over the cage. As the reverend gen-
tleman was about to step into the
parlor, the parrot remarked:

"This has been a damn short week."

—Exchange.

"Dad, give me a dime."

"Not today, sonny, not today."

"Dad, if you'll give me a dime, I'll
tell you what the iceman said to mam-
ma this morning."

"Here son, quick; what did he
say?"

"He said, 'Lady, how much ice do
you want this morning?'—Exchange.

Phi Tau Dave: Let's turn out the
lights, Dearie, and pretend that we're
in heaven!

Alpha Nancy: But, Honey, I'm no
angel!

P. T. D.: I know; that's why I
turned out the lights!

—Ohio Green Goat.

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

The University of North Carolina

Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

LUCKIES
are always
kind to your
throat

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Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

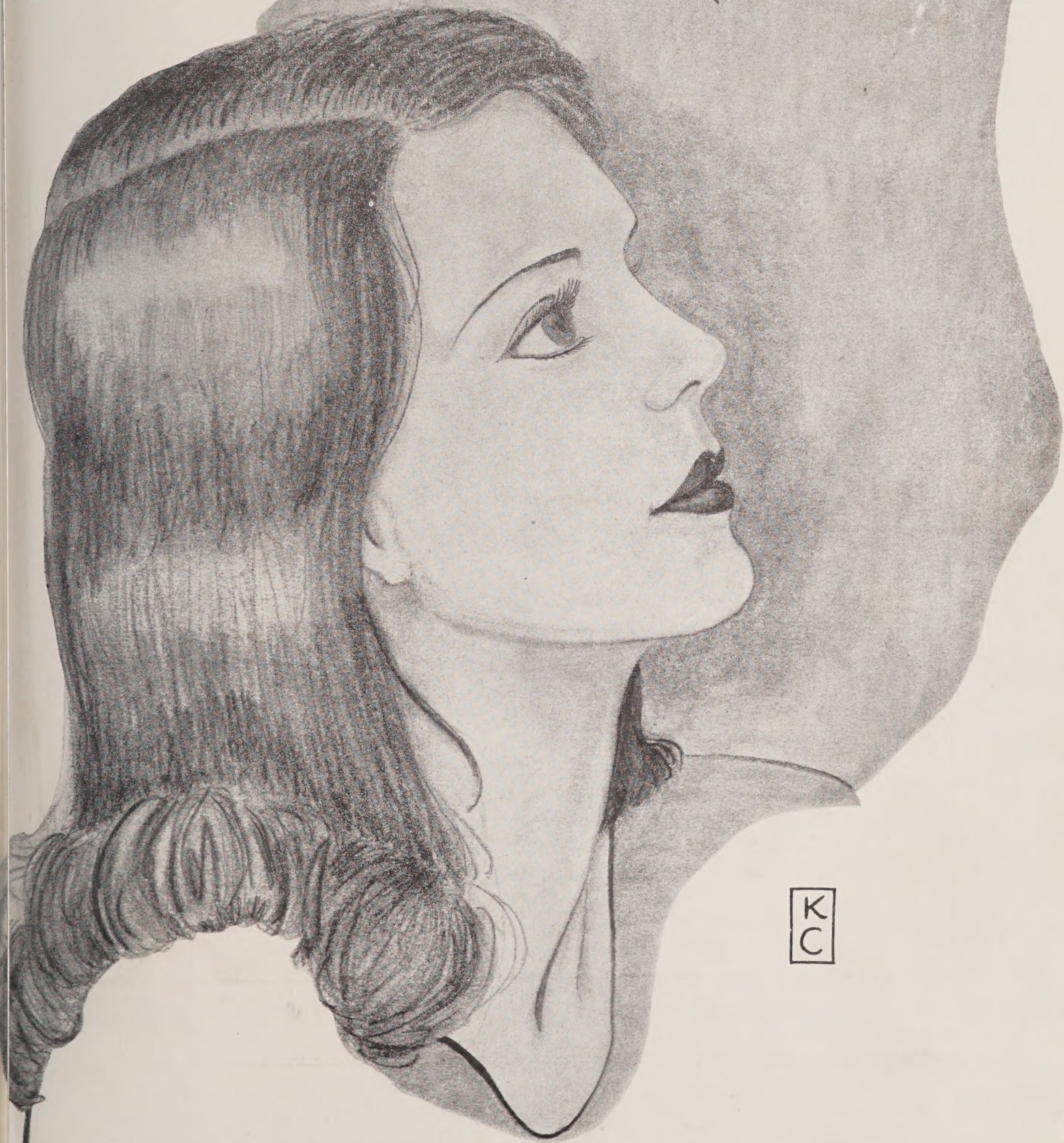
"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough



V-4, no. 6

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

The University of North Carolina

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
 OF THE
 UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VIII MARCH, 1931 NUMBER 6

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 Inc.**

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ICE CREAM
 DURHAM, N. C.

"Won its Favor by its Flavor"

BLOCKS

PUNCH



College Humor's
**ALL-
 AMERICANS**

Basketball AND Hockey

IN THE MAY ISSUE

College Humor was the first publication to attempt a selection of honor teams in inter-collegiate basketball and hockey. And today College Humor's selections of All-American stars in these two sports are recognized as official and authentic.

No other national magazine has undertaken to scrutinize the hundreds of college quintets in search of the five or ten most accomplished and consistently brilliant performers . . . or has endeavored a study of the different hockey conferences.

The counsel of college coaches the country over has been employed by Les Gage, Sports Editor, to assure an impartial and complete treatment of the subject. The May issue of College Humor, on sale the first of April, will announce the All-American cage team and hockey sextet for 1931 in conjunction with two comprehensive stories by Les Gage.



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WOULDN'T TELL HIM!



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YOUR BREATH AWAY"

try a LIFE  SAVER

"Talk about popularity! Every time Bill appears at your sorority he is greeted by loud huzzahs."

"Oh, don't misjudge them. They're quite nice girls really." —*Stanford Chaparral.*

SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN

The infant.
The little girl.
The maiden.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

"I would like to purchase some apples for my husband," said the lady to the grocer.

"What kind, madam?"

"I d-don't suppose you happen to know what sort Eve used?" she asked falteringly.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

She: What happens to Mormons when they leave the faith?

He: They come East and turn icemen.

—*Bison.*

POULTRY WEAKER;

BUTTER STEADY

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

—and potatoes almost out on their feet.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

At last we've found out where the rosebud came from—the stalk brought it.

—*Bison.*

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have published the following:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been to college, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready of Friday, Number one."

—*The Ashlar.*

The thoughts of a rabbit on sex
Are practically never complex.

A rabbit in need

Is a rabbit indeed;

And his actions are what one expects.

—*Lampoon.*

"In the sentence, Mary milked the cow, what part of speech is cow?"

"Predicate noun, because it stands for Mary."
—Wampus.

Cop: What is your trade?

Arrest: I'm a locksmith.

Cop: Well, what were you doing in that saloon?

Arrest: When you came in I was making a bolt for the door.
—Pup.

Mr. and Mrs. Long have been trying to get along for five years.
—Sun Dial.

"Just had my hat blocked."

"Yeah—fits better now, eh?"—VooDoo.

Teacher: "The lady fed the milk to the cat." Algernon, what is the indirect object?

Algie: The kittens, dear teacher.—Log.

Wife (getting out of bed): Dearie, wake up.

Husband (turning over): Oh-h-h, let me sleep.

Wife: Wake up. I want to tell you that when you speak of *our* car, don't say *my* car like you did at that party last night.

Husband: All right. Let me sleep.

Wife: You told the Jones hat *your* daughter won a prize. Don't I get any credit? She's *our* daughter.

Husband: All right. Gee, I can't sleep here. I'm going to get up. Where are my . . . ?

Wife: *Your* what?

Husband: *Our* trousers.
—Jester.

"Well, old Mr. Emptyhead has played his last practical joke."

"Oh, is that so? What did he do?"

"He died and bequeathed his brain to science."
—Log.

Editor: Did you ever write anything before?

Authoress: Oh, yes, I wrote a confession story once.

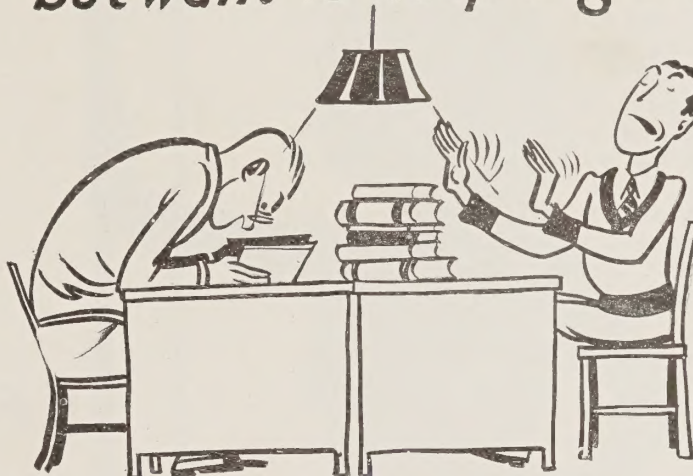
Editor: Did the editor send it back?

Authoress: No, he came all the way from New York to California to meet me.
—Kitty Kat.

Maid (from another apartment): Mr. Snort sends his compliments, and would you please shoot your dog as it keeps him awake.

Mr. Snapp: Give my respects to Mr. Snort and tell him I shall greatly appreciate it if he will poison his daughter and burn her ukelele.
—Texas Ranger.

IF YOU DON'T GRIND but want to keep eligible



Keep the old brain as clear and receptive as you can so that what it is exposed to, it takes. That means eating things that like you as well as you like them. Shredded Wheat for instance—with good rich milk. You can't beat that combination for nourishment—and it is so easily digested that you can hurry it down and still make that first hour bell. Plenty of bran, too, in Shredded Wheat to give you the alertness that comes from regular habit. Shredded Wheat will go a long way toward making marks come easy.

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"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT



WITH ALL THE BRAN
OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

TAKE YOUR TIME

With a stealthy tread he let himself in at the door. It was late and all the lights in the apartment were out, save one which glowed feebly in the corner of the room. For a moment he looked around, then turned and tiptoed over toward the feeble light.

"Oh!" just as he had suspected, his wife was sitting there in the arms of another man! Well, he would show them!

He reached into his pocket and noiselessly took out a revolver. Two shots rang out and the two lovers slumped down on the sofa.

He put his gun back into his pocket and moved closer to inspect his work.

"Curses," he cried, "I'm in the wrong apartment!"
—*Siren.*

Waiter: Were you kicking about the flies in here?

Patron: No, I was just knocking them about with my hand.
—*Sour Owl.*

Bored Fan: Ten bucks if you sock that guy!

Referee: Cut that stuff, will ya? You trying to start a fight?
—*Troubadour.*



MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHENEVER there's a hungry crowd to feed, serve Planters Salted Peanuts. They are a concentrated food, full to overflowing with energy-giving calories.

The familiar 5c glassine bag of Planters contains as many calories as a beefsteak costing 60c in most restaurants. That's why Planters are called "The Nickel Lunch." Big Virginia Peanuts, blanched, whole-roasted, salted just right.

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Pleasant and Reasonable

Waiter: What's the trouble with the oyster soup? There's no oysters in it.

"Well, I'm sorry, sir, but you know you wouldn't expect to find a horse in horse radish, would you?"—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Indignant Wife (to incoming husband): What does the clock say?

Semi-Plastered Husband: It shays "tick-tock," and doggies shay "bow-wow," and cows shay "moo-moo," and little pussy-cats shay "meow-meow." Now ya satisfied?

—*The Flamingo.*

"My roommate lost three good fingers last night."

"What a shame! Does it ruin his looks?"

"Naw! But it took all the varnish off the bureau he spilled it on." —*Rice Owl.*

Question: Oh Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?

Answer: Around the Corner and Under the Tree.
—*Sour Owl.*

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JS



DEDICATED
TO
INNOCENCE

*A Trait Rarely
Found Among
Carolina Co-eds*

The Carolina **Buccaneer** UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1931

NO. 6

Between Glasses

Well (I don't know what I would do it I couldn't start off with well—it's so intimate) we all went home and prepared the folks for the two F's and the E. For me the game went something like this:

Dad: Well (you see I get it from my old man) I suppose you can tell me your marks now.

Me: (Sweetly) Was that mother calling me, Dad?

Dad: I trust they are better than the last term.

Me: I'm sure that's mother calling me.

Dad: You know so far I've spent a fortune on you and I've got to have results.

Me: Yes, mother, I'm coming.

Dad: Your mother's gone to the club. Sit down!

Me (Sotto voice): I never did like clubs.

Dad: So you've failed miserably again.

Me:

Dad: You're a disgrace to the family. I'm thru, you're going to work.

Me:

Dad: Of all the insipid, lazy, good-for-nothing, ne'er-do-well brainless—why look at your cousin Elmer, the brightest, finest, etc.

Me (Strange interlude): You look at cousin Elmer—the big pansy.

Dad: Get out of my sight, and remember I'm giving you a job tomorrow.

Me: (removing myself from

a 200 lb. flushed red face and a black cigar, much the worse for wear and tear. Thinking as I remove): It's a wonder he doesn't get tired.

So here I am sitting in Harry's Carolina Grill noted for it's lelectable sandwiches — every bite an ecstasy (free adv't a little off my bill) wondering whether I was right in moving to I dorm.

A number of the N. Y. boys and girls took some of their southern brethren and sisters (you see I fooled ya) up to the big town and did Grant's tomb, the Statute of Liberty, the Bronx Zoo, etc. get a break. Harry Small was so dumbfounded at the big burgh's barrage of marvels and he remained so quiet, that when he got back here, they had to wire him for sound. One little girl wanted to know if the Empire State building was an abode for retired baseball players. I know it's not so good, but let me have my fun.

But we all got back safe and sound with the exception of several of the boys who had a short stop-over (short hell) and stayed as guests of one of the cities en route.

Have you been in the arboretum lately—or don't you choose to run. It is really beautiful though—all sorts of flowers and shrubbery, lilies and wallies and rubber plants. Oh, I just can't wait (but you're a big boy now, Joe) to spend a few quiet hours

there with the moon and you. My address: Buccaneer office; knock twice, enter and look under the table.

Close ups: Block Bryson telling jokes (not the one about the wheelbarrow) to a mixed goup at the Waffle Shop which is one of the nicest and cleanest places in town. (Ed's note: This columnist doesn't owe anything to the post office).

A beautiful Marmon car with a still more beautiful girl driving up to the Playmakers theatre every now and then. (You see what a break my friends get).

Billy Arthur trying to get a laugh from some of the boys in the Greenland out of the old joke about the times being so hard that even the gigilos are dancing together.

Two girls passing me on the street and whispering "Ain't he a peachie?"

Two girls passing me on the street.

Now I've got to close (I like to warn people) and this being the girls' number, I suppose I'll have to end with something appropriate. So here goes. Always bear in mind, girls, that we of the old school have your interests at heart, your joys are our joys, your sorrows our sorrows. You are women now—do you hear, women! (Chrees) Thank you girls. To you is allotted the greatest job on earth, that of carrying on—and, girls, please, please, please be careful how you carry on.



"What is the shortest bedtime story in the world?"
"No."

"I'm going to Reno to divorce my wife."

"And where is your wife going?"

"She's going to Paris to look for another husband."

He: Do you think that you could learn to love me?

She: I'm afraid not.

He: 'Tis as I thought, too old to learn.

"Hey, ma, our dog has nine puppies."

"Oh, my, littering up the place again!"

Co-ed (to fair visitor): And of course you've seen Spencer Hall.

Fair Visitor: I think I met him yesterday.

She: It is reported that knee length skirts have reduced street car accidents 50 per cent.

He: Wouldn't it be fine if accidents could be prevented entirely?

"What is the National Bird of Scotland?"

"It must be the one that goes, 'Cheap, Cheap'."

DON'T BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(Professor and student are seen walking along the street together.) Student: I mean I think there is something in his masterly portrayal of the issue which goes straight to the crux of the ———"

Professor: Sure, I get you. Who d'yuh think'll win the Pen-nant this year?

Student: And then he touches a new note in the morass of contemporary criticism with its sham and shallow perspective engendered by——.

Professor: The Yanks may do it, but I've got a ten-spot on Philly, and believe me——.

Student: Professor, I should like to obtain your reaction to the new movement in——.

Professor: The old game's not what it used to be, say what you will. Why, when I was a boy we——.

Student: Well, Professor, I must bid you a pleasant good evening. Many thanks for your gracious and illuminating remarks upon a subject which I——.

Professor: So long. Any time you want to make a little bet on the Series drop around by the office.

We understand this story really happened but we must apologize for getting the idea of writing it up from elsewhere. One night a freshman had an invitation to visit the S. A. E. house. Upon his arrival there one of the brothers took it upon himself to introduce him to the members. They went from one member to another, and the poor freshman became more bewildered at every introduction. At last when he had met all the brothers and he was finally alone with his congenial companion, he turned to him and said, "Say, how do you know all these fellows?"

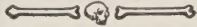
"Hey, the boats leaking."

Sleepy one: Well put a pan under it and come to bed.

"I'll bet you'd make a good fisherman."

"Why so?"

"Because you can certainly give a nice, long line to catch poor fish like me on."



City Sanitary Engineer: Look here Mr. Mayor, do you mean to incinerate that my disposal plant is a dump?

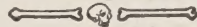
Him: Trash what I said, trash what I said.



One never failing rule for popularity: Never walk home from automobile rides.

A Durham traffic cop at a busy corner saw an old lady beckon to him one afternoon. He held up a dozen autos, a truck, and two taxis to get to her side. "What is it, lady?" he asked rather impatiently.

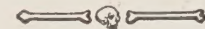
The old lady smiled and put her hand on his arm. "Officer," she said in a soft voice, "I just wanted to tell you that your number is the number of my favorite hymn."



We learned the other day it was only a bunch of old blokes who were advocating companionate marriage.

"He has a great thirst for knowledge. Where did he get it?"

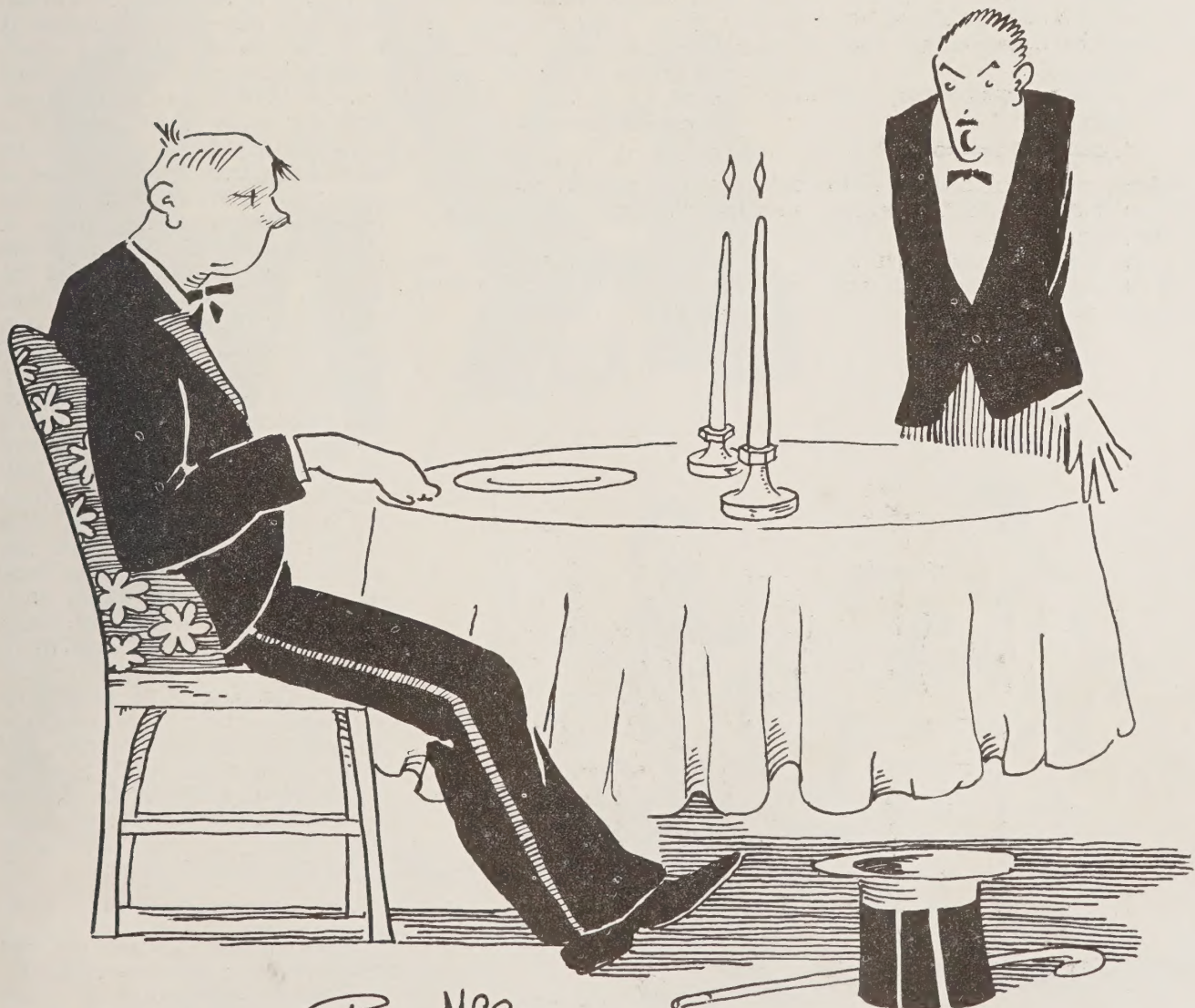
"Well he got his thirst from his father."



A student went to see his prof about a flunk in one of his med courses.

"Do you think it will keep me from getting in the Duke med school?" he asked.

"Oh, you didn't flunk it bad," replied the prof, "you'll be able to teach it over there."



Pat Mey

"Shay, mister, dash a dern clever way to sherve asparagus."

This Business Repression:

"How's pickings?"

"Not so hot these days with me; 'bout you?"

"This here financial depression's about to get us guys, ain't it?"

"You said it. Why, if some o' these busted banks don't open up soon we'll have to go back to robbin' grocery stores."

After all, a ferry is about the only vehicle from which a girl cannot walk back.

The shades of night were falling fast

When for a kiss he asked her. She must have answered "yes," because

The shades came down still faster.

"There goes our Dean. We call her 'Pathe News,'" remarked the fair co-ed.

"I don't understand."

"Because she sees all and knows all."

"Listen honey," said Sam the spendthrift as he was preparing to leave, "I'll give you a ring later on in the evening."

"Oh Sam," cried Betty Co-ed, all aglow, "this is so sudden!"

"Say, whatta ya mean, so sudden," replied our hero scornfully, "I mean a telephone ring."

"I thought you knew a lot of girls. Why you haven't spoke to one all evening."

"Naw, I can't recognize them since they've started wearing long dresses."

Flapper Bess declares that, pass or flunk, she is going to get drunk, "For," she explains, "if I pass I'll get drunk to celebrate, and if I flunk, then I'll drown my sorrows."

"So Duke is your cigarette school," commented the Englishman, "Tell me, have you any pipe schools?"

"Why certainly," replied the nicotine fiend, "there is Sweet Briar College."

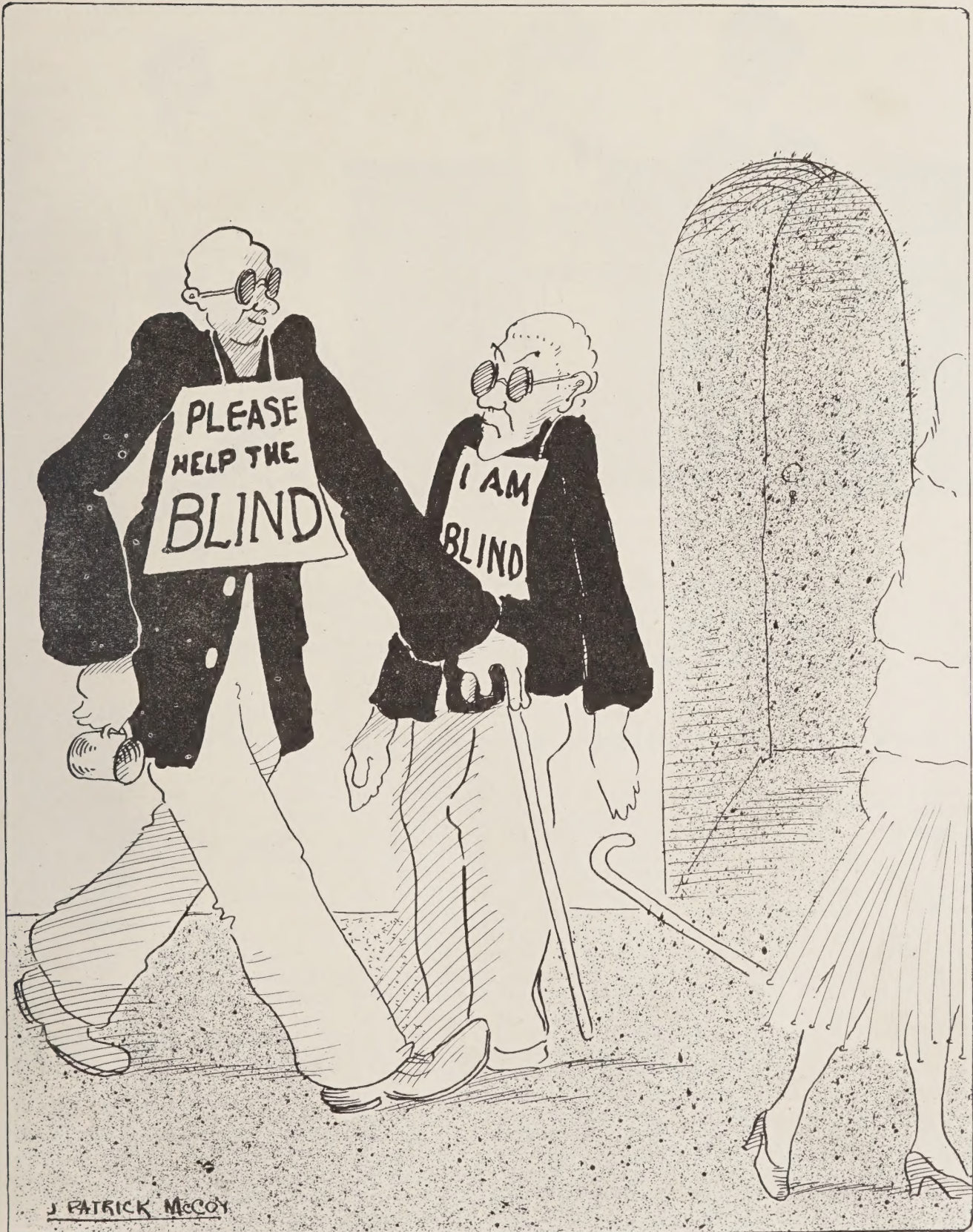
Boxing is a game (to some people) which has for its idea the annihilation of the other person. It is played by two people with gloves which are pieces of leather wrapped around the hands of the two players, the object is to protect the hands of the players, and to hell with their jaws. Jaws are the place where most of the gloves are aimed for. There is another person in the ring, but he doesn't play he is the referee. He puts up his hands for silence when the boys are playing, and between the rounds writes notes on a pad. The ring is where the boxing matches are held. It is some sort of a cow lot on a small scale. It has a fence around it and the players have to climb over or under to get in. Once they're in they have to be carried out. The timer, who is a person that rings a bell when he thinks one person has earned a rest, rings a dinner bell, and the two boxers go to the middle of the ring and start the game. But before the game has started the referee who is the person that is in the ring, but isn't playing, who tells the boys that they must be good, and not neck or pinch or bite or kick the other person, and I don't think they're allowed to spit on each other. When the gong (that's what they call the dinner bell) rings the boys go to the middle of the ring shake hands and ask how the other's family is then they back off and wave at each other until the timer gets tired and rings the bell again. They rest for a while then they have a repetition of the last round (not to be confused with beverages). Sometimes the one player will make a mistake and tag the other player a bit hard and then both of them hit each other some nice slaps, but they apologize after the affair is over.



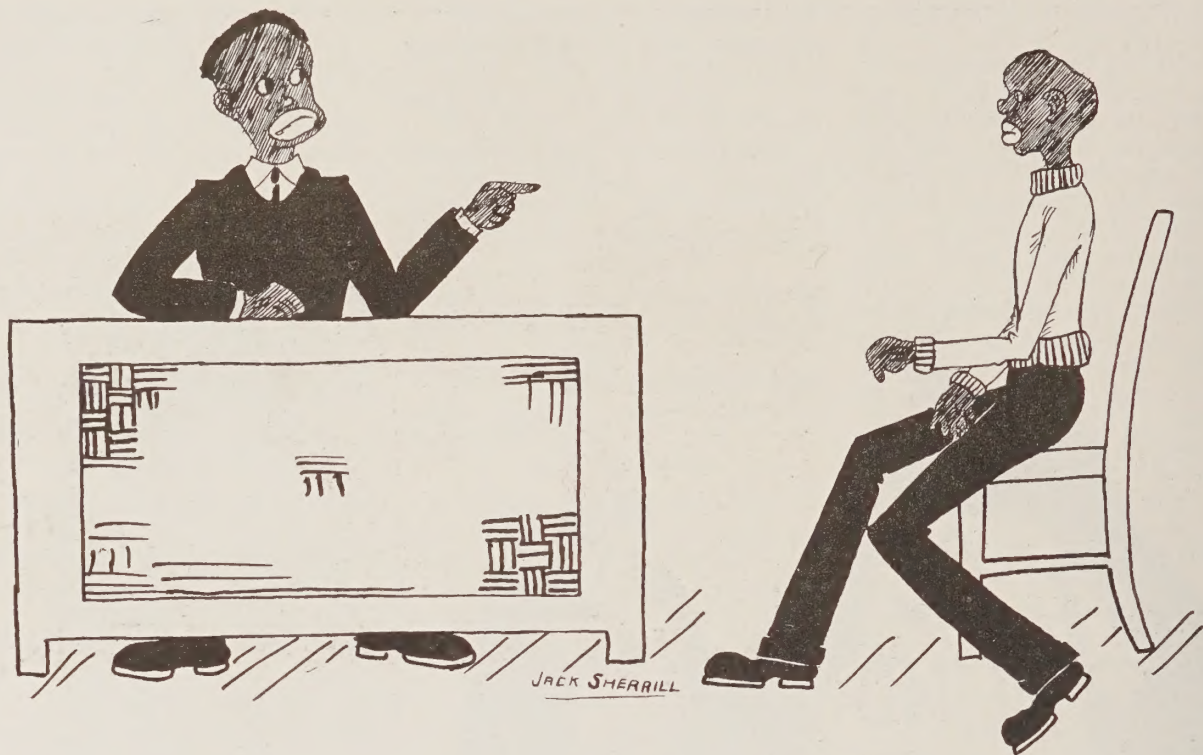
"I can't drink this stuff, there's a spec on the glass."

Interviewer: What do you think of your contemporaries?

Editor (college): I don't know what I'd do without them. And the clipping went on.



"So long, Charlie, I'll be seeing ya."



"Lawyah Brown, kin I git dat divo'se I asked you about yisterday?"
 "Yuh sho kin, niggah, cause yo marriage was illegitimate."
 "What yuh mean, my marriage was illegitament?"
 "Boy, I has found dat yuh pappy-in-law had no license to carry a gun
 at de time ob de wedding."

The Story of the Life of Royle Pane in Several Parts

Twenty years ago there was born Royle Pane who, twenty-two years later was destined to celebrate his nineteenth birthday. (There's nothing wrong with the arithmetic; this is my story and I'll stick by it—Author) This was partly due to the fact that his mother wanted Royle to have his picture in Mr. Ripley's "Don't You Believe It Or Not" and partly due to the fact that Royle happened to be sick on several of his birthdays. To be frank (no, my name's not Frank) Royle was ill most of the time until he was eight years old. In fact the only day that he ever felt really good, he felt so bad about it that he had to go back to bed, and the very next day he contracted a severe case Ardening of the Hearteries. He had hardly recovered from

this attack when his mother had a bain-storm and he was struck by lightning in his back-yard. The week following, the Brain Specialist from the corner butcher shop testified before the Wickersham Committee that poor little Royle didn't have the mind of a six day old heifer (But you must remember that in those days, six day old heifers didn't know as much about things their mothers should tell them as those modern six day old heifers do). Just then a messenger came in and woke up the members of the committee and announced that young Royle had just had a mental relapse. After six hours, five minutes, thirty-seven centimeters, and two kilwatts past eight o'clock through the courtesy of the Walova Butch Company, the

committee decided unanimously to shoot the author in this tale (of this tale, perhaps) but befo OH . . . oh they got me boys; I'm done—the Wickersham Committee has functioned. (Author's note—the next installment of Royle's life will follow in future issues). (Ed.'s note—THE HELL YOU SAY.)

—●—
 "You're going to hell," said the religious conductor when he saw the traveling salesman playing poker.

"That's all right," they replied, "we have round trip tickets."

—●—
 With apologies to Harry Green:

You can fool some of the professors all of the time; you can fool some of the professors some of the time; but you can't fool some of the professors some of the time.

THOUGHTS OF A CO-ED WHILE ON CLASS

"Miss Jones."

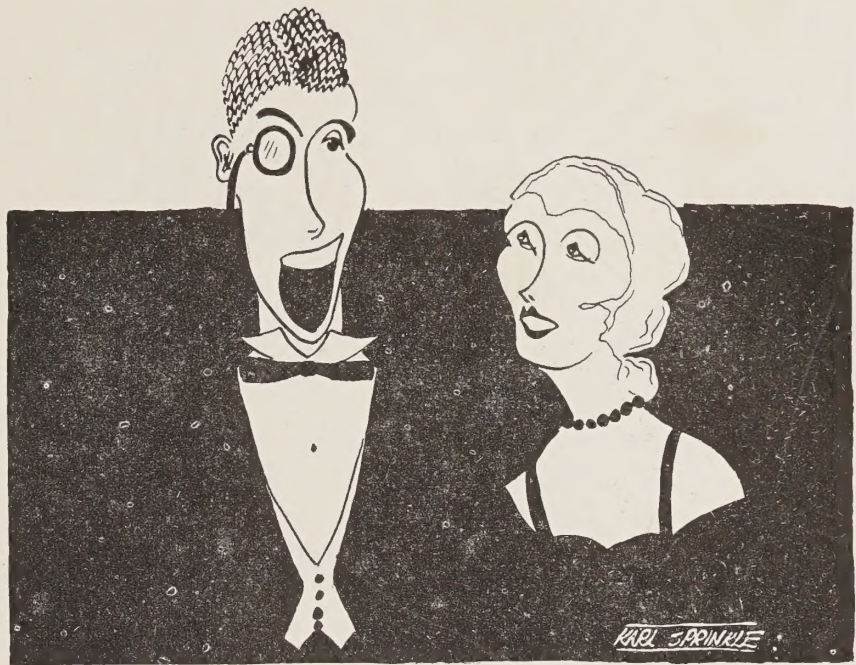
"Present! . . . Wonder what he wants to call my name for . . . He knows I'm here, don't ever think he misses seeing me . . . Try and make a girl think they're not noticing her, just like all men . . . They are noticing 'em though . . . Bet I'd better not ever have a date with that Prof. If I did I'd truly pass this course . . . There he is looking at me again . . . Sure, he likes my looks."

"Miss Jones, please translate lines thirteen to twenty."

"Er . . . sorry, but I did all my translating except those seven lines."

"Well, for your information, Miss Jones, that makes the third zero this quarter. Next!"

"Now I wonder if he thinks I have time to translate this old lesson for him. Hell, I've got other things to do nights . . . And anyway Dick had no right to treat me the way he did last night . . . Must not love me anymore 'cause it's been almost a week since I've had to threaten not to give him a date anymore if he didn't behave himself . . . Gawd! but the likker that guy drinks is poison . . . One drink of that slop and you believe in companionate marriage, free love, birth control, and that line of his . . . Soon be spring and the arboretum in bloom. Whatta

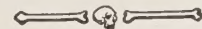


"I bet you have been all over abroad."

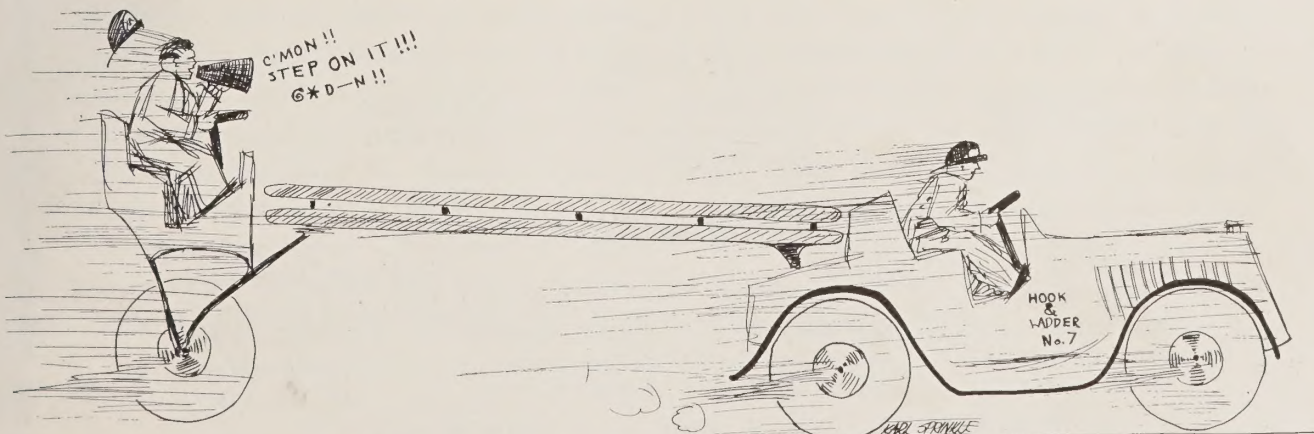
"I should say so, lady, I'm a traveling man."

place that is! . . . And ten-thirty is too early to have to be in; don't give the boy time to get started . . . Wonder if Moore Bryson will ever notice us and write us up in "Chips off the old Block" . . . That was some hot date with Tom Tuesday night . . . Whatta man! . . . Guess I'll know better than to wear them next time I have a date with him . . . And to think he said he loved me. Well, I'll tell the world he did . . . That's the

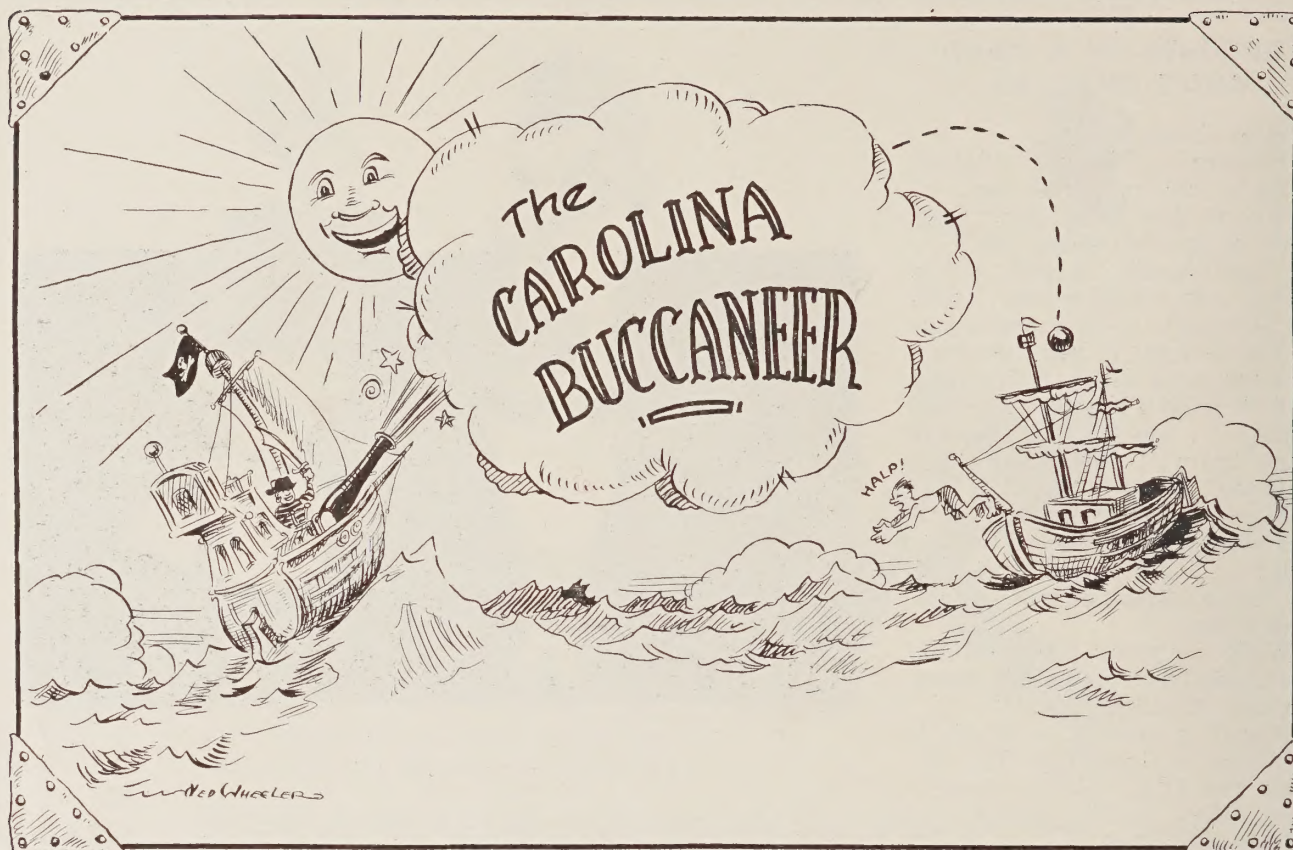
way with all boys—out for a good time. Does make them lots more interesting though, but you know we have to say that we don't like 'em that way . . . We do though . . . Wonder if that bell will ever ring . . . These damn periods are too long . . . And anyway I'm sleepy."



Paying alimony is like feeding oats to a dead mule.



The ex-coaxswain joins the fire department



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Editorial

Every issue of the *Buccaneer* this year has been dedicated to some phase of our complicated life. Football, fraternities, and foreigners have all received special attention, and this time the editors deem it fitting to dedicate this issue to the most complex phase in life—women. Of course since college is only an experimental stage in life the field under discussion is limited to girls instead of women. The topic therefore should not be a dull one especially at this time of year, when even the homliest of the male species can be seen fishing through his wardrobe and trunk in a vain endeavor to locate last Summer's flannels—the one's in which Susie thought he was so “cute.” This is the time of year, when the rustle of a silk skirt—pardon rayon if it rustles—or the sight of a trim ankle, will cause even the oldest gentleman to forget the turnings and twistings of relativity or forget even the most outstanding dates of history. If such is the case with the oldest what help is there then for the younger generation of males with the season of rumble seats and porch hammocks again staring us in the face? When this issue was dedicated to girls there were no special types in the minds of the editors. Blondes held no preferences over their darker sisters. The willowy “wide-eyed” type has no more place than the squat bow-legged damsel. This issue is faithfully dedicated to all of

the fair sex that call themselves girls and the age limit is sky high.

Girls, no matter if you have just received your first rag doll, your first fraternity pin, or your first heartache, you were in mind when this edition went to press. The *Buccaneer* hopes that as you turn through these few pages that you will see yourself as others see you—not as a comic—but as a something which has prompted and printed this special edition. You have your faults and your merits; you are inspirational and you are damnable but it is easily seen which way the balance arm swings by the appearance of this girl's number.

We are regretful that we do not have more contributions from girls in this issue. This may seem to imply that we did not receive many contributions, but let us tell you that we did. During the month, each mail brought letters from girls at N. C. C. W., Converse, Meredith, and even the co-eds, asking us to print their jokes and drawings. But we couldn't. The editors felt that they couldn't afford to publish such risque matter and have the student council and faculty in on them, especially since a few of the editors would like to get their diplomas. But we did enjoy reading them and looking at the drawings; in fact, we liked them so much that we would appreciate further contributions from the same girls.

SWEET BRAIR



Illustrating dance steps as executed by some of our fair visitors.

PRO AND CON

(Editor's note: Remember the girls started this, and I do absolve myself from all blame. But I do want to say that the views from my office window on moonlight night belies the general tone of this discussion. Oh! that's all right I won't mention any names. Just remember my office is in the basement of the Alumni Building.)

Are co-eds a bane or a boost on a class?

SEZ THE CO-ED.

It is the good fortune of this University to have a group of the most beautiful and intelligent co-eds that could be assembled. What we lack in number we more than make up in quality. Besides furnishing the campus with beauty, we also goad the boys on to strive for higher grades, etc. The boys in this university are unsurpassed in denseness. They have the most asinine sense of humor imaginable. If the Professor tells a joke they laugh regardless of the age of the pun. It is a well known fact that a Professor will make his lecture much more interesting if there is a bit of feminine interest in the class . . . a bright spot in an otherwise dull quarter. The Prof has to temper his lectures to be able to make it acceptable to the boys, there intelligence fails to grasp any subtlety. In grade school we were taught that boys are things to be avoided . . . when we reach college we see why this is. Yet some people want to know if a co-ed is a boon to a class. Draw your own conclusions, and then say that she absolutely is a blessing . . . ask the Prof.

SEZ THE BOY.

Carolina is cursed with absolutely the most mediocre bunch of co-eds in the country . . . or anywhere. How one school could get such a bunch of co-eds is beyond any boys imagination. The co-eds cramp the Prof's style. How can a Prof spill any dirt with a couple of dames present? Believe me the Prof sure

breathes a sigh of relief when those obstacles are absent . . . so do the boys. As to the statement that co-eds distract a boy on class. Who ever said that never did see this bunch we have. I'd much rather sleep than be distracted by one of these here fair damsels. A sense of humor is entirely lacking in them, take this for an example: A professor held up a picture of an elephant and asked the class what it was. A sprightly co-ed chirped "I know what it is. It's a gop." And thought that was new too. Judge for yourself if they have any sense of humor. This group of co-eds has done more to make us boys believe that the woman's place is in the home than any-

thing else could ever do. Will somebody please tell me how such a group of co-eds can possibly be a boost. Waiting!

—●—
Cameraman: Shall we shoot now?

Director: No. Don't shoot till you see the whites of their thighs.

—●—
"What bells do you like best"?
"The belles of Saint Mary's."

—●—
"Young man, you will go far," said the Dean as he handed the Consular Service graduate his diploma.



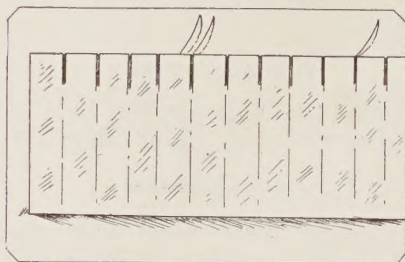
Dorothy Blankenship

"I have a strange feeling in my head."
"Probably that empty feeling."

House Parties

By Damn

Not wishing to go into the dangers of the modern social activities the Buccaneer does here-by present to its readers the following well-meant warn-



ing. (Now don't say we didn't tell you).

House parties originated from the old game that we used to play when children. Oh! I know you may say that playing house is a child's game, but, Brother, you're wrong. It is not a child's game the way it is played by these here college lads and lassies. Due to the name these parties are usually held in or at a house. The house is far from civilization. In fact, the farther the better. The parties are usually attended in couples; the couples consisting of a boy and a girl. You will see the reason for this after you get on the party. A chaperon is taken along; the chaperon will be of lots more use if deaf, dumb, and blind, it also helps to have her sleep very heavily. You'll also see the reason for this when you are on the party. Blankets should be taken, but not for sleeping purposes. It is best to take along some food, as you may get mad with your escort. It is usually best to take a few clothes. And I said a few. Pajamas are also taken, and what a thrill those nice silk pajamas add to a house party. The object of the party is to lose oneself (or twoselves) immediately after dark. Of course it is permissible to lose oneself in the day time, but, gosh, you know how night adds zest to a thing like this. Some of the less intel-

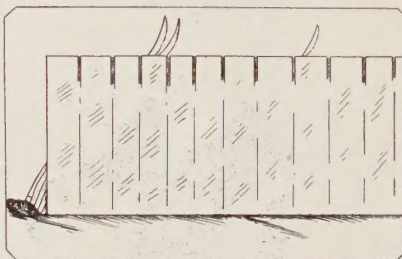
ligent members of the party may want to dance. Let 'em! but don't you get roped in on dancing; you're a lots better off lost. The parties usually last for a week end. That's the results too. A week end is quite long enough, and if you don't believe it just try it. When you get back from a house party our advice is to either shoot the girl with whom you went, or marry her.

(You will notice how altruistic the Buc is getting these days.)



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

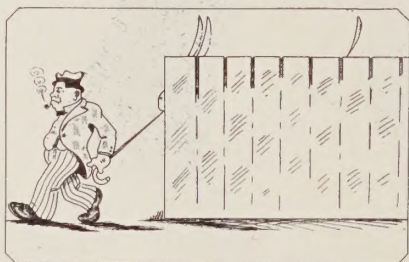
I didn't know it was loaded.
One more won't make any dif-



ference.

John, I don't see any trains coming.

It's probably only a Western Union boy behind us.



Pay you back as soon as I get some.

Get out a piece of paper and a pencil.

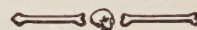


"Shall we go for a walk, dear?"

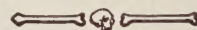
"No, I'm afraid we don't have time."

Just Among Us Co-eds

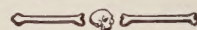
What do you think of Tom. . . . He has the PRETTTIEST eyes of anybody I ever saw. . . . And to think that they charge 15 cents to wash a combination. . . . This laundry is terrible. . . . When are we going to have another party? . . . He gave me some of the best gin I ever tasted. . . . You know these guys around here think they are the stuff, now up in New York you should see the guys from tirty toid street. . . . How the hell did she ever get elected to the most popular girl on the campus? . . . That's what we want you to tell us. . . . And to think I saw a man peeping in my window last night. . . . Say, you get all the breaks. . . . Wonder what I'll wear on the field trip this afternoon. . . . Bob said he knew a new way to . . . I would like to take a short cut myself. . . . But that is only half price. . . . I know, but you see they are having a fire sale. . . . What's on at the show today? . . . And maybe I didn't take him for a ride. . . . I'm going to get a line on that kid with the Packard eight roadster. . . . Well, kids, there goes the bell. . . . Now ain't that hell.



"Sure, I'll take the case," said the doctor to his bootlegger.



"It all goes to show," said the chorus girl as she opened her make-up box.



My wife's been sick from eating raw oysters. I found some raw oysters under the bed.

That's nothing, my wife's been eating street car tokens; I found a conductor under the bed.



Freshman: Can I take you out tonight?

She (haughtily): I wouldn't go out with a baby.

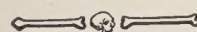
He: I'm sorry, I didn't understand.



N. C. student at N. C. C. W.: Sweetheart, I love you.

She: But you just met me tonight.

Nut: I know, but I'm only here for tonight.



And lest we forget there was the Scotchman who said he preferred "married love" to "free love"!

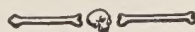
"I could live with you up on the moon."

"Ah, cheese."



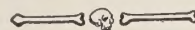
Proud Father: What shall we call it?

Fond Mother: Let's call it Quits.



Judge (to discharged prisoner): And when I see you again I hope you will have become an honest man.

Prisoner: Thank you, sir, and the same to you, sir.

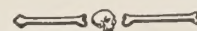


"She's a pure girl."

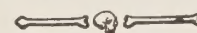
"Yes, and simple."

Policeman: How did the accident happen?

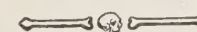
Motorist: My wife fell asleep on the back seat.



You're Driving Me Crazy, said the little monoplane as the new co-ed pilot went into another nose dive.



Heading on a Peace student's letter: "At Peace but not rest."



Editor: What do you think of the *Girl's Number*?

Poor Sap: I never can remember it.



IMPRESSIONS OF CAMPUS PUBLICATIONS

No. 4. The Carolina Buccaneer

How I Invented the Fountain Pen

(By Hezikiah Botts Fountain, A.
B., M.A., M.S., Ph.G., Ph.D.,
L.L.D., Phi Beta Kappa,
Epsilon Phi Delta.)

Of my early childhood I have only a faint, hazy, and far-away memory. I was born at a very early age in the home of at least one of my parents in the suburbs of a town in north eastern Missouri. My earliest recollection is that of my father's bending over my trundle bed, pointing to me, and saying, "We will keep that one."

My mother was overjoyed at the early interest that I showed in literature and, in particular, poetry of the Spencerian type. The Alexandrine was my servant from the time that I first uttered a word. I began with the simpler words and worked up to the larger and more difficult ones. Antidisestablishmentarianism and Pithecanthropus erectus were among my earliest words.

My father was as considerate a father as could be found among the suspects of my native community. Mother used no little tact in selecting him from among the several other possible men. With what pleasing memories I recall his nightly return from work! He would call me from my work in calculus and with the true paternal love thump me fondly on my jaw with a haymaker from the floor up. He was as considerate of my dear mother. With that fervid devotion he would caress her with his cat of nine tails as the sun sank in the golden west, and men and women sank to rest. Mother would reciprocate by playfully jabbing at his kindly eye. The other having been knocked out by a school day chum in a scramble for the honor roll at old Podunk Academy, long since renamed Pittsinbergerendorfinklestine Junior College of Applied Roofing.

I was early versed in the study

of mythology. My school was the High School of Axanhaver, Missouri. I was too advanced for the students of that simple institution. I had all the prerequisites, so there was no trouble in being admitted to the Alice Borst School of Correction for Delinquent Children. There I received three letters, two major and one minor. The two major letters were from my father and the judge of the Juvenile Court, who, by the bye, was taking a deep and paternal interest in my welfare. The minor letter was from the father of a girl with whom I had associated nine months or so before my matriculation at Alice Borst. My excellent behavior and advancing years gained for me a diploma with distinction. Now the fields of highest education opened to me.

My father decided to send me to West Point, but the Congressman, a mean, selfish dolt, gave the appointment to a very ignorant son of his campaign manager. This made my father angry so he sent me to Max Factors College of Make-up. After making up the work in which I was deficient I took Physics 24635 and one-half. Dr. Factor was my instructor. Dear old Factor, as we use to call him when he passed us on our courses and under the spreading elms of Factor College. Factor was a learned man and a good scholar. This is an essential factor in the striving for education, particularly in physics where the factor is sometimes hidden under a multitude of unimportant numerals.

I left Factor college for a remark that Dr. Factor made one day. I shall never forget his look of austere dignity as he

said, "Fountain you are expelled."

I went home and began my life work. I remembered having heard a life insurance salesman comment on the difficulty of writing insurance during the period of depression. "That shall be my life work," I thought. So I set to work.

One day I was wondering what a Fountain pen would look like. As I had never seen one it was a puzzling thought. I went to mother.

"Mother," I said, "What does a fountain pen look like?"

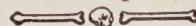
"Ach himmel, a fountain pen? For what is it that it is it?" She replied in broken Spanish. Mother was versed in many languages.

"Othermay," I said, "Atwhay ishay ountainfay enpay?"

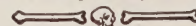
"Alfach hialfimmealfel, alfan foulfountainfain palfen? Folfor whalfat ilfis ilfit thalfat ilfit ilfis ilfit?" she replied.

I was about to give up in despair but I didn't have the railroad fare. One day as I was counting my chickens before they hatched it all came to me in an inspired moment. I set to work and soon had the Fountain pen a reality. The workings of the pen and the methods by which I invented it are only minor details.

This in brief is how I invented the Fountain pen.



"I'd prefer being a chauffeur to a jockey," said little R. R. Hood, "for the jockey sees only the horses neck while the chauffeur sees everybody neck."



Then there was the Scotchman who came to America because he heard it was a free country.



"May I?"
"Can You?"

Please Sister

1. Wash your face 'cause I would like to see exactly what you look like.
2. Buy some cigarettes of your own occasionally.
3. Tell me, where did you ever get the idea that you were cute?"
4. Wear your skirts longer because you will look one hell of a sight better.
5. Tell me, who was the blind man who told you that you were good-looking?
6. The next time I call look that kid brother of yours in his room.
7. Let's drop that girl friend you are so intimate with, she eats too damn much.
8. Do learn to dance.
9. Tell me, have you ever tried Listerine?
10. Forget all about this.

One ounce of silk, they call it hose;
 Twice as much leather, they call it shoes;
 A tiny article, the familiar brassiere,
 That really should always appear,
 Perhaps a slip, and always stepins,
 Oh! men, it is here your trouble begins,
 A bit of a dress that fits the form,
 And shows a curve here—but that's no harm.
 Then to improve the looks of the hair,
 A gentle touch is applied here and there.
 That's all. And I'm confessing
 'Twas only a class in window dressing.

The faster the typist the more likely she is to stay in one place.

Here's to Joe the Co-ed maker,
 He couldn't be beat,
 But let this be a lesson to you few

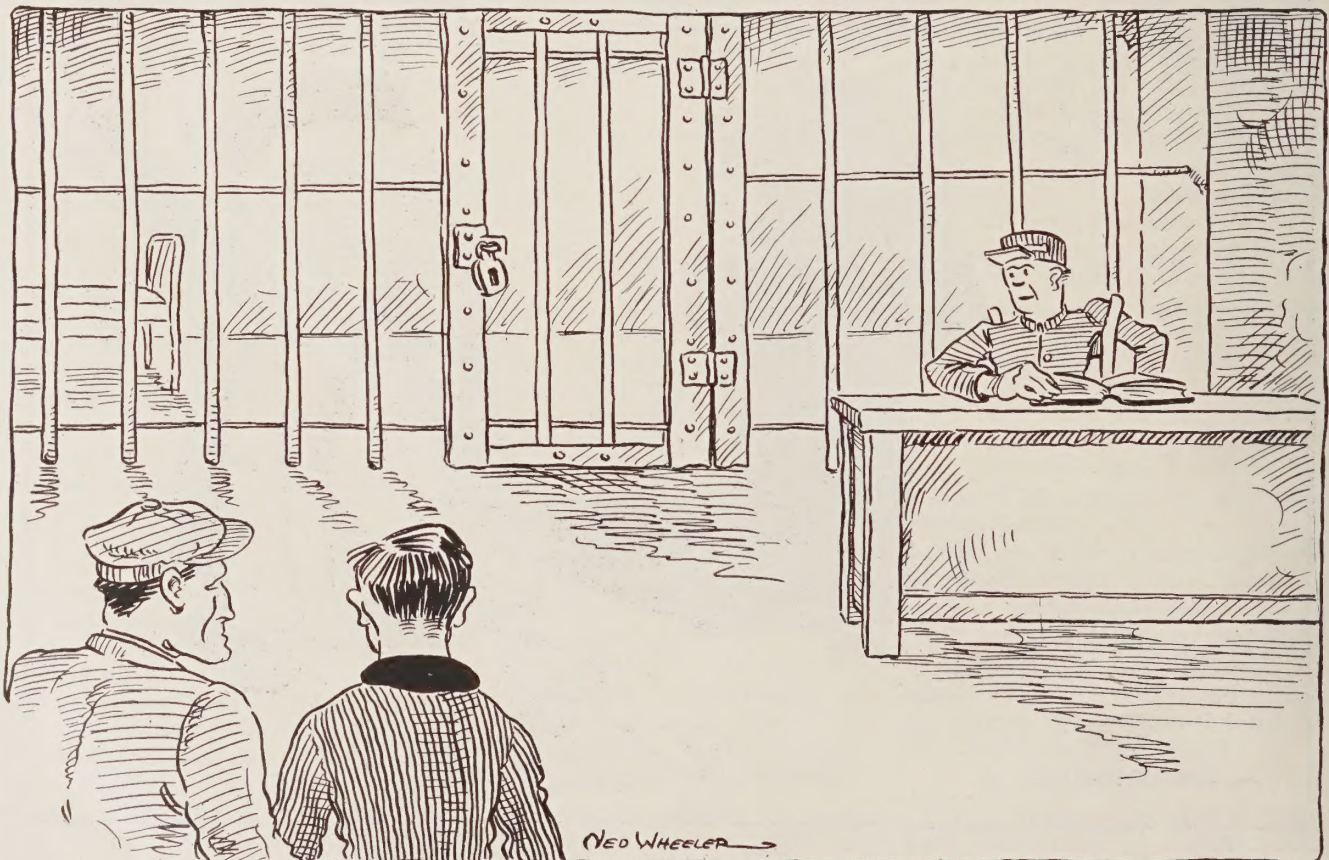
He got shot in the seat,
 He wouldn't marry her; like me or you.

Ole Paw raised his gun, and shot him,
 And shot him well;
 Right in the seat he got him,
 And blew him all to hell.

I'm tellin' you lads,
 It just won't go;
 It'll always end sad
 Remember ole Joe.

So I'm tellin' you to shun
 Co-eds, ladies, and gin,
 'Cause it ain't no fun
 To get shot in the end.

"I shall never be able to pay you all that I owe you," the bankrupt merchant told his creditors.



"Mr. Warden, we've come to see our banker."

DO YOU LIKE ART?

IF SO

READ VANITY FAIR

Would you expect to shoot clay ducks in the Tate Gallery? . . . What would you do if you came across a Cimabue in an old trunk? . . . Do you think a dry-point etching is executed with an empty fountain pen? . . . Do you know that a gargoyle is something besides the name of a college magazine? . . . The Altman prize has been awarded to an artist who hung his picture inside out. . . . Would you appreciate a work of this kind? . . . When, on your breakfast tray, you see a pot o' jelly, of what Italian artist are you reminded? . . . Vanity Fair is an authority on Art.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



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This Letter "E"—

Why is this thing called "E" so important.

It is always out of "cash" and in "debt." Always in "danger" and "wealth." Without it there would be no "heaven" although it is in "hell," all the time. It is the beginning of "evil" and the end of "trouble." Without it there would be no "end" for it is the very beginning of "end." It makes "love" perfect, for without it there would be nothing "perfect." Still "e" is out of "school" and yet at the head of "education." Were it not for "e" there would be no "money."

All in all "e" is helpful and harmful. "Help" could not be if it were not for "e," yet "e" is always in the end of "a perfect marriage." If it were not for "e" there would be no such things as "death" nor would there be "life."

However, "e" for all its harm is never in "wa" and yet if it were not for "e" there would be no "crime."

That is what we cannot understand for "e" is the end of all "crime" and yet were it not for "e" there would be no "crime."

While "e" gives us the last letter in "police" for protection were it not for "e" we would have no "murder," thefts," or "felonies."

Now tell me is this letter "e" really better or worse?

"Mary, are you entertaining a young man?"

Silence.

"Well, don't let him step on the cat going out."

"Our grandmothers," says frivolous Ann, "could stay in a strip-poker game longer than we can, 'cause one deal and the game is usually over for all practical purposes."

"I'm all wrought up over you," grinned the iron lamp over the front door.

"She's an admiral in a hotel." Admiral in a hotel?"

"Yes, she has charge of the vessels on the second floor."

"And what is George Washington noted for?"

"His memory."

"And why do you say that?"

"Because they erected a monument to it."

D. D. D. How do you like your job?

Ex-Grad. Fine, only I hate to do a horse out of a job.

Many a man renders first aid to a woman who is dying for a kiss.

"I'm stepping out with Frank tonight."

"And you'll probably ride back with the milkman."

He (half aloud): I think I'll change my tactics.

She: Why Jack!

Lawyer (to witness): Come, come speak up.

Witness: I can't talk without thinking, I'm not a lawyer.

Father: What expelled again!

Son: Yes, but for an entirely new reason.

"Young man, how is it that I catch you kissing my daughter, how it is I say?"

"Fine, thanks."

Sign in a New York department store: "Yes, We have Felt Slippers—In the Rear."

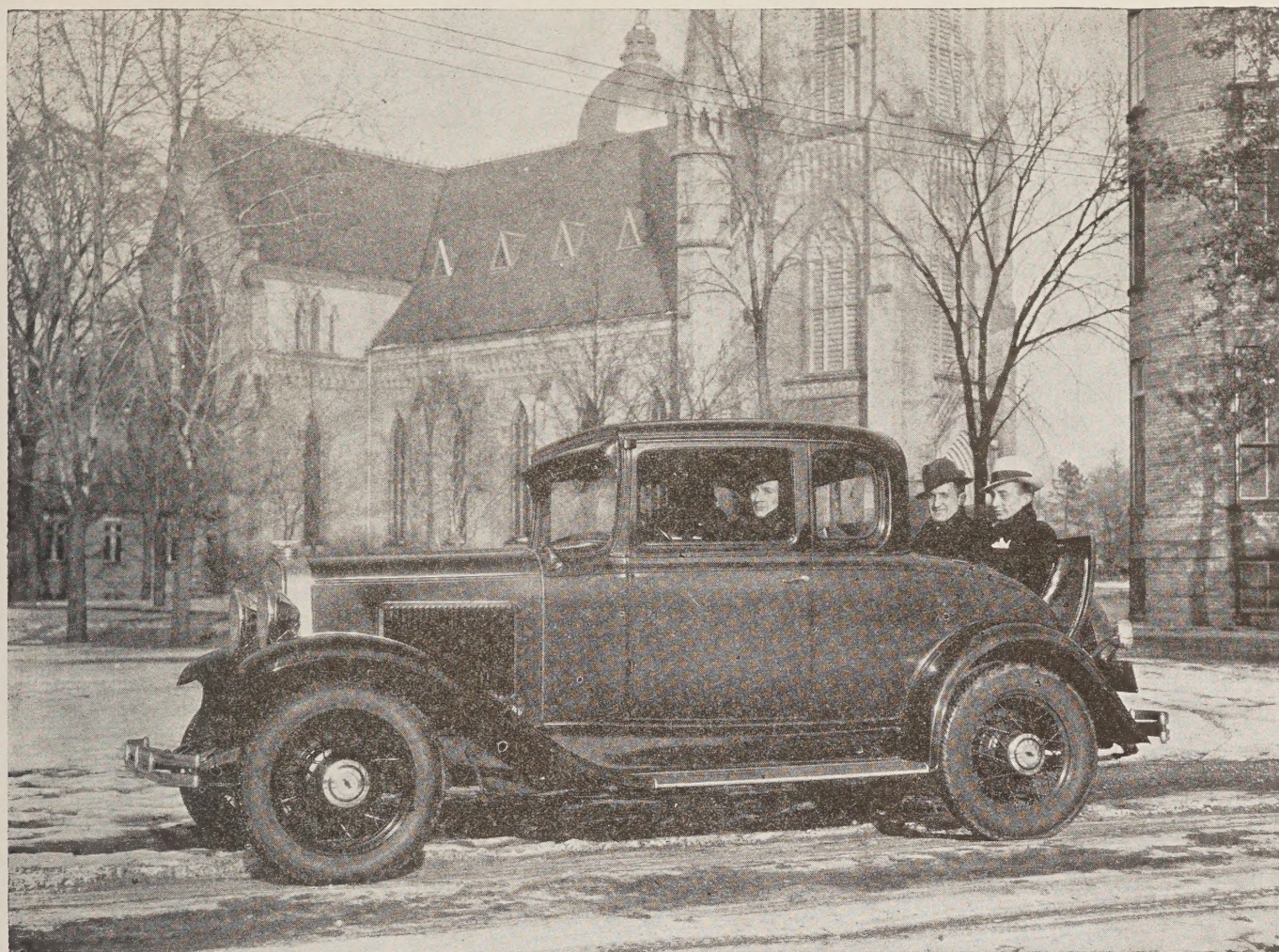
Man (in store): Give me a double-barrel shot gun.

Clerk: Ah! Two daughters.

"That must be an engagement ring," said the little pledge as she went to answer the house phone.



A complete flop.



The Chevrolet Sport Coupe photographed on the Notre Dame Campus with Sacred Heart Church in the background

Modern fine-car quality in an inexpensive automobile



It is wise, in these times, to consider what you get *above the bare needs of transportation*, when you buy a low-priced car. With its fine-looking new Six, Chevrolet has stepped smartly away from standards based on utility alone. Here in this smooth, capable, new automobile are—actually—scores of *fine-car* features . . . features which bring a new measure of quality, style and comfort to the lowest price field. . . . Just slip behind the

wheel once, and drive the smart new Chevrolet Six. Weave this car in and out of tangled traffic—eat up a straightaway at flashing top speed—let loose a thrust of power and take a stubborn hill! Do these things and you will know the new Chevrolet for the excellent automobile it is. . . . Here, from every standpoint, is a low-priced car you'll have every reason to be proud of—speedy, sturdy, smart and dependable—the Great American Value.

Chevrolet prices range from \$475 to \$650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., Special Equipment Extra
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

Letters of Protest From a Few of Our Co-eds

K. Wheary,
Editor of the Buccaneer,
Dear Sir:

As you failed to answer my last three letters, and the deadline day has passed, I'm gonna give you hell for not coming and getting the picture which I wrote you about. I told you that you could come by and get a picture of me for your magazine. I told you three times, and still you didn't come by for it, didja? Well I just want to tell you that you showed very poor judgment, and have missed having the picture of a nice looking brunette in your magazine. See if I care. It wasn't because I wanted my picture in your magazine, but it was merely the thought of the boys that would liked to have seen it. I guess you'll hear from them because they are unable to have a picture of me. And you needn't answer this either.

Mary Lillian Corell.

Editor of the Buccaneer:

Your advertisement for girl's pictures must have been a false alarm. You never did get that picture from me. And after you had made me think you'd publish it too. As I said before the co-eds on this campus are not shown the proper degree of respect, and this is another point in my favor. I'll bet you've gone and published some other little old girl's picture, when mine would have been much better. Well anyway I hope your damned issue is a bust. And them's my sentiments absolutely.

You heard me,
Kate Graham.

Kermit:

Whatdya think this is giving us the go-by like this? And you knew that we had some pictures

made of us two together. And just think of what a nice full page that would have made. Now that the time is past when we can get our pictures in your magazine, I guess you'll be wanting one . . . Well you won't get it, by cracky! And now the folks back in Bald Mountain won't see their favored daughters in the Buccaneer, and it's all your fault too. We think you're a damn wet smack, Kermit.

Disappointedly,
The two Bucks
(Ruby and Hope).

Mr. Kermit Wheary:

After I had written you condescending to allow you the use of my picture for the Buc you go and fail to take advantage of the offer. I can easily see that you are quite a wide-awake editor. You say that you want pictures of beautiful girls, yet when I wrote you and told you that you could have mine you fail to come for it. Nor have I been interviewed. I think this is a sappy way to run a magazine, and I don't care if you know it either. So there now!

Cynically yours,
Miss Elizabeth Nunn.

Mr. K. Wheary:

It is only a very few days before your Girl's number should be out, and you still haven't answered any of my letters, nor have I had any one to come to me for that picture I told you about. You know Ed said to me said Ed that he thought it would be mighty nice if I were to grace the pages of the Buccaneer. But here now you've waited until it is too late for me to get in. Just you wait, you'll hear from Ed about this matter. And remember that a large number of local

theatre-goers will be denied a treat. All right, but remember it's your fault.

Disgustingly yours,
Jo. Norwood.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Did you really mean to slight me in the Girl's number of your magazine? Well you've gone and done it. You should have known that Baron would have thought it real nice had my picture been put in. And now that it is too late for me to even get in, I think you're just too horrid for words. You didn't even send for any picture of me, and you knew that I wanted my picture in this issue. But now I would not give you a picture to put in your old magazine . . . I wouldn't Whatdya think this is leap-year?

Yours,
Mary Morris.



S.K.B.



SWING ALONG!

THERE'S a thrilling freshness in the smoke of a Camel—a delicately blended fragrance, sunny and mild—that's never even been approached by any other cigarette. Swing along with the modern crowd! They've graduated to Camels and real smoke-enjoyment.

CAMELS



SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

ALADDIN HOCKS HIS LAMP or

THE GENII MAKES GOOD (A play with no sense)

Curtain shows Aladdin and the Genii wallowing mid-stream of the Suez Canal.

Aladdin (to the Genii, who has paid him a surprise visit): Well! What do you want?

Genii: A day off sir. The wife is going to pull a collegiate party this evening and wants me to turn into a pitcher of ice-water for the gang.

Aladdin: Well—you can do that and then get away, can't you?

Genii: No, sir. You see, the pitcher of ice-water won't be needed till early morning, sir, and meantime I'll have to be in turn the doormat, the clothes hangers, the phonograph, the davenport, the wine, the kitchen sink, and the messenger telling my wife I'm detained at the office.

Aladdin: You're a damned liar, Genii! I got a date with your wife myself tonight!

Genii: You're a damn liar yourself, Aladdin! I have no wife!

(Curtain won't work. Shut your eyes.) —Columns.

She: Isn't your family at home this evening?

He: Sure, don't you see the light in the cellar? —Log.

"Your daughter is expected to come around all right, sir; we are giving her artificial respiration."

"My God! She's all I've got; give her the real thing." —Lampoon.

EVOLUTION

There was once a Freshman who did all of his homework, attended all of the major and minor sporting activities, and purchased the college publication.

There was next a Sophomore who attended all of the major sporting activities and read some one else's copy of the college publication.

There was also a Junior who attended the "Big Game."

There was a Senior. —Beanpot.

A visitor to the capital found himself in a hotel dining-room opposite the White House, which, for the third time, had burst out in flames. Addressing the waitress he remarked: "It looks like the burning of Sodom in Gomorrah."

"Like the what?" inquired the girl.

"Like the burning of Sodom. You must have read about it and how all the bad men were put to death."

"No, sir; I haven't seen a newspaper for the last three days," the waitress confessed. —Punch Bowl.

Wife: Remember now, meet me at the Blitzmore at twelve for lunch.

Lawyer Husband: Very well, dear, but please be there by one, as I have an appointment with a lady client at two, and I can't wait any longer than three if I'm to meet her at four. —Pointer.

First Ghost: Whoo!

Second Ghost: Eeeyou!

Third Ghost: Wooooooo!

Stewed College Man: Poor little ghosties! Where does it hurt? —Pitt Panther.

He: Jack's wife simply worships him.

Him: How's that?

He: She places burnt offerings before him three times a day. —Bored Walk.

Detective: I had a queer case last week—a man was shot, the knife was found by his side, the gas was turned on; who do you think poisoned him?

Friend: Who did?

Detective: No one; he hanged himself. —Pointer

Then there's the poor Englishman who walked into a soda fountain and asked for a cocktail. They brought him a feather duster. —Sun Dial.

Nurse (to theatrical producer): Take a look, sir. How do you like your new baby boy?

T. P.: Hm-m, not quite the type. Take his name and tell him to drop around some other time. —Mercury.

Jimmie: Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?

Pa: They are generally referred to as such.

Jimmie: Then, if a man marries twice, there isn't a whole lot left of him, is there? —Log.

Cook: Use two cups of flour and two gallops of molasses.

Visitor: Two what?

Cook: Two gallops.

Visitor: What are they?

Cook: Well, you take the molasses can and turn it upside down. As the molasses pours out it goes "gallop, gallop". Take two of them. —Lion.

"Give me a sentence containing the word 'incongruous'."

"There are a lot of stupid Senators incongruous." —Tiger.

Anthra: "Darling, I'd leave my wife and seven babies for you!"

Cite: Oh, but think how those eight women would miss you! —Rice Owl.

George Washington—the god of the Credit Men! He left a farewell address. —Purple Parrot.

1st Female: Why did you jump out of his car and start running last night?

2nd Feline: I was being chaste. —Purple Parrot.

"So you're going to prison for life, eh?"

"O no! Just from now on." —Purple Parrot.

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, they brought me two more." —Aggievator.

Medic Frat Man: We don't need to date in our fraternity.

Alice: Why?

Medic Frat Man: Because the Faculty members tell us everything we need to know. —Iowa Frivol.



The smoothest incense to the
green-eyed goddess since the introduction of
Cutting In . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



Chesterfield

MILDER . . AND BETTER TASTE

Sunshine *mellows* Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

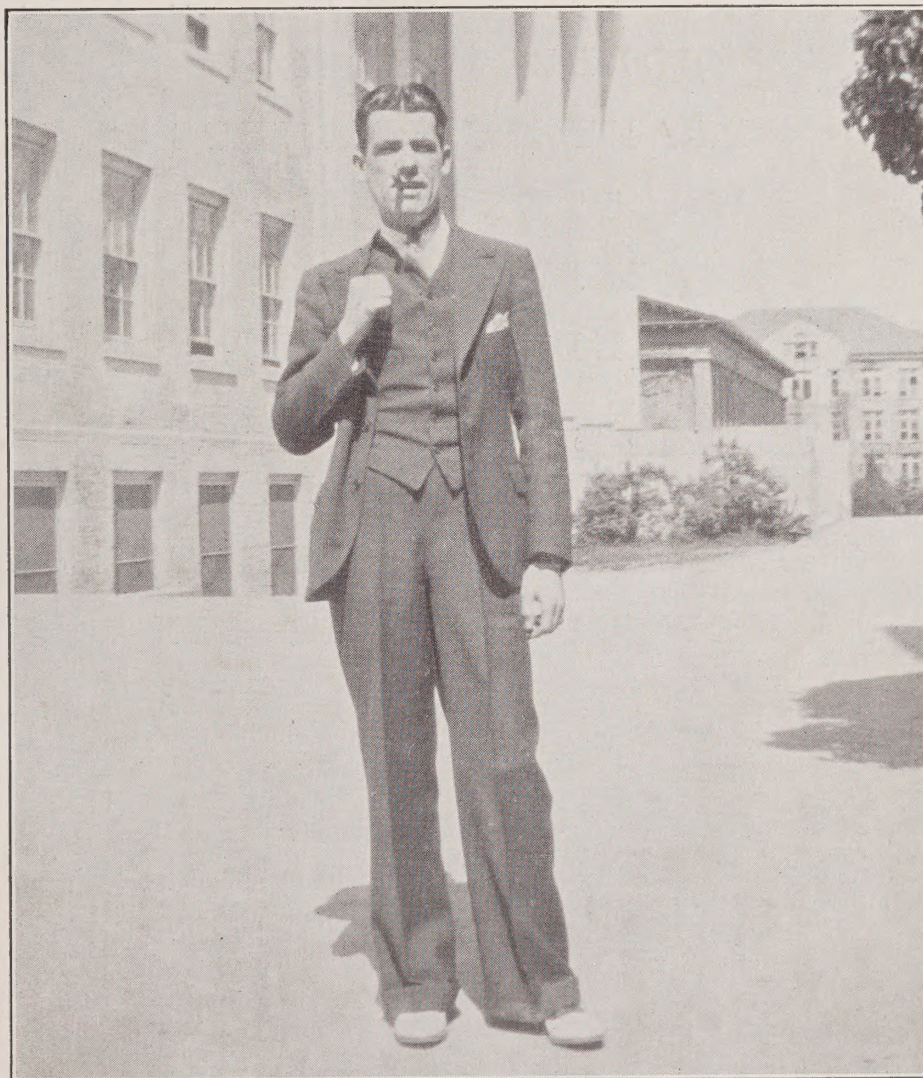
Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough



My 16 '31

BUCCANEER

University of North Carolina



Volume VIII

THOMAS BEATTY RECTOR

He ate cabbage for breakfast

(See CAMPUS AFFAIRS)

Number 7

Our Advertisers

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO., INC.

COLLEGE HUMOR

PLANTERS PEANUTS

WOOTEN-MOULTON

LIFE SAVERS

SHREDDED WHEAT

CAMEL CIGARETTES

VANITY FAIR

CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES

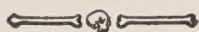
NEW CHEVROLET SIX

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

The University of North Carolina

He (as they drive along a lonely road):
You look lovelier every minute. Do you
know what that's a sign of?

She: Sure. You're about to run out of
gas. —*Punch Bowl.*



Stranger: I represent a society for the
suppression of profanity. I want to take
profanity entirely out of your life and—

Jones: Hey Mother. Here's a man who
wants to buy our car. —*Lafayette Lyre.*



How cruel we are! We split infinitives,
murder songs, drown thought, dye hair,
break up sentences, hit the books, wear
socks, cut remarks short, make a stab at
anything, strike a match, slay the woman,
punch the clock, jump at conclusions, kick-
off, tear paper, and hang participles.

—*Wampus.*

The Orange Printshop

WHERE materials, crafts-
manship and equipment com-
bine to produce a beautiful
and perfect whole with a fin-
ish and appearance lacking in
the average "job of printing."

**The Buccaneer Is Printed
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STEP RIGHT THIS WAY—



This versatile magazine offers you
refreshing pages of HUMOR,
FICTION, ARTICLES and STYLES

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The Magazine with a College Education

Fancy Ices

Sherbets

Durham Ice Cream Company Inc.

"Blue Ribbon"

ICE CREAM

DURHAM, N. C.

"Won its Favor by its Flavor"

BLOCKS

PUNCH

"That's the captain of the Police Intelligence force—the best that money can buy."

—*Pelican.*

Alpha Sig: What have you got there?

Delta Sig: Some insect powder.

Alpha Sig: Good heavens! you aren't going to commit suicide?

—*Drexerd.*

She: But you are a perfect stranger, sir.

He: Thanks.

—*Longhorn.*

GURGLES

down in the meddy
by the oddy oddy boo
fam a bid muddie fissie
and a itto fissie too

fim, said the oid fissie
and I fim too
and de fam and de fam
in the oddie oddy boo

—*Blue Moon.*

Annie Rutz, daughter of the local candy store keeper, as the Virgin Mary in this year's production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. She is the first blonde Virgin for a century.—*Town and Country.*

"Is this the House of Christ?"

"Yea, verily it be so."

"Well, when'll He be home?"

—*Purple Parrot.*

Bald Student: You say you can recommend this hair restorer?

Barber: Yes, sir, I know a man who removed the cork from the bottle with his teeth, and within twenty-four hours he had a moustache.

—*Lyre.*

Customer: Murads, please.

Drug Clerk: Anything wrong, sir?

—*Gargoyle.*

As one lunatic said to the other, "We are here for no reason at all." —*Longhorn.*

Mr. Smith: I hear the Jones have quite a family now.

Mrs. Brown: Yes, and in such a short time, too!

Mrs. Smith: When their first baby came, Mr. Jones got a baby buggy. When their second one came, he put balloon tires on it. Along with the arrival of the third, he furnished the buggy with some four-wheel brakes. The fourth one's arrival made it necessary for him to get a rumble seat. Now they have twins, Mrs. Jones has ordered a stop light.

—*Frivol.*

Inveterate Joker (to doctors bent over unconscious form): Well, well, it looks like a revival meeting.

—*Widow.*

Editor: What shall I say about the two peroxide blonds who made such a fuss at yesterday's game?

Reporter: Why, just say that the bleachers went wild.

—*Bison.*

Teacher: If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the difference?

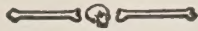
Johnny: Yeah, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too.

—*Orange Peel.*

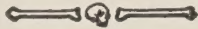
"Jack loves to make people feel at home."

"How so?"

"His house party girl was from Davenport."
—Cornell "Widow."



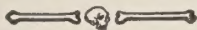
If you don't succeed at first, try playing second base.
—Beanpot.



Sig. Ep: Oy, am I sick!"

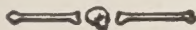
Delt: Whatsa matter?

Sig. Ep: I ate one of those Unemployed Apples, and it started to work!
—Lehigh "Burr."



First Stewed: Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?

Second Stewed: He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon.
—Exchange.



"Do you know Louis?"

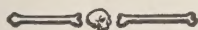
"Louis who?"

"Louis Seize."

"Says what?"

"Pawdon me. Mrs. Astor, but that never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and that spittoon."

—Zip 'n Tang.



TELEFONES AND HAPPINESS

The telephone
rings
& mi hart goes flop
lik a fish
in the deep blu
sea
but i mite hav new
that the calls
cumin thru
aint
nevr 4 me
nevr 4 me . . .

—Malteaser.



Jones rang the bell at the new doctor's house. The doctor's wife answered the ring.

"You wish to see the doctor?" she said.
"Couldn't you come tomorrow morning?"

"Why," said Jones, "isn't the doctor in?"

"Oh, yes, he's in," said the young wife wistfully, "but you're his first patient, and I'd like you to come as a surprise for him tomorrow. You see, it's his birthday."

—Boston Transcript.

TO HAVE YOUR SLEEP and your breakfast, too!



When a few too many winks have limited your breakfast period—get the maximum nourishment in the minimum time with Shredded Wheat. Two of these biscuits swimming in rich milk are a brain and brawn food that prepare you for the day's work and lets you start it on time. Shredded Wheat is ready to serve—so there's no delay whether you eat at a commons, restaurant or fraternity house. And no matter how fast it is put away—it satisfies the inner man. Next time you oversleep (probably tomorrow) make up the minutes with Shredded Wheat.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT



WITH ALL THE BRAN
OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

LETTERS

Patronize

our

Advertisers

Rebuke

Sirs:

BUCCANEER needs a rebuke. It prates about being on the job, but being like other human things it is also asleep at times. One incident, especially, deserves comment. In a recent issue a subject of universal and timely interest was mentioned.

I refer to BUCCANEER's statement that what the campus needed was more good reading material and less *Tar Heel*. In those few words BUCCANEER said what everybody who thinks has thought.

But what happens? BUCCANEER suddenly, with no apparent reason steps from behind its noble purpose, leaving its readers with no defense against the tyranny of the *Daily Heel*.

Is BUCCANEER, for some reason afraid of Ex-Managing Editor, now Editor-in-Chief Jack Elwyn Dungan and Ex-Editor-in-Chief William Henry (Weakly Said) Yarborough. Or is it Publications Tycoon Kerr Craig (Chief) Ramsay and his controlling Publications Union Board.

Let us hope not and that in the future BUCCANEER will stick behind noble fights into which it enters.

GEORGE EDWARD FRENCH

Pi Kappa Alpha Big Shot
Managing Editor, *Daily Tar Heel*
University of North Carolina.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

BUCCANEER has stuck and always will stick behind *worthy*, noble fights. In this case, the cause could not be considered any too noble.—Ed.

Funny?

Sirs:

The *Daily Heel* is the official campus newspaper, the *Magazine* is the literary organ and I have heard the BUCCANEER is the humorous publication. From a survey of this year's issues I am unable to find anything which would convince me that we do have a funny magazine on the campus.

You have probably seen for yourself that the *Daily Heel* publishes the latest news stories. This is accomplished by having a wide-awake staff and an efficient editor. Now I am not saying the BUCCANEER does not have a wide-awake staff and an efficient, what I mean is why doesn't the BUCCANEER print the latest jokes and humorous happenings on the campus?

JACK DUNGAN

Editor *Daily Heel*,
University of North Carolina.

The staff awoke the other day and heard this one. Co-ed: Who was that gentleman I saw you with last night?

2nd co-ed: That was no gentleman, that was Jack Dungan.—Ed.

Blotted Word

Sirs:

For many years I have been an admirer of your magazine. I have always looked forward to each issue with pleasant anticipation, each time expecting to see something daring, something which other humorous publications would not dare print. I have been disappointed.

The first number this year caused a commotion on the campus. It was at first rumored that the faculty had suspended the issue, but later it was delivered to the students. I received my copy and I was positive the jokes would make me blush. But alas, not so. The jokes were as pure as an old maid's thoughts. There was a word in the last line of a joke which had been blotted out with india ink. The joke went like this: Soda clerk: What will you have, little girl? Little Girl: Give me a (the next word was blotted), Mother says they are so refreshing.

Will you please be so kind as to print for me the word which was inked out. I would like to blush once this year.

BECKY DANIELS

Co-ed Shack,
University of North Carolina.

The BUCCANEER would not attempt to print jokes which would make a co-ed blush, and for your information the blotted word was cocoa cola.—Ed.

Innocence

Sirs:

I have enjoyed the wit displayed in your magazine this year as well as in issues of past years. In fact, I have read jokes which I have been able to tell my friends in the parlor. You may consider this a compliment to your universally denounced publication, as it were. But enough praise, let me get to the point.

When it was announced that a number would be especially dedicated to the co-eds, I was pleased for I expected the beautiful University women to be placed on a pedestal and glorified. But lo and behold, when the issue appeared (late of course) I discovered that the frontispiece carried, not a dedication to the lovely women but to Innocence, a trait rarely found among co-eds! Shocked, mortified and disgusted I vowed I would never read another of your issues. You had not placed our girls on a pedestal, you had put them on a footstool. But, by the way how did you discover that innocence was a trait rarely found among co-eds?

MRS. H. M. STACY

Dean of Women,
South Building,
University of North Carolina.

BUCCANEER discovers all.—Ed.

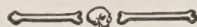
TIMES CHANGE

The Puritan had his blunderbus—today we have the baby carriage. —Voodoo.



The laziest man in the world is the one who held a cocktail shaker in his hand and waited for an earthquake.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



30 DAYS

Judge (to prisoner): Say, when were you born?

No reply.

Judge: I say, when was your birthday?

Prisoner (sullenly): Wot do you care? You ain't gonna give me nothing!

—The Drexlerd.



First Model: I said some very foolish words to my boy friend last night.

Second Model: Yes?

First Model: That was one of them.

—Rice Owl.

Phi Psi: I didn't sleep a wink last night.

Brother: Why not?

Phi Psi: The shade was up.

Brother: Well, why didn't you put it down?

Phi Psi: I couldn't reach to the Theta House.

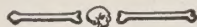
—Sour Owl.



"So that's a lap dog?

"Yes. Fido, come over and lap the lady."

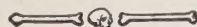
—Aggievator.



Farmer: I would like to buy a double-barreled shotgun, please.

Clerk: Why, Mr. Jones, I didn't know you had a daughter.

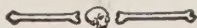
—Froth.



Daily Reporter: That professor you sent me to interview said he had nothing to say.

Editor: Hold it down to a column and a half, then.

—Purple Parrot.



"Will you slip in the garden with me?"

"How dare you!"

A man had two sons and a daughter. One day the oldest son came to him. "Father, I'm in trouble with a girl. Can you let me have a hundred dollars?"

The father, wishing his son to be complicated in no such manner, quite reluctantly gave him the hundred dollars and said: "Yes, I'll give it to you, but for goodness sake be careful after this."

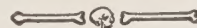
A few weeks later his second son came to him. "Father, I'm in trouble with a girl. Can you let me have a hundred dollars?"

The father again wishing his son to be complicated in no such manner, quite reluctantly gave him the hundred dollars and said: "Yes, I'll give it to you but for goodness sake be careful after this."

A few weeks later his daughter came to him. "Father," she started, "I'm in trouble with a man—"

"Hooray!" yelled the father, "We collect for once."

—Lehigh Burr.



"What's the difference between a snake and a flea?"

"A snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea's not so particular."—Purple Parrot.

Chapel Hill's

Health Beverage For Young and Old

Gold Seal Lactic Milk is fast becoming one of Durham and Chapel Hill's best known health drinks. Hundreds of Durham and Chapel Hill's young babies live almost entirely on Gold Seal Lactic and hundreds of others drink it daily purely because it is such a fine health beverage.

Everywhere it is generally recognized that Lactic Acid Milk is an excellent food for those troubled with digestive disorders. Consult your physician about the beneficial qualities of Lactic Milk.

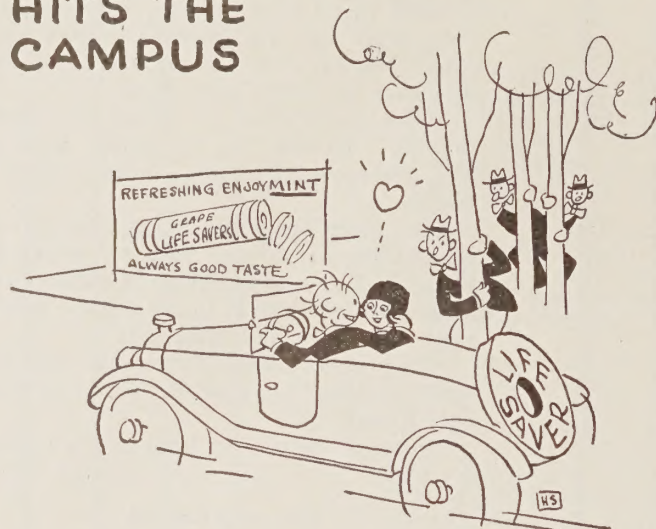
Gold Seal Lactic Milk is made fresh every day. Its uniform fine flavor is probably the reason more of this one brand is used in Durham and Chapel Hill than all others combined.

Durham Dairy Products, Inc.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA



A NEW TASTE SENSATION HITS THE CAMPUS



And it's a **LIFE SAVER**
FOR DEAR OLD WHOOSIS

Soph: What's your name Plebe?

Frosh: Quitz Jones, sir.

Soph: Where'd you get the name, Quitz?

Frosh: When I was born my father came in and saw me. He said to mother, 'Mary, let's call it Quitz!'

—Puppet.



Country road. Youth and maid in car. Car falters, then stops.

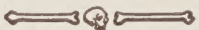
Calloused Youth: Outta gas, by cracky!

Poor-But-Honest Girl: Oh, yeah? (Produces flask from somewhere.)

C. Y. (in highly receptive mood): A-a-h-h! What's in that flask?

P. B. H. G.: Gasoline.

—Gargoyle.



"Good morning, my son," said the census taker. "You seem to be a bright little shaver. Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yeah, I got lotza brudders and cistern. There's seven of us boys and eight girls."

"My, my! The stork must visit you often."

"Visit us—hell! He lives with us!"

—Sour Owl.

Frats Disappointed

Sirs:

This is to inform you that your paper, periodical, magazine de comedia and other vile appellations is not as complete as it should be. You approach a thing half way and never quite complete your purpose. You claim to be a chronicle of campus humor—and yet in your January treatise on the chosen four hundred of the campus—the fraternity set—you left out exactly sixty of that number. Phi Sigma Kappa and Phi Kappa Sigma, two very estimable groups of democratic snobs, were ignored—and that's one thing they will not stand for. Consequently, we have stooped to tell you why we have the privilege to snob without being snobbed in return.

We'll have you know that we are just as big sots as any other clan on the campus. We've got just as much money and we have just about as many wild parties. We specify that a man in order to be eligible for our high and mighty order must have a family that can well stand any scandal which might result. Other wise, there would be no point in making him a member. We embody college life in its more sociable details.

In Phi Kappa Sigma, for instance we have the "Alas! poor Yorick" group. In Phi Sigma Kappa, we have the "Play's the thing," and never think of the days of Yorick.

Look us over and envy us. Show us to the campus as an ideal. That's what we adore. But never ignore us, kind sirs, or we'll come down from our high positions of ease and refinement, and we'll knock your little blocks off.

With pleasure,

DON ("Red") WOOD and

ED ("Shycter") EUBANK

University of North Carolina.

Mortified

Sirs:

With deep mortification did I read in your most vile magazine, issue of February, 1931, an article relating to the doings of Mr. Block Bryson, and the illustrious Mr. Bunny Chadbourn and myself. I am unable at this time to recall the article wherein these names were quoted, but it is my wish to chide you for having the audacity to print my name in company with that of two such well-known sots, cheque-forgers, and child-slappers. My dear editor, it is mortifying enough to be mentioned in your magazine without having to stand in company with such low-brow gentlemen.

SCOTT BENTON

Law School,
University of North Carolina.

The BUCCANEER apologizes most humbly to Messrs. Bryson and Chadbourn.
—Ed.

Poor John, he was killed by a flask of lightning.
—*Rice Sour Owl.*



Brainless Betty wonders if it is possible to die in a living-room.—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*



TOO BAD!

"I shall die," throbbed the suitor, "unless you consent to marry me."

"I'm sorry, said the maiden kindly but firmly, "but I shall not marry you."

So the fellow went West and after sixty-two years, three months and a day became suddely ill and died.

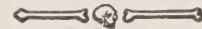


He: One thing about Frank, he knows when to stop drinking.

She: I've noticed that. How can he tell when to stop?

He: Well every time he takes a drink he swallows a bean and when the bean rattles against his back teeth, he knows he has had enough!
—*Zip 'n Tang.*

More water is used for making oceans than for anything else.—*Minn, Ski-U-Mah.*

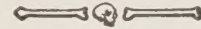


Psi U: I hear your girl was thrown out of Smith.

Deke: Yeah, she was expelled for gambling.

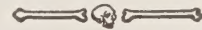
Psi U: Gambling?

Deke: Uh, huh, she took a chance on a couch.
—*Wasp.*



They call her Fanny, because she's at the bottom of everything.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*



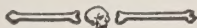
A man went into Cohen's book store and asked, "Have you a copy of Who's Who and What's What, by Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied: "No, sir; but ve got 'Who's He and Vat's He got,' by Bradstreet."

—*Drexerd.*

She was only a fireman's daughter, and her father put out her flames every night."

—*Longhorn.*

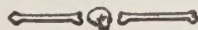


"I didn't catch the name but the breath is familiar."

—*California Pelican.*



"Oh, yes the girls up at the Pi Phi House are very religious. Every time I walk through the door I hear them murmur 'Ah men'."
—*Sundial.*

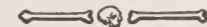


"My, I'm tired," quoth Eve, after taking a swim in the nude. "I wish there was somebody here to re-leave me."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

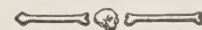
They call a professors' meeting just a little forget-together. —*Min. Ski-U-Mah.*

"How did you come out at the dog race?"



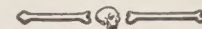
Did your dog win?"

"No, he was left at the post." —*Tiger.*



If you're caught red-handed, be nonchalant—tell 'em is's mercurochrome.

—*Medley.*



A Scotchman was engaged in an argument with the conductor on a street car. It seems the Scotchman believed the fare was five cents and the conductor insisted on a dime. After a long drawn argument, the conductor became disgusted, and, seizing the Scotchman's suit case, threw it off just as the car was passing over a bridge which crossed a small stream. The suit case landed with a loud splash. "Mon," screamed the Scotchman. "Isn't it enough you try to overcharge me without drown-ing my little boy?"
—*Purple Parrot.*

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

1: My father's got chickens that lay eggs every day.

2: That's nothing; my father's a college president and he lays corner-stones every week.

3: Well, my father's an ice-man and he—all right, we'll stop this right now.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



First Co-ed: I hear you had a big time at your house last night.

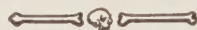
Second Prospector: Yeah, I laughed so hard I thought I'd split an infinitive.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.



The parking problem is becoming acute. The last resort for collegians is to do their necking in the library on Friday nights, where they will always be alone.

—Green Goat.



"We want a girl to sell kisses at the bazaar. Have you had any experience?"

"I went to college."

"You're hired."

—S. C. Wampus.



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"Weakly Said"

Sirs:

I read breathlessly every issue of your sparkling magazine and having read, am ever conscious of an insatiable passion for the next number. There are, I am given to understand, other publications in our little world. I have as a matter of fact, had a glimpse of one, and (appreciating your position on the campus and your ability to spot people) writing to make an inquiry about the "Weakly Said" Man. Who is this fellow Yarb, who enters in the afore-mentioned glimpsed paper what is obviously his initial column? He opens up by stating that "ideas for a column abound until the typewriter is secured and the process of putting those ideas on paper begins" and follows with several hundred words which emphatically vindicate his statement. Tell me now, why does a guy start out with a beautiful and appropriate name for his column and then turn around and slap himself in the face? I can't write, but I would like to make myself understood to the extent that you may deem it not unworthwhile to dig up some info and let me know about our man Yarb and whether or not "Weakly Said" is to be also weekly said.

PETER BROWN RUFFIN

S. A. E. Inn,
University of North Carolina.

From information given by a member of the *Daily Heel* staff the writer of "Weakly Said" is retired editor Will (Co-ed shack leech) Yarborough. It is our fear that it will be weekly said.—Ed.

BUCCANEER

University of North Carolina

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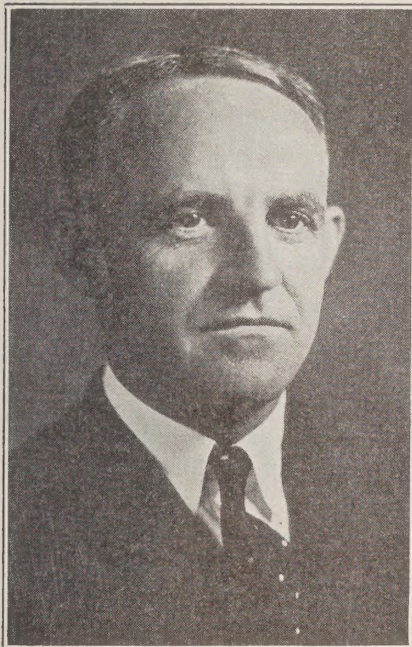
April, 1931

CAMPUS AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Speech

State-wide has been the interest aroused by short, smiling, earnest, hand-squeezing President Frank Graham's recent campaign against a cut in the University budget. To the harassed Legislature appeared President Graham, fortified with a stirring speech, with bewailing letters from prominent ex-Tarheels, notably vola-



CAROLINA'S GRAHAM
Held up the "Special."

tile, red-headed, talkative Howard Mumford Jones, and patriotic, philanthropic, "Silent John" Umstead. In the President's speech was stressed the service of the University, the loyalty due it, the glory accruing to the state from it. Badgered, bewildered legislature listened with sympathy, gave Graham an ovation as he departed. For weeks endured a period of hesitation, of debate. The Legisla-

ture knew not whither it was going. Assuredly, the Legislature liked Frank Graham; likewise it had a warm spot in its heart for his university. But this was a matter of money, and no Legislature likes to vote appropriations without much talk, unless it be a matter of political reciprocity. Last week the news broke that stumpy, Napoleonic, diplomatic Graham had won his victory; the Senate had increased the University budget to \$800,000. Great was the rejoicing thereat, tempered only by the fear that the House would succeed in cutting the amount down again.

☞ Rumors have it that Prexy Frank once went a-courting; held up trains, etc. When somewhat younger, Frank was at Greensboro, and for the same reason that boys go there now. Came the night; hours flew; Frank was loath to part with object of his affection; conscience smote him; classes were about to be missed. The only way in which the next morning's eight-thirty could be caught was to catch Captain Smith's "Carolina Special." Sent a message did Frank. Told Captain Smith that for the sake of a future college prexy to hold that train. Train was held; classes were caught; Frank suffered not.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET

Food Relief

To Secretary of the Graduate Students' Interiors Josephine Jones came last week rumors of gastronomic disturbances in the Graduate Club. Promptly, efficiently, Secretary Jones investigated, found the stories not without basis. Scholars, serious-minded aesthetes, and diligent research workers as they are, the graduates had gone without food for months, unheeding the demands of nature. Tall, gaunt Elford Morgan, short, wiry Ralph Byrd, both had worked themselves into anaemia without thought of taking sustenance. Others had even left the Club so that they might study without the interrupting temptations of succulent food aromas, of bustling and hustling in the dining hall. Possessed with the ardor of a crusader, firm in the belief that even a graduate student should eat sometime, Secretary Jones took measures. Last week was issued to inhabitants a list of edibles. Attached thereto was a code to be used in filling out the list. Before each commodity particularly delightful to the individual was to be placed the number 5; before each that was favored in general, the number 4; before those to which the consumer was indifferent, the number 3; before those mildly distasteful, 2; and before those to which he had a positive aversion, 1.

Results were not long in forthcoming. Unanimity was expressed by the students on only a few items: Apples, raw, for the most part got 3's; Apples, fried, Apples, stewed, Apples, sauce, Apples, butter, and Apples, otherwise cooked, were consistently evaluated at 1; Liver, in any and all forms known to Smith, took a strong position in the cellar at minus 1. True scholar, Secretary Jones has made research before committing herself to active steps. What will be done is a topic of interest.

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Campus Affairs—(Continued)

STUDENT BODY

Barriers Down

In staid, stern, sober Philanthropic Assembly Hall succumbed the members to wiles of fairer sex. This Assembly long looked upon as the most sacred right of the fast weakening males has collapsed. No more shall only male voices ring out from their rostrums, and male fists beat upon pulpits, and cuspidors receive only male wrath. All has changed. Pretty, short, plump, Virginia (V. A. D.) Douglas, of Daily Heel fame has done it. Dame Douglas with fierce speeches, stern, rebuking editorials has beaten down resistance of passive males. Was elected speaker pro tem of Phi Assembly for Spring quarter. Edwin Lanier, muchly touted debater, and



VIRGINIA A. DOUGLAS
Broke the Barriers

campus non-politician, is rumored to have been guiding light in the Douglas election. It is said that Edwin Lanier hoped the Assembly might see the light. No politicing for Edwin. Assembly saw the light. Voted. For the first time since 1897, when women were first allowed to invade Carolina's campus, a woman is in an official role in Philanthropic Assembly. From 1897 until the present quarter this sober

Assembly has been free from the presence of women in official roles. This no more. Women have triumphed. More and more honors have been heaped upon the weaker sex. They are still in quest of more honor and recognition. Said speaker pro tem Douglas: "I think I shall try football in the fall."

POLITICAL NEWS

Spring Election

Bitterly did the non-frat and all-campus parties fight on March 31, in drizzle, slush and a dark, stuffy Y. lobby for votes. A prodigious issue was at stake (BUCCANEER February): a division of fraternity and non-fraternity men over the right to control the campus politics, winner take all. The campus was stirred, the political pot had boiled over. Rain and a crowded lobby could not keep the voters from voicing their opinions.

Behind the counter in the self-help secretary's swivel chair sat All-campus chairman John (Student federation) Lang directing the attacks against the non-fraters, while close eared Johnny (Flea) Cooper slung mud on the outside. Slick tongued presidential candidate Bill (pre-shyster) Speight and leader Carl Joyner polled votes for the non-fraters. Blond nominator Joyner wore victory smile and bragged of election win. Members of both sides took dirty cracks at each, all were justified. Moviemann J. C. Smith passed out circulars declaring neutrality.

Some 1600 students cast ballots to give the University the best form of student government. After results of the voting was announced arguments followed. Said the non-fraters: "Some 1600 students have failed." Fired back all-campus supporters: "Some 1600 have revealed good judgment." Horned in outsiders: "We shall see, we shall see."

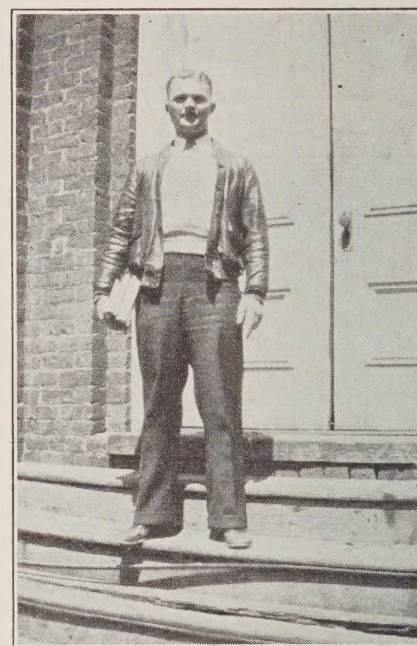
Back in Buncombe county a spunkless youth lived. His mother was worried, conceived a plan to give him life; would make him angry each morning. He liked post toasties for breakfast, she would now feed him cabbage at the meal. He became mad as a hornet, lost his spunkless nature. Coming upon the scene of this political battle was this onetime spunkless youth now politician clippty-clop Beatty (Senator) Rector. His boldness and go-getting actions surprised even his

cohorts. When asked if the election was affecting him, he replied: "No, I ate some more cabbage for breakfast."

INTER-FRATERNITY COUNCIL

Promised

Announcement in the *Daily Heel* of the inter-fraternity council election caused curt John Phil (Flea) Cooper, fraternity political framer, to announce that the All-Campus party had promised him the presidency of that body. Falling away in shrinking denial, the Phi Gams, Zetas, and other prominent



NON-FRATMAN JOYNER
Wore Victory Smile.

All-Campus boosters failed to recall having taken such action. There had been developed a passion to lay waste the political ascendancy of "Flea's" Sigma Nus. Phi Gam Patterson, glib political typhoon extraordinary, entrenched his following against Cooper, placed Senior student councilman Weeks, Theta Chi, in opposition. Said Patterson's understudyman Bill Bliss: "The Phi Gams are getting nothing out of it." Sigma Chi had their man Sickles posted.

Last week the council assembled to decide which frame-up was the most potent. There was smoke and flame about the campus for days before.

Campus Affairs—(Continued)

Clandestine candidates and their supporters wormed about, visiting here and there searching promised favor, promising favor. The assemblage was tense. There were questioning glances of misunderstanding. Some representatives had been talked to so much and had changed their minds so often as to have become almost shorn of logical thought and tossed into pits of pathetic despair. Childish men knawed their nails and spit them nervously.

They voted. Results: Cooper, President; Weeks, secretary; Sickles, unemploied.

Latter came exposure, invariably the outcome of such a split. Originally Cooper and Weeks had framed for president and secretary. Politically aspiring Phi Gams objected, called in Weeks, persuaded him to run for president. They told him: "Cooper knows too much, would enforce rules too rigidly, would give Sigma Nus another notch in their political belt." Said representatives of other frats: "The Phi Gams are pulling something; we distrust them." They supported Cooper. Promises unbroken in spite of effort.

FRESHMAN FRIENDSHIP COUNCIL

Religion and Politics

Politics has again shown its campus frame up hand, this time in Freshman Friendship council elections. At meeting last fall candidates from all leading cities of state ran. Spirited contest developed. Raleigh won majority of offices. Everyone adjourned hungry. Treasury-to-be furnished victuals for occasion.

Politics again came to the front. With same group, now approaching sophomore standing. On April 13 group met; suave Ed Lanier made casual remarks about electing new officers at next meeting. Afterward members made concentrated and grand rush for individual fraternity bosses and chief political henchmen. A score of frame-ups resulted; seemingly every fraternity had a complete freshman line up for officers in sophomore Y cabinet. Not-so-suave Ed Lanier made heated but impotent remarks about mixing politics with Y elections. Too late; the damage was done.

A hundred and twenty-five freshmen on hand for election. President McLeod rapped for order. Members

dropped into their seats. Ed Lanier prayed. Preliminary business disposed of hurriedly, and boards were cleared for election to come off.

It came. With a confusingly complicated rush. There were three main frame-ups. A was composed of five frats, B of four, and C of nine. A and C had arrived with intention of defeating B by pooling resources and support and splitting ticket.

Success marked their first effort: treasurer came from frame-up C. Much noise, excitement, cheering. More complicated politics, then secretary was elected—and from group A. The coalition was succeeding. The vice-presidency now, and A, changing its tactics, threw in with B. But wary B



JOHN PHIL COOPER
"They Promised Me."

put up its own man; the peeved A's voted with C and C won. Only the presidency remained. B still had bagged no office. Even more complicated agreements followed between A and B this time to defeat C. But with results announced under stress of a terrific din the C's were victorious.

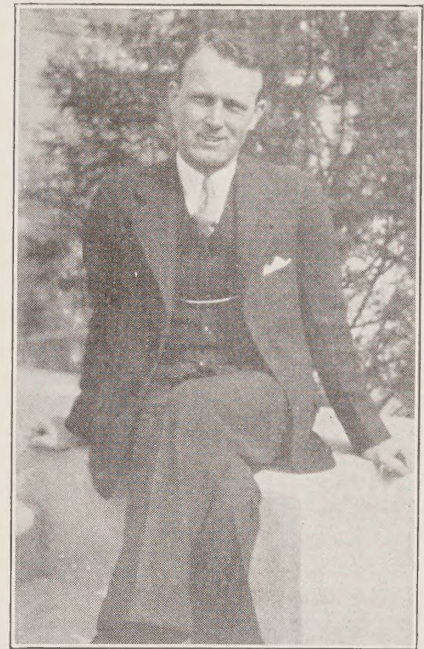
B held the bag completely. A won slight success. C walked away with the prizes.

Responsible upperclassmen shook their heads, sighed. Said bewildered Lanier: "It's not the usual thing. I can see the insidious influence of the recent campus elections."

FRESHMAN CLASSIC

At Last

In gaunt, greasy, gastronomic Swain Hall was held the muchly promised smoker of the present class of neophytes. Smoker promises used by present president as incentive to pro-



EDWIN SIDNEY LANIER
He Prayed.

cure votes; promised many, gave one. Tall, lanky, dark, bespectacled Minor officiated. Neophytes were wine, dined, and smoked. State College "Collegians" tooted tunes . . . played State College song, neophytes hissed. To "Hark the Sound," neophytes cheered. Student leaders, demagogues, etc., were present. Leader Minor introduced President Frank Graham. Students cheered . . . walls of hall reverberated. Said President Graham: "I'm also a freshman." Said Mentor Chuck (B. C. Revue) Collins: "Lost my voice on football field." Mentor Collins introduced Coach Wallace (Rose-Bowl) Wade, one time (1920-1931) coach of Crimson Tide of Alabama. Said Tycoon Wade . . . "Closer relationship between Carolina and Duke is my aim." Other leaders were introduced. Joked pudgy, smiling, auburn haired, Red Green: "If all after-dinner speakers were laid end to end it would be a good thing." Said all officers of freshman class: "Thank you boys for voting for men—I appreciate it." Student

Campus Affairs—(Continued)

body, vice-president elect Slim Medford, acknowledged introduction too soon. Editor of *Buccaneer* was called on; did not answer; was absent. Someone suggested this due to presence of powers that are of *Daily Heel*, (campus daily). Best remark of evening—: Said grinning, genteel, subtle Minor—: "I present what, if not the largest class the University has ever had, is, without a doubt, the best it has ever had to one who, if not the largest President the University has ever had, is, without a doubt, the best."



FRESHMAN'S MINOR
Promised many, Gave one.

GERMAN CLUB

Protest

Loud cries of fraud, miscount, crookedness rose from members of the counter frame-up over the German Club election. All officials came from the ten year old schemers, headed by Zeta Psi, S.A.E., Beta. Phi Gams headed the opposition which came out loser although membership in the majority. Final count: 123 to 103; stocky Tom Follin, Beta, president, sophomore Barber, Zeta Psi, secretary and treasurer, now hold office. Opposition holds bag.

When the election was over, rising to speak the losers mind was Pi Kappa Phi Moore (Chip of the old Block) Bryson. Thundered he in protest:

"You've run ringers in on us, we demand a new vote!" Stated defiantly profane Will Yarborough, S.A.E. pin wearer and retiring secretary: "By G - - -, if a new election is held every man voting will have to present his membership card." This bold stand won the day for the entrenched party; sulking losers desisted, retired, grumbly called it a day.

Many rumors still circulating, new frame-up remains hot under the collar. Organized to take stand against original framers, in power for decade, and take positions from glib Zeta Psi's followers. New crowd imagined itself headed for success; saw downfall of old regime. The time came, the German Club showed up about 90 per cent strong, most of them in recent party.



MOORE BRYSON
He protested.

What happened? Old regime took all offices, as in preceding elections; vote stands, close but final. Fiery Yarborough's cohorts won the day, won the votes—apparently—somehow—. Confused Fijis, Phi Deltas, etc., wonder what its all about.

Exclaimed unquenchable Bryson: "They're a bunch of rotters."

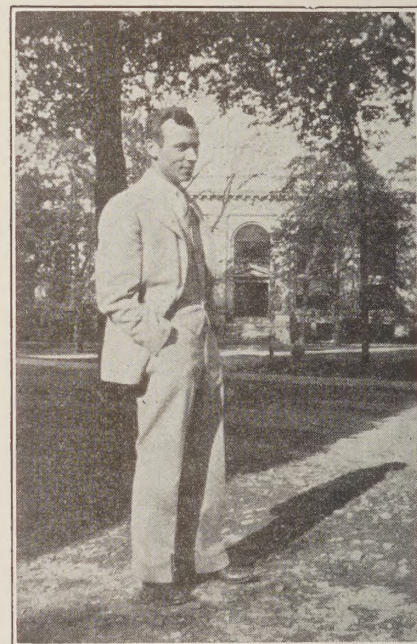
Polished Phi Gam Patterson objected vehemently: "Something rotten in the German club."

Mutter the rank and file: "What the hell."

CRIME

Festival

To Mike Speciale's exponents of seductive harmony, danced the newly inaugurated Spring Festival Group a fortnight ago. Many beautiful trotters (some obvious exceptions) made the swains happy, ate, danced, and drank their liquors. The involved frats sponsored house parties, banquets, and luncheons. The dances were refreshingly



S. A. E.'s WILL
... rumors still circulating.

free of bacchanals. To be commended: Phi Gams, Pikas, Phi Deltas, A. T. O.s, and Pi Kappa Phis, spirited and successful in this their first such venture.

Hamlet

Ben Greet's business women visited classes, movie houses, public places. The Playmakers poster and talked. English teachers even promised grats. It was all to fill the house for the presentation of Will's 'Hamlet'. The Playmakers were afraid of red figures. Their empty fears served to make the victory a greater one. Students flocked, Memorial Hall was loaded, but the beautiful speeches, mutilated by foul acoustics, flew to the ceiling, the greater part over the ears of grat-seekers. Costumes were enjoyed. Nor is it every day that we see a knight.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREENSBORO, N. C. C. W.

Smiling Girls

Fatiguing for the men and most enjoyable for the women dancers was N. C. C. W.'s second annual Junior-Senior dance held on the 18th of the month. As usual from eight to twelve as usual no stags, as usual no drinking. Ubiquitous Jelly Leftwich, who leads Blue Devils orchestra from Duke University, in Durham, acted as jazz master for this highlight of the institution's social season.

Chaperones for the occasion included most of the faculty as well as importations from other sources. Consequently thickly evident, and decorum was the order of the night with only the orchestra venting emotions. No stamping, no whooping, no shouting, even when the last number was played, and everyone filed homeward with the clock striking twelve. Another affair was over.

The restrained student body looked forward for long time to the dance. Afforded break in monotony of cloistered life. Freshmen and Sophs lined up to watch upperclass sisters march in file with dates to ballroom. Long reception line, headed by welcoming President Foust and relaxed-faced deans. More walking around inside; hard to find partners for multitude of chaperones. Card dance; every partner decided for every dance beforehand. Frowning boys, same number of smiling girls. Twenty dances between them and a final exit. No "breaking," no relaxation, no smoking; just dancing, discreet chatter, affected smiles.

When interviewed afterward boys unanimously condemned lack of stags and card system. Too tired from ordeal to say more. Campus soon deserted, lights out, police flourished nightsticks, tuxedo-clad mob headed for town, for home, for other places.

DUKE, DURHAM

Federation

Stated lean and flowery Senator Josiah W. Bailey, citizen of Raleigh and one of North Carolina's new senators, in his letter to campus figure John Lang, president of the N. C. Student Federation: "I can hardly afford to miss such an opportunity to address

the future leaders of North Carolina." The occasion: second annual congress of the Federation. Place: Duke University, in Durham. Time: May 16th.

Varied and interesting program, replete with personalities, planned. Other notables: Student President Murrow, of the U. S. F. A., hailing from Southern California; President Few of Duke; Wallace (Golden Bowl) Wade, football coach of Alabama, now of Duke.

The Federation comes now to close of first year. Officials express confidence that Federation's second annual congress will strengthen organization, "more than ever before," president declares.

RALEIGH, STATE COLLEGE

Sore

Incorporated now under one head the three leading state educational institutions of North Carolina, N. C. C. W., N. C. State and N. C. U. Done by legislature and Governor Gardner, North Carolina executive typhoon. Comment as to change varies.

The N. C. State *Technician* commented editorially: "There ain't no justice! . . . Only a bunch of morons would bring our educational institutions into politics. . . They've combined State and Carolina, and that's not so bad. But ask any farmer who put the GREAT in the 'GREATER University.'"

Hot-under-the-collar State correspondent waxes satirically: "Speaking for State college students, when it comes to the graduating classes of N. C. State college having the University of North Carolina's name on their diploma—if you've ever seen the Lord's prayer on a pinhead—that's the size type we want used on the sheepskins."

Typically feminine comes a stand from N. C. C. W.: "I think they're mean! I might as well have gone to Carolina in the first place if I'm going to have a degree from there anyway, and saved four years here where you're either campussed or on restriction or expelled."

Cryptic commentaries on the Greater University:

U. N. C.—"Well, that'll show 'em what's what."

N. C. State—"It's Duke for me next year!"

N. C. C. W.—"Now if they'd just make us all Carolina coeds—"

Anyway, says the state, the Greater

University is here to stay. The governor is to be complimented, the situation clarifies itself, the people are saved money, education loses nothing.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Crookedness

Chicago electioneering news comes from the University of South Carolina. All because of preponderance of ballots cast in campus election charges of scandal have arisen. Briefly: 823 students registered to vote; 958 votes were cast, counted, tabulated. Losers were hilarious—a new vote must be taken. Winners were disgruntled—a new vote must be taken. Reasonable students and faculty leaders were amazed—stated emphatically that new votes, and then another, must be taken.

Wondered the lackadaisical undergraduates who didn't care: "What's it all about, anyway? Why raise a big odor over a little thing like that." Same view expressed by election winners. Opposite view expressed by those not winning. "Following the example of Cole Blease," accused the winners. "You're behaving like Chicago's Thompson and Pennsylvania's Vare," threw back the losers. Upshoot is that a new election will be held. And then another if there is the slightest suspicion of crookedness.

Reformers were hot on scent of the foul play. Could discover nothing. Winners were bland, suave, poised; investigators grew hot under the collar. Decided that there were other things to do than bothering to do detective work. "What do we care, anyhow," said one when interviewed. "I wasn't up for office. Let the student council do the dirty work." The work is yet to be done. But another election will come off. Of that there is no doubt.

CANTON, N. Y.

St. Lawrence University

Curfew. All because of a curfew comes trouble from New York's St. Lawrence university. A curfew that rings at midnight, cutting short dances. "Let them last until 2:30," insist the students. Faculty says nay. And the undergraduates forthwith have declared a strike, to cover everything but classes. No athletic contests, no programs, no student activity, no games, no anything. Only exception is lecture by A.E. (poet-lecturer George Russell). They state they will attend that.

THE PRESS

Editor-Lobster Shifts

Among the changes effected by spring elections, notable were the passings of *Daily Tar Heel* and *Carolina Magazine* to new hands, lobster shifts, not so drastic as they seem. Merely substitutions for worn-out material by the dominant "All-Campus Party," the shake-ups change nothing but the financial and campus stati of J. E. ("Jack"; "Elwyn"; "Ready") Dungan and J. C. ("Underpaid") Williams. Manageditor Dungan, rising, successful, supplants Edichief Will ("Yarb") Yarborough. Williams, red-haired, slick, a copy of Ralph ("Red") Greene, loses all, ousted by David Craig ("Circumspect") McClure.



J. C. WILLIAMS
... tears and laughter.

Leaving, Williams made a gesture of his last *Magazine*. Bound in a Buccaneering cover [detail: a well developed maiden, waving; a wharf; an incoming ship; legend: "Farewell Number."], the sheet shocked the aesthetic, amused the columnists (Bryson, Malone, Yarborough), plunged the flitterati into despair. Prominent were pictures of Debatemen Speight, Wilkinson, and Williams. Inscription for Williams Photo: "most illustrious debater of the pre-

sent University generation." Attracting more attention than any previous *Magazine*, the best and the worst was read aloud in many interested circles, between tears and laughter.

Typical excerpt:

I gaze at the tree, the fallen tree;
The tree, that is no more a tree!

Alas, all its leaves are drooped and dead;

And the bark around it has died . . .

I dream of a maid that long has passed;
That maid, she is no more a maid!

The memory is still vivid and beautiful,
too . . .

"Contempo"

Last month chubby, zealous Milton ("Decadent") Abernathy, famed for his much-publicated atheism and his expulsion from North Carolina State College for too-frank revelations of honor system abuse, approached students with invitations to visit his private book-shop, where one could get "any kind of book, especially decadent literature." Greek (self-styled), Semitic-appearing Anthony ("Playthings") Buttitta, protege of philosophplaywright Paul Green, annoyed Playmakers with his radical ideas, basked in resultant notoriety. Ascetic, poetic Shirley Carter suffered from his insomnia, said nothing. Vincent Nicholas Garoffolo wrote prose dithyrambs in *Carolina Magazine*, praising Buttitta's "Playthings," was attacked by Frederick H. ("Discipline") Koch in many classes for his slams at Playmakerism.

Inevitably, all came together, held nightly salons over Waffle Shop coffee, gave birth to "Intimate Bookshop" and *Contempo*. "Intimate Bookshop," an expansion of Abernathy's project, is at present stifled in 3 Steele, plans to move, makes a specialty of Wilde, Huysmans, Proust, the Decadents, cuts prices alarmingly in the interests of Literature. Much-heralded, *Contempo* crept almost unnoticed into the light with featured writers Norman Thomas, Russell Thorndike, George O'Neill. Lynn ("Cherokee Lilac") Riggs, asked for a poem, contributed a hasty sonnet with two tetrameter lines, disturbed the flitterati, who were unable to decide whether this was a new sonnet form or an error. Stated in the mast-head were the aims and rules of the sheet: no payment for contributions, one "great" writer each issue, open columns for letter writers' opinions, education

of the masses in refined culture. No mention was made of frequency or date of publication. Desultory, it.

Policies

Fresh from being invested with the editorial powers of the *Daily Heel*, campus daily, dark, distinguished looking Jack (Ready) Dungan began to have things his own way. Among first to be given gate was plump, chubby, Virginia A. Douglas, great granddaughter of the late Stephen A. Doug-



JACK (READY) DUNGAN
Outwitted.

las, "The Little Giant," for no apparent reason. Even now the campus is longing for the works of V. A. D. The dismissal of Miss Douglas is unexplained. When interviewed a member of the *Daily Heel* staff explained: "Miss Douglas was just too intellectual for Mr. Dungan. She has outwitted him on several occasions." Before the successful election of Mr. Dungan he was heard to say that were he elected he would clean up the campus. He knew of things on the campus that were quite detrimental to the school, and these he would change with scorching editorials. To date Mr. Dungan has not been scorching, but has been most complimentary to everyone. He has carried out the policy of his predecessor Will Yarborough by

continuing the column **With Contemporaries**. Has also allowed his ex-boss the privilege of writing a weekly column. In speaking of Mr. J. C. Williams who was running for the editorship of the Daily Heel against him, Mr. Dungan said: "Mr. Williams is merely endeavoring to make the distinguished Order of Golden Fleece."

We Could
Not Go On
Without
Our
Advertisers

Patronize
Them

THE BUCCANEER

THE THEATRE

New Plays in Chapel Hill

Cloey. A veritable Cinderella, Cloey lives with her widowed aunt in the ancient town of Salem. The eccentric old woman takes great pleasure in shocking the neighbors with her love affairs. A traveling book agent comes to town. At heart he is a poet, at heart Cloey is also a poet, so they fall in love.

"When I was a little girl," says Cloey, "I used to sit on the porch sucking a sour pickle, and watch the darkness come in from the pasture. I could almost feel it creeping up around my feet."

"Yeah," says the book-agent poet, "I've seed it do the same thing. Ain't it funny that it don't get dark in the city the way it does in the country."

All would have gone well had auntie not returned and convinced the would-be poet that in order to write he needed money and that he should marry her, which he agrees to do. Cloey takes it on the chin and goes out to romp with the child next door.

Cloey follows the well known Play-maker formulae and neither pleases nor disappoints the audience. Author-ess Loretto Carroll Bailey continues to attract because of the success of her first, venture, *Job's Kinfolks*.

Sam Hinkle, Fireman. Joe Fox, once thought to be a find, has written a play of his native New England. It could have been written about any section, or better, it could not have been written at all. Following the accepted publicity policy, Author Fox insists that the events actually happened and that he is familiar with all of the characters. If we are to judge by the portrayals given by the actors, New Englander Fox has known some very unconvincing people.

The Importance of Being Earnest. Had Oscar Wilde contemplated a performance such as given by the Play-makers of this eminently agreeable comedy, it is probable that he never would have written it.

Git Up an' Bar the Door is a comedy based on an old ballad. The song itself was bad enough. Cavorting about the stage, shouting and drinking, the folk-actors keep themselves, if not the audience, in an uproar.

East Lynn. A brand new play by a brand new playwright. Samuel Sel-

den, author, director, actor, artist, presented this play of modern thought and manners in a stylistic setting, which, though extremely modern, was very conservative, conservative of the Play-maker's funds.



MODERNIST BUTTITTA
Provinces fail to understand.

The Blue Remembered Hills is a comedy of college life even though the author thought that he was writing a tragedy. Disillusioned, two boys decide to commit suicide. After the first act the audience is glad that they are going to do so and before the second act is over the audience is ready and anxious to help them and the author end it all.

Playthings. Heralded as a great play by the author and Pulitzer Paul Green, this experimental production failed miserably with all except the author's closest friends. Shaggy haired, bespectled Buttitta still thinks that it was good despite the fact that a house that was filled when the curtain rose was practically empty at the end of the performance. Modernist Buttitta is confident that the provinces are yet unable to understand such drama and is planning to take his play to New York. He feels that the metropolitan audience will appreciate the numberless ways in which a person may be called an illegitimate off-spring.

SPORT

Fencing

Led by long, lank H. H. (Hinkey) Hendlin, former Clemen's medalman, the Carolina fencing team, composed of that gentleman and the Wardlaw twins—Digby and Fred—annexed the mythical championship of the Southern conference as a fitting conclusion to an undefeated season. A successful northern invasion by the southern foilmen resulted in victories, among others, over New York's N. Y. U., Pennsylvania's Lehigh, and New Jersey's Rutgers.

Swordman Hendlin was captain, coach, and number one of the team. In addition he is a racquet weilder, a boxer, and a basketballer. Last year he served as press agent for his school's racqueteers.

N. C. I. T. T.

The North Carolina Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was run off without upset. Finalists were Carolina's pair of national champions: Bryan (Bitsy) Grant, Clay Courts Champion, and Wilmer Hines, Junior Champion. To Grant went the title by reason of his 6-2, 6-4, 8-10, 6-4 victory.

Runner-up Hines later teamed with his tiny conqueror to take the doubles title.

Football

Declaring that politics had no place in football, C. C. (Chuck) Collins refused to allow his charges to elect a captain for the coming season. Boss Collins will select his own captain at the beginning of every game and will allow the election of an honorary captain at the close of the season.

Discontented because football occupied only one quarter out of three when he took over his duties at Carolina, former Notre Dame Player Collins immediately instituted winter practice. Hard on the other teams though it was, he insisted that his players cease participation in winter sports, play football. Now he wants more football. This year spring practice has been instituted to supplement winter practice.

Wrestling

With signs of spring showing, the campus has become infested with

would-be wrestlers. With the shack as training quarters and the Arboretum as a convenient amphitheatre, excellent opportunities are offered for increased proficiency in this sport. Those few, patient souls who kept fit throughout the winter are given an edge, but a dark horse may arrive. Co-ed Leeches Ed. (Tweet-Tweet) Curlee and Alfred Hamilton are conceded the best chances to remove the championship from the collective Betas, and a dark horse, Trackman Thomas Henry Watkins, minor political boss under Tycoon John Phil (Flea) Cooper, is also showing up well in early practice.



WARDLAW, HENDLIN, WARDLAW
Gentleman and Twins.

Intramural

Under the direction of athletic Tycoon Charles Thomas Woollen's genial assistant, George Edward (Bo) Shepard, intra-mural athletics got off to a successful start. Actual direction of this department lies in the hands of his assistants, Curly-haired Lawyer Robert McDonald (Mac) Gray, Jr., and drawling Wallace Shelton.

Not under the control of the department are the intra-mural drinking bouts and crap games. The fraternity league teams seem to have the edge in the former, but the teams in the latter are well matched, the edge, if any, going to the dormitories.

Millionaires

Carolina vs. Duke

On Emerson Field following steady April shower met Duke's Blue Devils and Bob Fetzter's Tar Heels. Rain had softened track, better for mud pies than track meet. Blond, speedy Frank Willard (Ripper) Slusser took first in century dash, Brownlee of Duke, muchly touted speed demon trailed the Ripper. Over the barriers of the low hurdles ripped Slusser for another win. Now defunct speed demon Brownlee again was behind the Heel. Duke's Brownlee came down the stretch to take a win in the 220; combined efforts of J. Ken Smith, and Bob Wesley Drane were unable to stop this win. Looking better than he had since the indoor meet in the "Can" was Lionel (Sarge) Weil in winning the quarter. Sleek, pudgy, Bill Simons led the Heels a dog's life in the one and two mile events. In the 880, however, the spirit was willing, but the flesh weak as Simons trailed the field. Cliff (Cross Country) Baucom, recently out of Abernathy's Home for Invalid, led two mile field for 7 laps; lagged on 8th; from behind came Simons; Baucom finished second. Mark Jones, Carolina's mile ace, having won every race this year was out for another win; was boxed in; trying to come clear twisted ankle; is lost to team for a while with sprained ankle. In high hurdles Archie Davis and Don Waugh hit tape almost simultaneously. Said judges: "Waugh wins in 16 seconds." Ex-Southern Conference Champ, Brodie Arnold, finally nicked present Southern Conference Champ, John Ruble, for a win in the pole vault. Arnold squirmed, grunted, climbed to 12 feet 6 inches, blamed it on the weather. Fulmer of Duke did the expected and raced down the straight-away, jumped, landed 22 feet 3 inches away scored a win in broad jump. The high jump standard stood at 5 feet 8¼ inches, up came tall, dark, Crook Stafford, kicked, fought, twisted over the standard no one else able to duplicate feat; Stafford won. Blue Devil, stout, muscular, Kid (halfback) Brewer, out pitched Carolina's Brown and Hodges, to win shot put. Brewer proved best thrower as he threw javelin 157 feet 3 inches; this won. To the fore came Carolina in the weights as slim, wiry, Sandy Dameron spun,

lunged, and hurled discus 127 feet 6 inches; other two places taken by Carolina. Final score: Carolina 68-58. Said Coach Bob (athletics for all) Fetzner: "Boys you carried on!" Said Coach Dale (babyface) Ranson: "Now don't get the swell head." Freshmen turned in fourth consecutive win. Second win over Millionaires.

Who Won

☞ Boss Hill: the third annual hemstitch; after losing his way coming home from a Gimghoul meeting last Sunday night.

☞ Strong John Barleycorn: a bout from members of the inter-fraternity council last Thursday evening; in the Coop.

☞ Law School Association: a verbal and tardy contest against law faculty; in Carolina Inn.

☞ The faculty executive committee: a hot fight over optional class attendance from junior and senior classes, after two years of discussion and arbitration.

☞ Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company: a financial argument from the Theta Chi fraternity, last fall; after annual foreclosure procedure.

☞ University Consolidated Service Plants: the perennial shirt ripping, button snatching, drawer shredding conflict against 2600 students, in the laundry building; on Cameron Ave.

☞ The Romance Language Department: a battle of verbs and translation in a comprehensive examination against six members of the senior class; in Murphey Hall, last Saturday.

☞ Carolina Track Team: the annual set up track meet against easy competitors from state colleges, last Saturday; in Greensboro.

☞ Y. M. C. A.: a suck-in contest for membership against student body by soliciting aid of financial tycoon Charles Thomas Woollen last fall, in the Tin Can.

☞ Professionals: a contest against the University for the services of ex-captain Burgess Whitehead, last month.

☞ Pink Elephants: a fight against Thomas Jackson Gold, sub-shyster, after a prolonged bout last December.

The Last Issue Of The Buccaneer Will Be Out May 25

CINEMA

Movie Guild

Last quarter began the Sunday movie in Chapel Hill. Begun as a benefit performance, usually for the Band, the Poor, the Woman's Club, the idea was taken over by a passionate few, given the dignifying name of movie guild, used to bring in foreign, arty cinemas. Rumor had it that a reason for the change was the state law against Sunday pictures. Sponsored by Pulitzer Playwright Paul Green, among others, the Guild sold memberships, not tickets. To it went faculty, townspeople, few students. Danger, lack of funds, threatened. Next step was the abandonment of the exclusive membership, adoption of a delightful ticket-selling in the lobby for single performances. Houses still poor, the arty shows were interpolated with less pretentious, American movies. Examples: "Bad Sister," "Fighting Caravans." Results: better.

Commendable was the effort to secure good, really artistic, foreign movies. Mostly silent, the pictures were notable for photography, Teutonic and heavily symbolic, lack of plot, absence of Americanized sex and box-office appeal.

The Sunday Movies

The White Hell of Pitz Palu (UFA). This was a well-photographed story of honeymooners and a guide lost on Pitz Palu. Taken in the Alps, the shots of peaks, avalanches, crevasses were best, being genuine. In the story, the newlyweds set out to climb the terrifying peak with the Doctor, who lost his wife on the wall years ago. They are marooned on a ledge by a slide, spend the night there, are found by German flier Udet, are rescued, after the Doctor has frozen to death.

Objectionable was the gladsome voice of Graham MacNamee, who was engaged to insert the explanatory comment and to hold the audience's breath for it.

Best shots the searching party, with torches, one the snow-covered slopes; Udet, flying over crevasses and peaks to look for the lost people.

MUSIC

Maennerchor Maneuvers

Harold S. Dyer, golfer, physician, musician, recently returned to the village of Chapel Hill from a conference of the directors of High School music of the southeastern district of Mississippi. He was inspired and chock full of new ideas which he proposed to put into immediate execution. His first step was to gather around him the local song birds known as the glee club,



HAROLD S. DYER

There is hope for the modern audience.

and to tell them that they were no longer a glee club but were now a Maennerchor, or rather were soon to be a Maennerchor. Dyer proposed to swell the ranks by inviting in all those who had tried out for the glee club and had failed. The gigantic task was soon under way. Dyer grunted and groaned and sweat; the Maennerchor groaned and grunted and squawked. Several Russian numbers were added to the repertoire to complete the exotic scheme, and soon the new organization was ready to dazzle the public. When it became known to the public that it would soon be treated to a concert by the Maennerchor there was a sudden rush to dictionaries, and soon, the word being incomprehensible enough, a clamor for tickets. In toto,

seven dollars and thirty cents resulted from the admission charge, almost enough to pay expenses. The show was on. Director Dyer spent many tiring moments in lecturing before each number to bring the audience up to the expectations of the Maennerchor, and many more tiring moments waving his arms around to bring the Maennerchor up to the expectations of the audience. He succeeded in doing neither. The Maennerchor decided the audience was just dumb. The audience concluded that the Maennerchor must be a mighty fine organization, but it just couldn't sing.

Playmakers Go Operatic

Lamar Stringfield, sweet mountain singer, composer and director brought the wild and woolly Southern Highlands in for their share of musical expression recently when he produced a mountain opera. Facilities for production were not lacking. The Playmaker



LAMAR STRINGFIELD

"The Law is my enemy."

theatre turned Metropolitan-wise. Local Barrymores and Barrymoresses abandoned their traditional interpretation of folk drama and modernism to don the more ambitious cloaks of divas and divos. Townspeople and erotic students, heretofore believed to be shock-proof against anything that might happen in the Playmaker theatre, were

taken completely by surprise. Director Stringfield treated them all to a sample of what opera can be without either music or histrionics. Everything from recitative to high C was carefully explained to them, but something seemed to be lacking. Opinion was diversified. Some concluded that the opera was magnificent, others that it was punk, and all admitted that they didn't understand it in the least. Producer, composer Stringfield was gratified with the response.

The opera abounds in folklore and local atmosphere, which, coupled with some music, presents a very creditable front. The climax is reached when the lyric mountain bootlegger shyly confesses that the law is his enemy, in the touching aria, *La Loi, C'est mon Ennemie*. The tenor sobs, the audience weeps, and everyone has a wonderful time.

Growing Disturbances

Approaches the dusk, from somewhere blares forth the croaking of a bass horn followed by lesser instruments. The quiet of the spring evening is broken. Infested with radios is the campus. "A radio in every room," seems to be the slogan. Lessons are never allowed to interrupt a musical program. Sometimes even Amos 'n' Andy are put aside for music . . . even though it is jazz. All this is, or should be, a hopeful sign to those who guide the student's destiny in the musical universe. Even grand pianos have become a part of the well furnished dormitory room. Around the piano gather boys . . . from boys issue songs. Weird, tuneless, unharmonious, but still songs.

The less artistic members of the clan, not appreciating music, make kicks. They claim that it has a somewhat detracting air which has a tendency to keep them from lessons. The feud is growing. There are those who would rather have their spring evenings blessed with stars, moon, and thoughts; rather than have it broken by the incessant din of radios, pianos, voices, etc. And, music seems to be here to stay . . . the band stages a noisy rehearsal in Person Hall, competing with the radios nearby in Old West. The glee club holds sway in the Music Hall, competing with the band . . . and so it goes.

EDUCATION

Composition

Work in creative writing offered interested students at beginning of quarter. No-credit course, yet large crowd attended first lecture. Second lecture before thinner group. Third lecture, group still smaller. Announced Author Phillips Russell, conductor of work: "Fine. Now we will give credit for course since attendance is so small." Immediately large crowd sought to reenter, too late, had to go back to their eight thirty, which they couldn't drop after all. Now they must still get up early or oversleep and give alibi to registrar.

Fifty Cents

Psychology department amazes easy going students by charging fifty cents a class absence, a dollar a make-up for unexcused lab or quiz. Students protest vigorously, department remains firm. Quoted from officials: "University allows each department to make its rules about attendance now that optional attendance has been stopped. There's simply too much cutting; it's got to stop. This is an efficient way to stop it. Ergo: rule holds." Bespectacled Dashiell, bland English Bagby, department head Crane smile sweetly, rub hands with glee. Have pulled a fast one.

Matters did not drop; energetic northern blood intervened. Fencer Hendlin, "Hinky," raises hell through Open Forum channel of *Tar Heel*. Follows it up with heading a student protesting committee. Faculty listens, scratches respective heads, thinks, finally loosens up. Result: rules changed. Now stand: twenty-five cents for every cut, fifty cents for make-up quiz or lab.

Say students: "An effective compromise."

Say Messrs. Dashiell, Bagby, Crane: "It's still a fast one."

Angna Enters

The clever Miss Angna Enters, as the last presentation of the University Entertainment Series for the 1930-1931 season, danced grimly and sensually to a frigid collegiate audience last month in Memorial Hall.

Miss Enters' accessories were the

weirdest, "glummiest" costumes the mortal mind could devise. Without exception, her compositions were calculated and devised to interpret the most fleshily crude and grimy approach to the characters she portrayed. She first appeared in a Prussian waltz, swung about the stuffy curtained stage indifferently with an imaginary partner, waved encouragingly to a newcomer, incited her cohort to lust, thereby, gave an agonizing picture of a lusty wench coquettishly barring the impending kiss with the back of a hand and suddenly breaking down before his passion with the unexpectedness of a model T Ford.

A feline dance was intended to exclude the diabolical; Miss Enters will never know how well she succeeded in getting across this idea to her audience. Her costume was far from kittenish; it revived old memories of the ancient tom-cat, two months dead, who was unluckily found in a fence corner. The hands, suggesting the claws, featured the dance.

Two very realistic characterizations belonged to the park walk and the street. The Fannie Hurst innocent of the 1900's waiting for her lover failed to convince quite as much as the Parisian slut waiting on the trade and smoking a cigarette with cynical lip meanwhile. One almost imagines that she was making an effort to drive a moral into the youngster brains present.

There were four costume offerings presenting the Middle Ages lady in cheesecloth red; another French lady, this time of the Directory period, with an awful straggling curl dragging over one eye; a Borgia attempt of 17th century Spain in which she added a contemporary dance done in the animal manner while she conveyed by way of feature that all the time she was planning a very nasty murder; the last was an impertinent impression of the Virgin, of which nothing need be said.

A number in which Miss Enters reproduced the Field Day thing, was the most popular with the college group. While her unseen accompanist thumped out the appropriate Sousa march, the dancer comically aped a high-school girl marching and exercising and waving the flag in a huge lather.

The concluding dance, that of an awkward, barefoot country girl, provided an opportunity to observe the mighty muscles and heavy thews of the unconventional Miss Enters. She is a very capable woman.

MEDICINE

Thermometer and Ice Bag. Patrons of the U. N. C. Infirmary will be glad to know of the recent development and strides that the medical department has made in the last decade. Not only have such modern conveniences as hot and cold running water been installed but also a report reaches us to say that eight beds and one mattress are now on the way from the factory and are expected to arrive before the end of the fall quarter. As head of the Infirmary, Dr. Billie Abernathy was rather reticent in these amazing disclosures of the growth and progress of this medical institution. He did however state that during the past year the Infirmary had seen more active patients than ever before. When questioned as to the word "active" he replied with a knowing glint in his eye: "In at nine and out by two." Of course if this news ever reached the Dean's office it would be suicidal for the great masses that depend solely on a dose of Fleets or a CC pill to tide them over an especially difficult mid-term or a rainy eight-thirty.

Bromos. At a recent popularity contest held at Pritchard-Lloyd Drug Store it was found that Bromos were the most popular Sunday morning beverage. Aspirin Tablets ran a close second while "just plain orange juice" was a poor third. This contest was held after a vigorous debate on the part of the graduate club and law school. It was found that the Barristers preferred the Bromos while the Graduate Club invariably chose Aspirin. The Engineering school came in at the last moment to boost orange juice to such an extent to just squeeze it into running.

Bad Whiskey. Someone is always finding some new ailment that can be attributed to whiskey and the University seems to be the spawning ground for a new disease called Takeit. It appears in the form of a kleptomania in which the victims burglarize everything from sofa cushions, dinner plates down to fraternity plaques. The Carolina Inn after a close scrutiny discovered that during the past year its losses due to this disease amounted to forty-four ash trays, most of the silverware, two beds, innumerable towels, and one bell-hop. Where all this material is going is a mystery, but reports come that cabins and apartments of those mentally afflicted are veritable warehouses for the ill-gotten gains.

PEOPLE

"Names Make News." Last month the following names made the following ludicrous news.

Proceeding from an unnamed point to a ditto destination, **Robert Warren ("Shanghai") Barnett**, son of famed Missionary Barnett, Y. M. C. A. zealot, budding playwright ("Stray Bullet"), ran past an unsuspecting red traffic light, was apprehended, hailed up, fined, charged costs, in Chapel Hill's Recorder's Court.

Described by *Daily Heel* as having driven to class in a pony trap, clad in chaps, western sombrero, cowboy shirt, P. H. ("Pat") **Winston**, genial, beloved Law pedant, had his lawyer write indignantly to Editorealist **Will Yarborough**, demand retraction, apology, threaten suit if same were not forthcoming. *Tar Heel* bowed gracefully, stated it was "not in full possession of the facts." Suit died, matter dropped.

Righteously indignant over the state of art and architecture, **Raymond ("English") Adams** said last month, in part: "The Library on this campus is a building with a Queen Anne front and a Betsy Ann back. . . . The new Memorial Hall is a shapeless blob any way you look at it. . . . The architect of old Memorial Hall at least had the decency to jump off the top of it when he finished. The architects of the new one are now engaged in building us a bell tower."

G. H. ("Dean") **Paulsen**, laundripper, Smokeshoproprietor, stepped on the free scales in Eubanks Drug Store, puffed chest, watched needle point 160 lbs., remarked: "Not so bad for a small man."

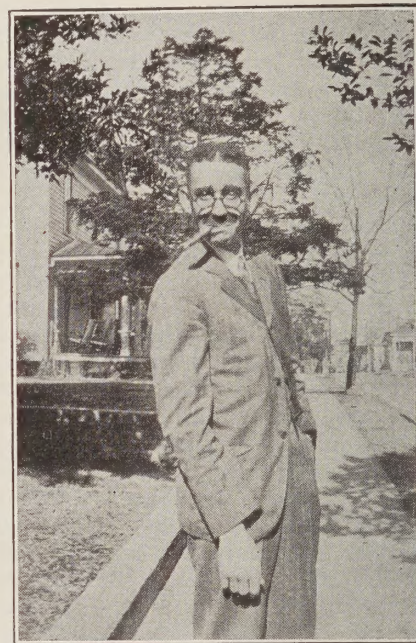
In the home of Mrs. C. H. Hemphill, unknown to Mrs. H., a prominent boot-legger dickered with students who live on the second floor. Apricot brandy was tasted, tested, found good. Price was set at \$10.00 for two gallons, take it or leave it. Students ordered, boot-legger went downstairs, started back up with two gallons under a careful arm. In the dark hallway he fell, broke the jars, flooded the floor, fled. Melancholy students watched the remains carefully cleaned up by the irate lady. House still smells lovely.

"Miss Margaret Vale," one-time actress, dramatic critic, poetess, wife of **Dr. George Howe**, quiet, learned, likeable Latin professor, one-time Dean of Liberal Arts, began the annual, perennial rehearsals for her "House of Grief" with the annual new cast. With **Mary Dirnberger** directing, **Marion Tatum**, **Mary Aileen Ewart**, **Bess Jones Winburne**, and many others, all women, in the cast, no date is set for production. In the play, a tale of bereaved mothers, all those concerned suffer, are bereaved, suffer, and are bereaved.

Red-haired, vitriolic, Phi Beta Kappa, brilliant **Albert Ivan Suskin**, embryo teacher, went to the Infirmary, was put to bed in the Red Measles ward, supposedly with a case of German Measles. After two days observation, **Dr. E. A. Abernethy**, University Physician, happened in, looked, said that like **Ethel Barrymore** Colt, Mr. Suskin had no measles.

Members of the A. T. O. fraternity sat in the parlor discussing the facial features of originalman **Paul Gilbert**.

Commented one: "He is as handsome as John Gilbert." Others said no, more discussion followed. Exclaimed another: "He is the second Groucho Marx." Attempts to prove it result-



PAUL LESTRADE GILBERT
Eye-glasses, cigar, Mustache.

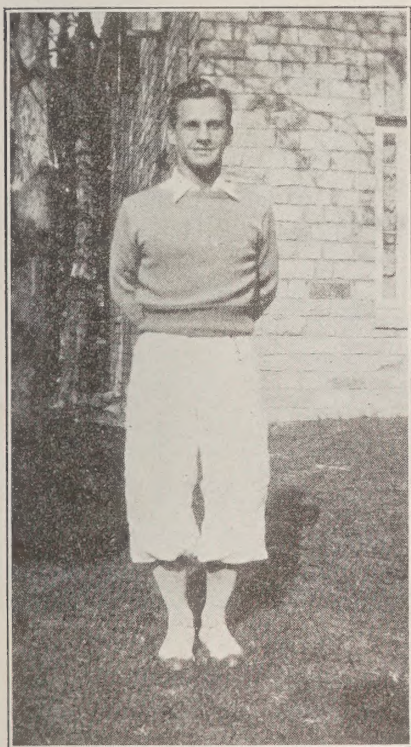
ed. With eye-glasses, cigar, mustache they made cleverman Gilbert up. Result: a perfect reproduction. Said funnyman Gilbert: "I look more like Groucho Marx than Groucho Marx."

Handsome, earnest **Archie Cannon** asked a co-ed for a date. Delighted, she said. "Yes, come at two, we'll go to the show." Wench shack Cannon taken suddenly ill, called another. Said she: "Certainly, come at two, we'll see the show." Prettyman Cannon had distemper, dialed a third. Accepted she: "With pleasure, come at two, we'll see the show." Discouraged, beaten Co-ed leech Cannon crawled under the porch steps; had been framed.

People—(Continued)

In Washington, D. C., Political boss **Kerr Craige (Chief) Ramsay** and **Coedman (Squire) Thomas** parked car, left baggage, went in hotel to make reservations; came out, found baggage gone. Both were angry, drove off in a huff.

Met the Junior-Senior Dance committee. Purpose: to draw up rules and regulations governing brawl. Said the committee: "We must have decorations." Said Editor, committeeman **Jack Dungan**: "Let's have officials do it." Committee agreed this an inspira-



STUDENT BODY'S ALBRIGHT

"We'll make \$35 each.

tion. Contract was let for decorations to smiling, polished, Ex-president of Student Body **Red Greene** and dapper, quick, present President of Student Body **Mayne Albright**. They were the officials. Estimated contractors deluxe

Greene & Albright: decorations will cost \$150.00, the building department will charge us \$300.00 for labor and material. Paid the Junior-Senior classes to the official decorators nine hundred cold iron men. Said polished **Greene**, and quick **Albright**: "We shall make \$35.00 each." Guess the populace: "Where has the remainder gone." Suggest editor, committeeman **Dungan** takes Math 2 again. Maybe charity received the missing dollars three hundred and ninety in number.

Senior George (Pretty Boy) Bagby famed high jumper, got into Junior figure Junior night of Junior-Senior fray, was booed. Exclaimed he the day following: "I don't remember. . . ."

Spending a wretched week-end recently, ex-student councilman **Scott (Axle) Benton**, lawyer and noted froggiger, applied for a room at the infirmary the Monday following. When told that every room was infected with either measles, fever, mumps, or co-eds, he said: "There's not much choice there." He took the fever infected room.

Senior Week committee met, bulled, smoked, discussed plans for Senior Week. Yackety Yack office was scene of confab. Presided chairman smiling, **William (Classical) Clyde Dunn**. Told plans for Senior Week. . . . Named speakers. . . . Told of plans to secure free passes to show during this week. . . . Announced a banquet for Friday evening of that week. . . . This appealed to committee. Suggested Classical **Clyde** that Seniors become Princeton-like, and wear beer-suits for Senior Week. Agreed the committee. Hardly able to restrain himself over

the prospects said committeeman **Dunn** said: "The beer-suits will be peachy."



WILLIAM CLYDE DUNN

"... peachy."

Among those ill were: **Charles John Shannon**, S. A. E. man-about campus, shyster (thirst-acute after unsuccessful attempt to find bootlegger); thick sandy haired **Paul Boucher**, recently elected liberal student councilman (fear following snapshot taken for *Buccaneer*); **Kappa Alpha's Stephen Henry Millender** (sub-acute hangover morning after night before); **Virginia Turner**, brilliant, brunette Pi Phi (heartitis, after breakup with athlete **Henry House**); disaffiliated Alpha Tau Omega **Henry Bond (Mack) Webb**, black haired Episcopalian (hang-over-acute following Junior-Senior dances; **David Jackson (Maytag) Ward**, ex-inter-fraternity president (acute chagrin following discovery that he was wearing light blue polky-dot tie with tux.

MISCELLANY

"Buccaneer Finds All"

Woodpecker

John Downs, professor of the first water and dilltante of French culture, was awakened early one morning last week by a wooden-headed redpecker's unseemly tapping on the tin roof of his apartment. On the fourth morning of this torment Downs was prepared. When the pecking commenced he got up, lifted a shot gun from his bed, leaned out the window, shot the bird dead.

Explained Downs: "The Wooden-headed redpecker is unique in that it flies backwards. Scientists say it does this because it doesn't care a damn where it's going but likes to see where it's been. This, however, is untrue. The wooden-headed redpecker flies backwards to keep the dust out of his eyes."

Black Gold

Charles John (Tank) Shannon, shrewd, wealthy son of Camden, S. C., attended summer school, found one day the heat of the sun unbearable, hired for fifteen cents, a small, ebon Willie Cotton to fan him. Dissatisfied with the cleanliness and attire of this son of darkness, efficient, kind-hearted Shannon bathed him and furnished him with cast-off S. A. E. clothing. Late in the afternoon, weary of the luxury of being fanned, hankering for a trip to the great beyond, shrewd Charles Shannon sold black Willie Cotton to fellow heat sufferer Branch (St. Anthony) Paxton for five dollars. Net profit to Shannon: \$4.85.

Merry Christmas

A class in English 4 studying Dick-*en's Christmas Carol*: Quizzed Pedagogue MacMillan: "What ghost appears in the first stave of the Carol?" Answered brunette co-ed Marie Rogers: "The Spirit of Christmas." Queried the pedagogue: "What Christmas?" Replied the co-ed: "The spirit of Merry Christmas."

Profanity

Quoted from letter by Beaumont Whitton, formerly Carolina man, now studying at M. I. T.: "Papers tell me they are charging you all fifty cents a class cut. What the hell is the old place coming to! Thank God I got away before all the old maids took control."

Bended Line

In math class calmly pursuing usual procedure was Ph.D. Mackie. A first degree equation was placed in sight of all. Queried the Ph.D.: "Mr. Jones, what kind of a curve would that represent?" Replied blond, smiling, Watt (Sophomore - president - elect) Jones: "A straight line with a slight bend in it."

Ever Read the Papers?

Came tall, handsome Hinkey (Swordsman) Hendlin to get his dance bid from short, stubby, Jack Farris. Farris having given the bid to Hendlin said: "How do you spell your name." Rasped the Swordsman: "Don't you ever read the papers?"

Duplicated

Dean Herman G. Baity, supreme ruler of Carolina's engineers, was notified Engineering students craving social life had duplicate Junior-Senior Ball bids. Went Dean Baity on the trail. Found source. Too late. Two Hundred Engineers were present at said Ball. These two hundred engineers were not invited. Token for admission was duplicated tickets. Said Junior-Seniors: "If ever the little balls are on the walls we shall bring our rifles."

Ears

Sat in barber chair, husky, man-about-town, Joe (playmaker) Fox. Crooned radio "Yours and Mine," soothed Joe to sleep. Woke in haste. Said barber: "Anything else, sir." Joe's remarks unfit for print. Joe came out practically devoid of hair. Inquired onlooker: "Did you have a hair cut." Fired Playmaker Joe: "Naw, had my ears moved down."



POLITICIAN PATTERSON
Hates Politics.

Flayed

Phi Gamma Delta Politician Henry Newton (Pat) Patterson was heard discussing politics on main street. Denounced the Politician in part: "Why, me a politician? I loathe politics, and am glad my name is never connected with anything pertaining to them."

M I L E S T O N E S

Ousted. Blond James Harmon (Bunny) Chadbourn, shyster & Law Review editor, from participation in law association election: in Manning Hall. Reason: Was graduated end of first semester.

Fascinated. Smiling Ed (Co-ed, Tweet-tweet) Curlee with Playmaker Jo Norwood. Seen riding together morning, afternoon, and night.

Discovered. Two new methods for mixing drinks by members of Kappa Alpha fraternity, after much experimentation, last Saturday night.

Honored. Yackety Yack editor-elect Holmes (Chink) Davis, "who doesn't need publicity," and co-ed Ruth Newby, "who says she hates it"; for being among the first to make Ex-editor Yarborough's *Daily Heel* column "Weakly Said."

Shined. Newly elected members of Grail. Up and down business section of Franklin street; before laughing crowds.

Lost. Dark haired, intellectual Ansley (six A's & a B) Coppe, his religion; after a fishing trip; on Sunday during S. A.E. "hell week."

Woke up. Politician John (Flea) Cooper, Art (Also ran) Sickles, and Walter (Prohibitionist) Creech; at Pinehurst; four hours after inter-fraternity council banquet at Carolina Inn.

Disappointed. Tall, brunette Edna Morrisette and plumb, double-chin Florence (Flossy) Phillips. Reason: Failed to have bids to Junior-Senior dances.

Drowned. Three flies, both males of good families, in a glass of buttermilk, last Friday at dinner; in Swain Hall.

Angry. The whole student body for having to take comprehensives before graduating.

Disappointed. Two hundred seniors, at not being offered executive positions by leading business houses in country.

Collared. Four students by the local police for soliciting rides to Durham.

Left School. Freshman political-man Don Campbell, Sigma Phi Epsilon, after mid-term reports, last month.

Died. One hound dog, owner unknown; of fright; under St. Anthony's Hall.

Heart broken. Two-thirds the senior class. Reason: Were not elected to Golden Fleece.

Missed. Buccaneer coverman Kent Creuser, Amherst transfer, three questions on an English quiz, last week; in Murphey Hall.

Refused. Ex-inter-fraternity council president Jack (Maytag) Ward, Kappa Alpha big gun; admission to Spring Festival Friday night dance. Reason: Incorrect attire.

Found. Fifty seniors, forty-five juniors; at the Junior-Senior dances; in the Tin Can.

Delighted. Daily Heel city editor William Wakefield (Billy) McKee, son of Education prof McKee, by being smiled at by co-ed Martha Delaney; last Thursday night, in the library.

Gripped. Ex-Daily Heel editor Yarborough for having been elected unanimously to Booloo club.

Died. Two attempts to cheat on an economics examination; of fright, in Bingham Hall.

Fired. The student body of the University of North Carolina, with enthusiasm at the thoughts of a summer vacation.

B O O K S

De Gustibue

AN ELEMENTARY LATIN DICTIONARY
—Carlton T. Lewis, Ph.D.—*American Book Company.* (\$3.00).

Of interest to the student of modern literature is this volume of Mr. Lewis' because of the fact that it shows unmistakable evidences of having been the source of much of the work of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein. First issued in 1890, it precedes these two moderns by some twenty or thirty years. A ponderous volume of 1,029 pages, it is, according to Mr. Lewis, "an abridgement of my 'Latin Dictionary for Schools'."

There are passages in the work that will bring to the minds of well-read dilettantes the wordy pages of Joyce in all their unbelievable beauty. The tone of the whole is suggestive of the ramblings of a man's brain, not during one day, as in *Ulysses*, but through a whole lifetime. It is easily classified in the stream-of-consciousness school. It shows the origin of Joyce's manner, his frequent use of foreign words, his coining of his own words to express the delicate thought of his swift brain. Excerpt:

"ferox, ocis, *adj.* with *comp.* and *sup.* (2 FER) *wild, bold, courageous, warlike, spirited, brave, gallant, fierce:* Eone es ferox, quod, etc., T.: natura, S.: bello, Ta.: ad bellandum, L.: virtus, V.: ferocissimi iuvenes, L.—*Savage, headstrong, fierce, insolent, cruel . . .*"

The format of the volume is not especially attractive. Bound in dingy red cloth, it is not a book to be carried companionably in the pocket. The print is small, the pages are split into two columns, doubling the capacity of the three inch book. The type, however, is good, easily read.

Here is a double romance: the story of a brain's life, and the source-book of our moderns.

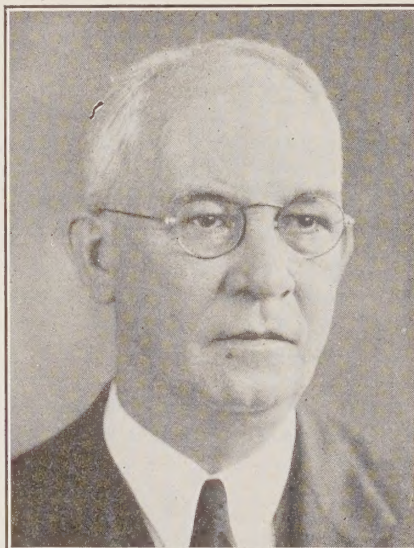
Wilson's 270th?

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA RECORD—Anonymous—*The University of North Carolina Press.* (No Price).

Admirable for its mosaic beauty, its lack of organic unity. This is a study in higher education. Beginning with General Information on grounds, admissions, expenses, organizations, etc.,

the book covers every phase of that hackneyed subject, college life, in a new and interesting way, in sonorous and somnolent prose that is rarely found in modern novels. The sections of greatest interest are to be found under Grounds and Buildings, University Organizations, and Eligibility for Athletics, last named being a chapter in the manner of Romanticism, with no mention of subsidization. Excerpt:

"Before any student can become a



THOMAS J. WILSON, JR.

Rumors have it . . .

member or a substitute member of any athletic team of the University, or take part in any inter-collegiate contest, he must make application to the Faculty Committee on Athletics and secure the endorsed approval of that committee to his application."

In *The Record* is no hint of satire or bitterness. A note of sternness prevails, however, and the tone is essentially masculine. Plot is completely lacking, unless a basic unity of subject may be said to give rise to a smoothly flowing narrative of education. The book is written simply, with no technical terms to confuse the lay reader.

The Author. *The Record* is published anonymously, but the rumor is that genial, newly-created Dean of Admissions Thomas J. Wilson Jr., was its creator. The University Press stoutly withholds the author's name, preferring to call the work a symposium, or in less poetic moments, a catalogue. Who-

ever he may be, his greatest fault is lack of new material. His works appear regularly four times yearly. All of them show the same inspiration and are almost repetitions of former books. Enemies of the author said last month, on publication of the latest: "They are dull. Read one and you've read them all."

Prosaic Romance

DIRECTORY—Y. M. C. Association—*Christian Printing Company.* (No Price).

An all too slim book of poetry, this is marred somewhat by the insertion of small advertisements on some of its pages. Friends of the poet insist that these are to preserve the modern, machine-age tone of the greater poem of the work, a long narrative in the modern manner. The poet has made use of a technique all his own, but which shows the influence of T. S. Eliot in its internal suspensions and the unmistakable signs of E. E. Cummings in its use of punctuation marks, calculated, according to the publishers, to accent the "hesitant, melodic line."

The narrative of the long poem is a metaphysical one. Too abstract for the average reader, it follows a devious path through the lives of some 2,700 minor characters, cutting each life at a certain pre-arranged point to show the progress of each. It is divided into sections of varying length, each headed with a letter of the alphabet, achieving a mechanical, modern effect. The sections are composed of long, prosy-appearing lines, interpolated with the important marks of punctuation. Excerpt from J:

"Johnson, Thor Martin, 1, Mor—Winston-Salem, Forsyth—7 Battle."

Baffling at first glance, this is, the poet explains, a typical stream of consciousness line, containing a life story, condensed into a line of poetry that has beauty all its own.

The Author. Little known, admired by his friends, Y. M. C. Association is a direct descendant, poetically, of Hart Crane and Archibald MacLeish. His style is learned, architectonic, mental. His references to Greek in the section boisterously labelled *Fraternities* is proof of his scholarly mind. He has been doing this sort of thing for years, his books appearing yearly. Praised by his own circle, viciously attacked by enemies, he goes serenely along his way of art for art's sake.

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Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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"You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry!"—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



My bonnie lies under the auto.
My bonnie lies under the car,
Someone hurry and send for a garage man.
It's lonely up here where I are.

—*West Point Pointer.*



My dear Mrs. Smith:

Appreciating the honor, nevertheless I must refuse to act as a pallbearer at your husband's funeral. My position makes it impossible for me to be seen publicly holding a bier.

Very sincerely yours,

George Wickersham.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



A couple of University students were hauled into police court on a charge of highway hurdling in their collegiate Ford.

"Have you a lawyer to act as counsel for your defense?" the Judge asked.

"No, your Honor," responded the elder, "we don't want a lawyer, we're going to tell the truth."
—*Iowa Frivol.*

A LITTLE LASS

A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity. "Mary," he said, "if you saw a boy beating a donkey and I stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," Little Mary retorted promptly.
—*The Yale Record.*



1st Kangaroo: Annabelle, where's the baby?

2nd Kangaroo: My goodness, I've had my pocket picked!
—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*



OR SOME TAR

"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."
—*Cornell Widow.*



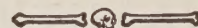
"Well," said Dante, grinning. "I'm the man that put Hades on a pain basis."

—*Cornell Widow.*

Prof: What is the population of New York City?

Stude: A-A-A f-f-f-five m-m-m-million s-s-s-six hundred a-a-a-and-t-t-t-twenty-t-t-t-two."

Prof: Wrong. That was the population when you started.
—*Green Gander.*



"MURDER"

Have you heard about the murder of a State student this summer? Well, unfold your ears, and I'll tell you about it.

Our hero (in this case, the victim) was selling magazines in the country. A very beautiful farmer's daughter was the only one home at this particular farm, and instead of sales talk he was doing a little of what passes for dancing at State to the music of a portable phonograph.

Suddenly, in walks the father of the aforesaid daughter. Seeing this he rushed out to secure a shotgun, then returned and emptied both barrels into the hapless youth.

Of course there was a trial but the old man claimed that he was deaf and couldn't hear the music. He was acquitted.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

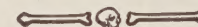
Most Any Girl Friend: So you don't think I look so good in this gown?

Most Any Boy Friend: No, but outside of that, I guess you don't look so bad.
—*Rice Owl.*

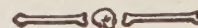


"Come back to bed, John. You'll find that collar button in the morning."

"Who the hell's looking for a collar button!"
—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



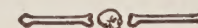
They are making a college movie of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, calling it, "How Hester Won Her A." —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*



"What caused that explosion on Si's farm?"

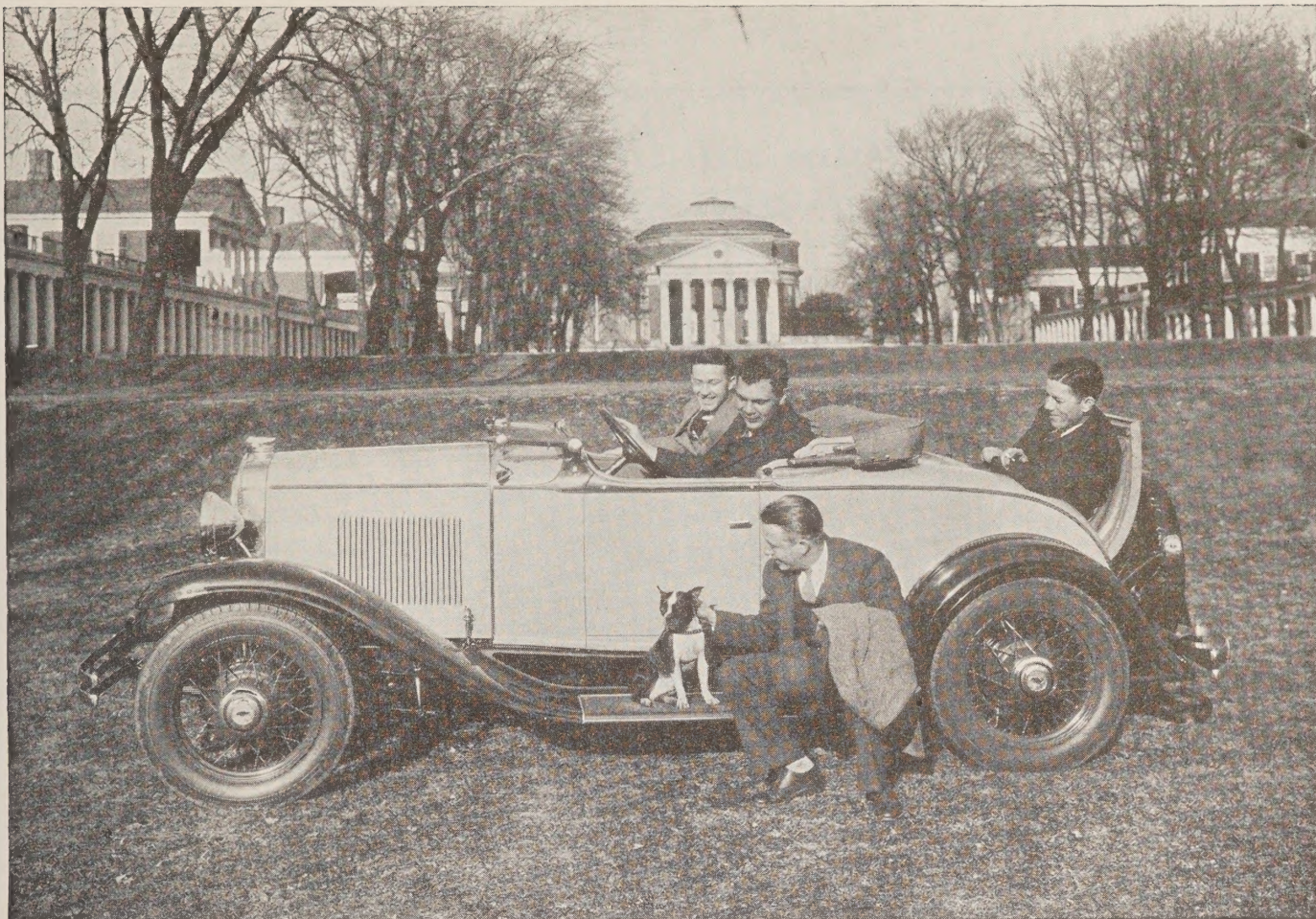
"He fed a chick some 'Lay or Bust' feed and it turned out to be a rooster."

—*Black and Blue Jay.*



"Well, how did you find your girl last night?"

"Oh, I just opened the door marked 'Women' and there she was."—*Exchange.*



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the University of Virginia campus with the Rotunda in the background

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"I hear Nancy is quite economical with her kisses."

"Yes, she makes one last an awfully long time." —*Pointer.*

STOCK ON HAND

"Darling," raved the romantic young wooer, "I must have you—your red lips, your white arms, your soft cheeks, your blue eyes, your golden hair, your shapely legs, your alluring smile, your . . ."

"Say," barked the fair young thing, "is this a proposal or are you taking inventory?" —*Owl.*

"My girl reminds me of a cow."

"How come?"

"She recognizes the bull every time I try to talk." —*Bean Pot.*

Imp: Why do they measure the sea in knots?"

Simp: How else would you expect to get the ocean tide? —*Pointer.*

"Your wife has run away with the chauffeur."

"Oh, well, I was going to fire him anyway." —*Battalion.*

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

He loves her in the springtime

When birds all bill and coo,

He loves her in the summer

And swears that he'll be true.

And in the fall he loves her

When the harvest moon is new,

But he hates her in December

When Christmas gifts are due!

—*Yale Record.*

COMPLETE NOVEL

The little waves rippled about our canoe. The water lillies bobbed gently in the moonlight. We sat there, she and I, looking across the beautiful expanse of water. On the shore a thrush lilted. She rested her head against my shoulder. Suddenly she looked up at me with those dreamy eyes of hers.

"Pipe de scenery," she exclaimed in a high nasal voice, "ain't it a boid?"

Silently I knocked the ashes from my pipe and drowned her.—*Columns*

THROAT TROUBLE

I'd like to be a racketeer

And make a lot of money

I'd like to be a gunman and

Have people call me "Honey."

I'd like to be regarded

As a tough guy—not a scholar—

But how the devil can I

When I wear a size ten collar?

—*Mercury.*

Distraught Mother: Papa, papa; Baby has swallowed the kodak films.

Father: Gracious! I hope nothing will develop. —*Longhorn.*

Him: Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady: Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman. —*Dirge.*

Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet: "Here's to the land we love and vice-versa." —*Do Do.*

BE WARNED

You are continuously

Toying with my heart

In your small white hands.

Cuddling it

Or playfully pinching it,

Plastic as it is

To your every mood.....

But be warned!

For someday it will no longer

Be able to endure the pain.

And I shall take my heart back

Bruised as it is.....

And then you will be forced

To seek another such plaything

To amuse you.....

—*Yellow Crab.*

Prof: Hey, you, in the sixth row there! Are you asleep?

Cluck Addressed: I dunno.

Prof: Well, ask somebody.

—*Sour Owl.*

Sightseer: I say, old man, did Paul Revere ride along this road?

Farmer: I've been in this 'ere field since 6 o'clock and I ain't seen him.

—*White Mule.*

Two old maids were in an insane asylum for years, always knitting and knitting.

"Gee," sighed Mayme one day, "I wish some tall, handsome man would wind his arms around me and squeeze me until I gasp."

"Now you're talking sense," from Hattie. "You'll be out of here in a few days." —*Bison.*

She (after being kissed): I didn't know until now that you were that kind.

He: Baby, I'm even kinder than that. —*Battalion.*

WHICH PROVES IT

Bo-ed: I like you, well, because you're different from the rest.

Co-ed: I dislike you, because you're the same as all the rest. —*Owl.*

"When did you first suspect your husband was not all right mentally?"

"When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples." —*Ollapod.*

Dear Mr. Palm-gate:

We bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says, "No mug required." Will you please tell us what to shave?

URS TROOLEY.

—*Exchange.*

There was a young fellow named Fisher

Who was fishing one day in a fissure

A fish with a grin

Pulled the fisherman in

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher. —*Blue Moon.*

City Girl: And I suppose at dusk when the sun is stealing over the Rockies in purple splendor, you cow-boys are huddled around the camp-fire broiling venison and listening to the weird, eerie, unnatural howling of the coyotes.

Rattlesnake Gus: Well, ma'am, not ezzackly, ma'am. Usually we go inside and listen to Amos and Andy.

—*Pitt Panther.*



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asset since the invention of The Check from
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GREATER MILDNESS... BETTER TASTE



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CAMELS

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Buccaneer

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Robbie
Criso!

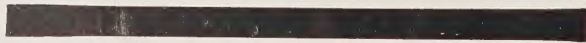
In this issue: Memoirs of a Senior

DO YOU LIKE NIGHT LIFE?

IF SO READ VANITY FAIR

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VIII MAY, 1931 NUMBER 8

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JAMES C. HARRIS.....Business Manager
BOBBIE MASON.....Art Editor

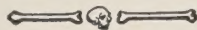
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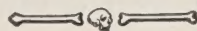
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He: Remember that night I met you"
She: Yes.
He: Remember how we loved each other
as soon as we met?
She: Yes.
He: Remember how I took you and kissed
you?
She: Yes.
He: Remember—
She: Yes. —Exchange.

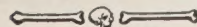


"I know the secret of popularity."
"So do I, but mother says I mustn't."
—Masquerader.



AVE!

A Malemute, of ill repute,
Once bit a dozen babies.
Eleven died, but I survived,
The dog contracted rabies.
—Widow.



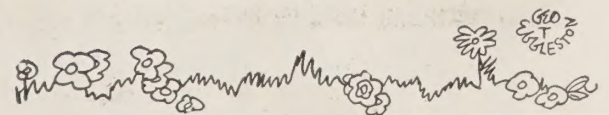
"And what did you do when you caught
that man making love to your wife?"
"Carried him out and introduced him to
a real baby."
—Battalion.

THREE GRAND



RULES!

1. \$3,000 for the best novel submitted by an undergraduate enrolled in an American or Canadian school, or a graduate of not more than one year.
2. The 1931 Campus Prize Novel may be placed in any modern environment and be woven about any set of characters. Choose your own title.
3. The sum of \$3,000 is for the right to serialize the story in *College Humor* and to publish it in book form, \$1,500 of the prize applying against royalties. Motion picture and dramatic rights will remain with the author. *College Humor* and Farrar and Rinehart reserve the right to publish in book and serial form any of the novels submitted, according to the usual terms.
4. Typed manuscripts of not less than 70,000 words should be sent with return postage to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, *College Humor*, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, or to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, Farrar and Rinehart, 12 East 41st Street, New York. The judges will be the editors of Farrar and Rinehart and *College Humor*, and the prize winner will be announced some time after the first of January, 1932.
5. Contest closes midnight, October 15th, 1931.



CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

REFRESHING

they take your breath away



try a **LIFE SAVER**

Crew Coach: Have you ever rowed before.

Freshman: Don't you mean ridden, sir?
—Tiger.

Cannibal Chief: What's for dinner?

Chef: A missionary and a college boy.

Cannibal Chief: Serve the missionary—I'm in no mood for canned meat.

—Belle Hop.

"How does Caroline kiss?"

"Have you ever tried to play a tuba?"

—Columns.

We are twins and look alike. When we were at school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn't know the difference, but I did. Brother was in a fight and the judge fined me five hundred dollars. He didn't know the diff but I did. I was to be married but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn't realize, but I did.

But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him. —Sun Dial.

Man Accosting Girl at Piano: Do you play?

Said Girl: Well, I dare you to turn out the lights.
—Desert Wolf.

GOOD HUNTING

The train came to a sudden, grinding stop, causing the passengers to jump. "What has happened, conductor?" cried a nervous old lady.

"Nothing much. We ran over a cow."

"Why, was it on the track?"

"No," replied the disgusted conductor, "we chased it into a barn." —Log.

There was a young fellow called Drury
Who ran a large speakeasy brewery.

Though the Law called him in

He got out with a grin,

For his customers sat on the jury.

—Sour Owl.

Mrs. Jones: Mrs. Smith's husband is a brute.

Second Mrs.: Yes, imagine his buying a Frigidaire and having it delivered right in broad-open daylight.
—Battalion.

University Shoe Shop

2 DOORS FROM POST OFFICE

"Owned by Carolina Man"

See Us for Fine Shoe Repairing

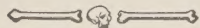
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Phone 3016

We appreciate the patronage that Carolina boys have given us in the past year.

Say, didn't I meet you at that lousy De Struggle dance last night?

You probably did. My name's De Struggle.
—Exchange.



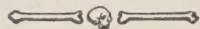
"Do you know Art?"

"Art who?"

"Artesian."

"Sure, I know Artesian well."

"Sure, I know Artesian well." —Froth.



"Did you have any stage experience before?"

"Yeah, I had my leg in a cast once."

—Kitty Kat.

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Our cream made of Grade A Pasteurized whole milk and sweet cream.

Rich in food value—velvety in taste and flavor that smack of real fruit.

**See Us Make Our Own
Ice Cream**

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How about some loyalty to "Dear Old Self"?



It's fine stuff to jump up and down for a'ma mater, but what use are you to her, if you are not loyal to "dear old self"? In fact, good health is essential to good letters, whether they be on your sweater or on your mid-year report! Give yourself the daily treat of two Shredded Wheat biscuits in good rich milk. For breakfast they give pleasant nourishment that keeps you on your toes all morning. Late at night—when the gang goes out for a final bite, make your order Shredded Wheat and see how well you sleep. Nothing you eat is more easily digested than Shredded Wheat. Try this happy way of cheering for yourself and see how much more valuable you are to everybody!

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"Uneda Bakers"

SHREDDDED WHEAT



WITH ALL THE BRAN
OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

COFFEE

In 1668 the Turkish ambassador to France succeeded in making coffee the fashionable beverage of Parisians.

He had it served in dainty porcelain cups with napkins fringed with gold.

And it was presented on bended knee by beautiful slaves resplendent in oriental trappings.

Yet, with all this ostentation, the coffee itself was hardly as delightful as that served at

The Waffle Shop

ATTENTION

For the better appearance of the college man our barbers offer satisfaction, service and courtesy.

The University Barber Shop

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" howled the judge, who had a sense of humor, just before delivering a death sentence, "you'll die when you hear this one."
—*Princeton Tiger*.

Phi Delt: Do you know that Phi Delta Theta maintains five homes for the feeble minded?

Frosh: I thought you had more chapters than that.
—*Frivol*.

Dean: And do you take physics?

Frosh: Oh, thank you, sir. Occasionally.
—*Red Cat*.

SANITARY

Park Officer: Hey, come out of that pool. Don't you know that people have to drink that water?

Bum: Aw, dat's aw right, offiser—I ain't usin' no soap.
—*Texas Longhorn*.

And then there was the little boy whose parents were so poor that he had to have the measles one bump at a time.
—*Brown Bull*.

'30: Did you hear about the big mistake our President made at Commencement?

'31: No, what was that?

'30: Just after he had conferred degrees on the medical students somebody fainted and he asked if there was a Doctor in the house.
—*uggler*.

Sunday School Teacher: Who was the mother of Moses?

Little Mary: Pharoah's daughter.

S. S. T.: But she only found him in the bull-rushes.

L. M. That was her story.
—*Whirlwind*.

COLLEGE SPIRIT CLAIRVOYANT

The night was supreme. Old Luna was beaming down in all its glory. John pulled up to the pavement and sighed, "Two minds with but a single thought."

"You brute," cried lil' Nell, "let me out this instant!"
—*Wampus*.

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Es-kimo Spitz Pups for ten dallars apiece."
—*Satyr*.



PLANTERS NUT &
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WHENEVER you are hungry, call for Planters Salted Peanuts. Not only delicious, but highly nourishing. The 5c glassine bag of Planters contains more calories than a helping of egg-and-tomato salad that would cost 30c in most restaurants! No wonder Planters Peanuts are called "The Nickel Lunch"!

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

SENIOR
NUMBER

L'Envoi

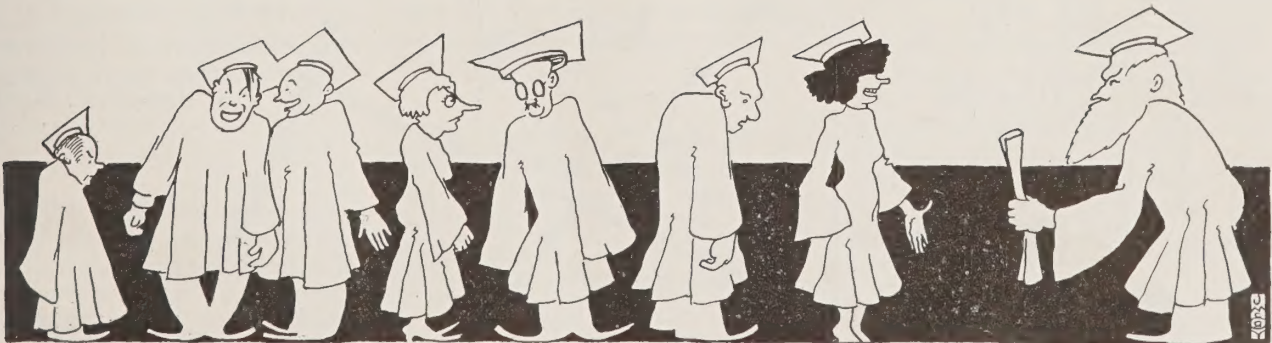
Why is that tolling of the bell? I, modest senior stuttered—
To turn you out! To turn you out! the old professor muttered—
The world awaits with arms stretched wide, to take you in and tan your
hide

But I'm intelligent I sighed, although my brain is cluttered.

I've made the grades in commerce school—I then began to plead—
I've mustered every English rule, a phrase for every need—
I can compute with figures true, the algebra as can but few,
But what the hell is that to you—my words he did impede.

When I did come to your fair school, I started off once more—
They said the world had need for me, and there were jobs galore—
But here I've finished up with school, and huntin' jobs just like a fool,
But all I get is ridicule—This business gets me sore.

The stuff we gave you at the start—the good old prof began,
Was just a little bull, egad, it's good for every man—
You'll find the world as cold as ice, and everything don't run so nice
But don't give up with once or twice—and with that off he ran.



Passing in Review ~



THE CAROLINA~DUKE "REGATTA" → Score 0-0



THE JUNIOR AND THE
SENIOR WHO SOMEHOW
CRASHED THE —

JUNIOR-SENIOR BALL!

I'LL BET THEY WERE LONESOME!

CLASSES

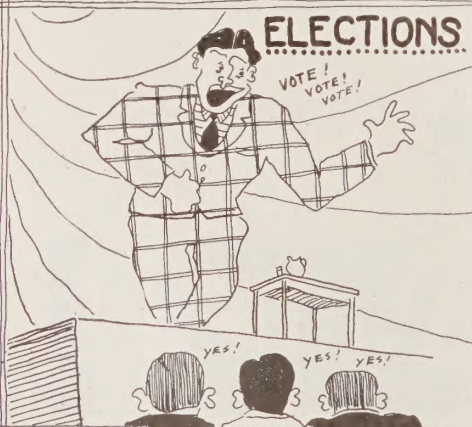


POLISHING UP THE OLD BOOT
BEFORE GRADES ARE OUT —



AND THE PLEASANT FEELING ONE
HAS JUST BEFORE COMPREHENSIVES!

THE INDOOR TRACK MEET ~



ELECTIONS



THE POLE-VAULTER CLEARS THE
BAR — ONLY TO FIND
THAT SOMEONE HAS
ACCIDENTLY PLACED A
HURDLE JUST WHERE
HE MEANT TO LAND!!

KARL SPRINKLE

The Carolina **Buccaneer** UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. VIII

MAY, 1931

NO. 8

ON THE CAMPUS

Another senior class is about to pass out—of course we have seen several of them pass out while here in school, but never the whole group at once.

Why in the duce did the committee of the senior class have to pick beer suits as regalia for senior week? Nobody will be able to use them afterwards—it is said by some that Clyde Dunn was the dominating figure on the committee—he was probably just getting over his latest love affair—just another case of beer today and corn tomorrow.

Graham Memorial is again the center of attraction—now that we have it we are having a terrible time of trying to find something to put there. Several suggestions have been made. Among these the most notable seem to be the following: An office for Mr. "Boss" Hill, a bar-room, a miniature golf course, a fraternity house for the Chi Psis, and also a meeting place for the S. A. E.'s.

Now that the students have given up whiskey because of the hot weather and the scarcity of this beverage the next most popular drink seems to be home brew. According to the best makers of the drink there seem to be some five hundred gallons consumed per week of course this is a very conservative esti-

mate as the weather has hardly been such that we could beer it.

Several Seniors have already started wondering what they are to do with their diplomas after they get them—there are only a few of these however as most of us are just worrying how we will be able to get one anyway.

This graduating business is a serious affair with most of us and should be taken seriously. Birth control—marriage—free love and whatnot all have their solutions, but if you think graduating is easy then just try to do it when you have three conditions to get off in two days.

Everyone seems to be having a house party Finals. The only ones who will enjoy them are the girls as the boys always have to sleep in a dormitory and they are just getting comfortable when some dame comes in and says she just signed up for that room for the next six weeks of Summer School.

The last *Time* issue of the *Buccaneer* was a huge success and several people expressed their delight over the "Red Book" takeoff. Their bodies will be found in Morgan's creek.

This graduating business is certainly going to be another addition to the unemployment problem. If Mr. Hoover does

not bring back the prosperity of his we are going to have to add another two years to the curriculum and perhaps a new graduate school.

The only place that depression is used is in a stamping mill.

The Carolina Playmakers have just bought the musical rights to the Telephone Book. Mr. Sam Selden will produce the numbers. While the subject of the Playmakers is on tap. This dep't offers a short realistic folk play dealing with the rugged life at summer resorts.

Act 1. He saw her.

Act 2. She saw him.

Act 3. Her husband saw them both. (Bang, bang. Dr. "Ab" is on the way.)

Odell Sapp, frosh coach here at the University, is another alumnus of this institution. He is the type fellow that one can easily pick out in a crowd by his charming personality and his supreme attitude. By the way, during his leisure time, Mr. Sapp dresses in styles that the conservative dresser should not.

An artist in New York was awarded a prize of \$100 for his definition of love as "a season pass on the shuttle between heaven and hell."



"Hell, no, I can't go to the Y, I have a Grail meeting at six."

Mr. Poley: I want you to insert a notice of the birth of my twins.

Reporter: Will you repeat that, sir?

Mr. Poley: Not if I know it.

D. D. C.: My wife would make a good congressman.

G. E.: Why?

D. D. C.: She is always introducing bills into the house.

Bud: Dear, you shall have the finest engagement ring that money can buy. What kind of a stone do you want?

Arty: Oh, one like David of the Bible used.

Bud: What do you mean?

Arty: Oh, one that will knock them dead.

Love is like a poker game—it takes a pair to open, she gets a flush, he shows diamonds, and it ends with a full house.

"Here's where I make a hole-in-one," muttered the co-ed as she snagged her hose on the fence.

A lot of fellows are caught in the act who are not vaudeville performers.

At fifty you are twice as smart as you were at twenty-five, and yet you can only do half as much.

A chiropractor is a man who gets paid for what any other man would get slapped for.

D. K. E.: Have you heard the new phrase on the campus?

O. X.: No. What is it?

D. K. E.: As happy as an old maid who has a date with an explorer.

Give a colored man a hot chocolate, and he'll start necking her.

"An apple a day helps depression to pay," remarked the New York apple vendor.



Pat Patterson: I could cry over the conditions caused by this depression.
John Idol: I think this would make you sweep.



WALTER



MASON

So The Seniors Say

Mayne Albright—"If I had known Red Green sooner we could have made more."

* * *

George Bagby—"Of course I can jump higher, but who wants to."

* * *

Miss Ruby Buck—"I think I have put Ball Mountain on the map."

* * *

Marion Cowper—"It is awfully hard to be the most social in the Engineering school."

* * *

Virginia Douglas—"The coeds will have an easier time to get into activities now."

* * *

Clyde Dunn—"The Yackety Yack will be better this year."

* * *

Joe Eagles—"I think that I could have made a B if I tried."

* * *

Chuck Erickson—"I made football and engineering mix."

* * *

Ellis Fysal—"Get out of those bushes!"

* * *

Paul Gilbert—"The A. T. O.'s would be lost without me."

Noah Goodridge—"Just punch him on the nose."

* * *

Ed Hamer—"Hell, yes, I'm president of the Y."

* * *

John Idol—"Patterson said so!"

* * *

Doug Kincaid—"I fell off a motorcycle my Sophomore year; that's the reason."

* * *

Kate Kitchen—"I don't kiss boys."

* * *

Billy Lindsay—"I'm so humbly."

* * *

Pat Patterson—"I'll see him tomorrow—he'll fix it."

* * *

Branch Paxton—"We only had eight gallons."

* * *

Flossie Phillips—"Well, I know it's true—he said so."

* * *

K. C. Ramsay—"When Charlie Price was here—"

Tom Riddick—"I only knew eighty four girls my first year."

* * *

Raymond Ruble—"Vaulting is easy if you use a pole."

* * *

Artie Sickles—"Leading dances is not hard."

* * *

Buck Snow—"I tried to keep politics out of the German Club."

* * *

Virginia Turner—"Where are the boys?"

* * *

Liz Green—"What time is it—gimme a cigarette—I wanna go home."

* * *

Kermit Wheary—"Thank God I ain't editor."

* * *

Burgess Whitehead (mailed this)—"I did not sign."

* * *

Meade Willis—"Brother Johnson where is that—?"

* * *

Pete Wyrick—"I know I'm cute."

* * *

Will Yarborough—"Well it was in yesterday's *Tar Heel*."

THE LAW STUDENT SIGNS PLEDGE ON EXAMINA- TION PAPER

Whereas party of first part being present at above examination does hereby depose, declare, and affirm that he, party of the first part, has not aided, abetted, or otherwise engaged in the dissemination of knowledge, and does furthermore state that he, party of the first part, has not obtained by any dishonorable or otherwise prohibited means any information on this document.

Wherefore party of first part does hereby affix his signature to above statement in the presence of his fellow students as witnesses.

Patron: Macaroni and cheese, please.

Waitress (ordering): One order of Mouse Bait and Dago's delight.

Second Patron: Pork and beans, please.

Waitress (ordering): One of Hebrew poison and Boston Marbles.

Uoo (to waiter down at the Waffle Shop): Joe, have you ever been to a zoo?

Joe: No, why?

Uoo: Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whiz past you.

"We'll all stick together now," said the postage stamps as the temperature went up to 100 in the shade.

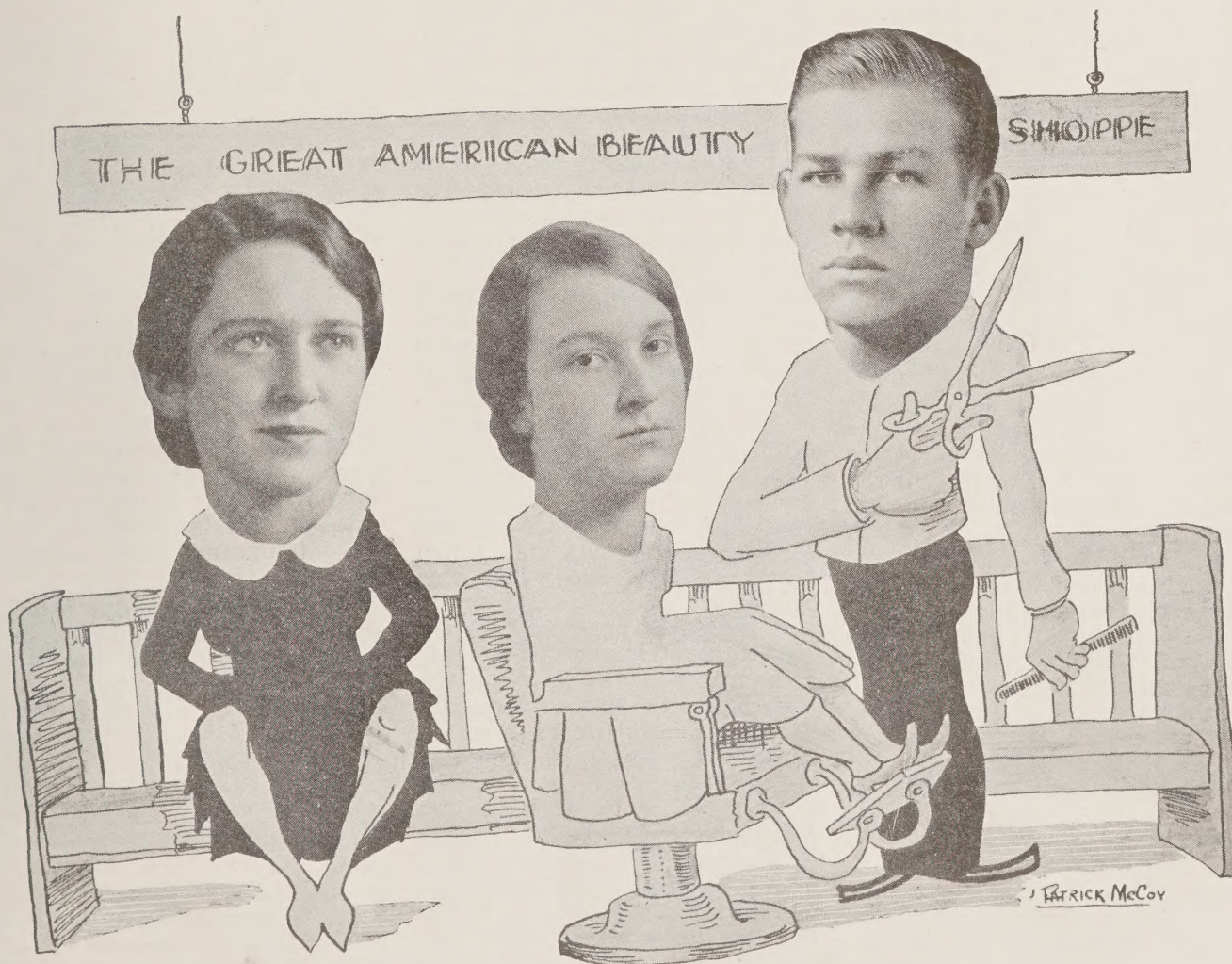
"It's the old Carolina spirit, boys," chirped the bootlegger.

The Senior's Farewell Number: O.

"John has a 'broad' education."

"What makes you think so?"

"I see him down at the co-ed shack quite often."



Kate Kitchin: Give me a crime wave in front and a depression in the back.

George Thompson: But, Madam, that is an old style.

Clyde Duncan: Well, you see she's been abroad for the past few years.

MEMOIRS OF A

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article was found pushed under the door in the office.*)

Two worms, Spargonophelus Tamesis and Branchiura Sowerby, (Willie and Sophie for short) were prusing their boring travels through the earth, when Willie bumped his head on something very hard. (He said he hit his head, but as a matter of fact he didn't know which end of him was which) "In all my travels, Sophie, I have never before struck on anything quite so hard, be it rock or diamond. Verily, this be something worth investigating."

"This is indeed curious, Willie." Sophie slithered softly around the object. "'Tis but a skull, but you were right; it is uncommonly hard. Here is a means of ingress; let us go in and look around."

"My word, beloved, what strange cerebral convolutions are these?—the thought tracks so shallow and the habit ruts so pronounced. I shall consult my immortal muse and translate for you what this shrunken brain hath thought and done."

Sophie coiled herself comfortably on the dead man's subconscious mind and listened with rapt attention. After a little research and delving about the brain cells, Willie began:

"The early life of this person is of little importance except that he lived near such and such a town and studied for seven years under Miss Sew and sew, the local school mistress. Ah, here is something worthy of note—it seems to be the most sharply delineated of all his thoughts. It says, 'I am a Senior. What ho! I shall forthwith plan my memoirs as all great people do.' There is no in-

dication of his ever having written such a work, but I shall translate for you his haphazard thoughts on the subject:

"'Me an' Hank (His English must have been execrable, my dear Sophie) long about the end of high school, decided wot we needed a secondary education, our firstary one not bein' so good; so we ups an' goes to a institootion called Carolina. We buys us a ten-dollar phord an' wents in style. When we gets to Durham, which is a suburb of Chapel Hill, which is a suburb of the University, we all of a sudden remembers about there bein' frats at the college, and ya can't be nobody nohow unlessn ya are a fratnitty man; so we goes to a store an' axes the man has he got a telephone; so he shows us to a backhouse what was standing right in the front part of the store. It wasn't tho, cuz it only had o phone in it. Anyway we called up a couple fratnitties in Chapel Hill to let em know we was comin'—the Deekes and A. T. O.'s, since we had heard about them gettin' a new house. They said they wasn't in an' anyway they wasn't Russian men which I sed I didn't expect they was an' hung up.

"'When we gets to Chapel Hill we asks a feller where was a dormitory; so he shows us the big red brick one on Franklin Street an' says for us to go on in an' go right upstairs which we did. Seein' all those women up there didn't scare me a bit; I turns to Hank an' sez, 'I think I'm gonna enjoy college life.' The welcomin' committee turned out to be a ejection committee, cuz that's wot it did to us.

"'We was wise to one thing anyway, cuz we brought a bed and bathin' suits when we went to register, havin' heard about

the pokiness of profs at registerin' an' the big rain they have to initiate us. We gets off kinda easy with only bein' misdirected eight times and waitin' four hours. Somebody told us to register in Deanie Karol's School for Boys on account of the fatherly interest ya get with only goin' to class when ya want to. This fella said we didn't look like we had enough money to sign up for any psychology; so we didn't.

"'Strange, isn't it, Sophie?" interjected Willie. "We didn't used to have optional attendance when we were in ground school."

"'And I wonder why psychology has become so expensive?" asked Sophie, sliding off a behavioristic trait and slithering over to a conditioned reflex.

"'Well, to continue," said Willie as he wormed carefully down into another depression, "this looks interesting: 'This feller wot was helpin' us was about to go, when he looked at us an' said, 'Ya better sign up for Dean Paulsen's course, too.' We was kinda puzzled about that, but now bein' a Senior I knows thet Dean Paulsen gives a course in Contemporary Shirt and Sock Mangling.

"'We'd seen a lotta movies and read o lotta books about college, but there was something onusual in our almy tomater, (I don't know yet why they wanna call college a 'mater. Shortnin' up is bad English.) As I was sayin', I never seed or heard about books or classes bein' used in a college thereby concludin that U. N. C. must be a acception and the movies is right. Also another funny thing is the teetotal absence of any purty gals like they is in the movies of college, cuz thet's about why I came to college nohow. Carolina not measurin up

CAROLINA SENIOR

to excepted standards like thet I and him wuz kinda disappointed, but seein' ez how we wuz excluded from these yere Grale shin digs it wan't so bad. Along abouts here a prof would put a funny lil sine meanin' "begin new paragraff"; so I will.

"Maybe this memoiry should be kept in one-after-tuther order, but I won't. I remember back aways when they wuz a influx of people from Brooklyn and the Bronx wot was called cherry-pickers by them as knew em. I didn't find out until right recent thet thet wuz because they could hang by their nose and pick with both hands. The Lord musta knowed about scientific management when he made them, but he made their mouths too big an' forgot to put a retainin' wall around Jewrusalem or New York. Ennyweigh they hangs out in wot is called "Oi" dummytory and gets up oily an puts erl on their hair.

"In the middle of my first-man year I starts gettin' cards in the mail sayin' thet if I didn't drag myself up to "Jim" quick like a rabbit I'd get canned for cuttin' him. They wuz sined "Doc" so I knew it must be somethin' serious and also a mistake, me not knowin' Jim nor havin' cut him. I laffs to myself when I reads thet, cuz if I could cut so good it wouldn't do much good to "can" me, cuz I could cut my way right out again. I better not put thet in my Memoirs, cuz it wouldn't go over so big.—Also I bin cuzzin' too much!"

Willie scratched one end of him with the other and said, "Never have I seen a mind with so many parentheses in it. I do wish the man had been more explicit. Here he makes mention

of a magazine called the "Buck-ing Ear". Sophie, if this is a collegian, I am thankful that we never had the disadvantage of a college education. This indentation continues: 'I recalls the elections they used to have in the "Why." I used to agree with thet name every time I looked at thet building. Any-way they always wuz more politicians than voters and more seegars than politicians, makin' quite a lot of seegars. Me not smokin' I didn't get to vote. They tole me thet to be the boss man of the stewedant body ya had to have somethin' funny about yer name. Once it bein' a color combination—Red Green, and somebody sed about the next one thet "In the Mayne he was All bright." I couldn't get thet'n.

"I used to think I wuz purty dumb lookin' until I got close up to the football team. It wuz fun goin' to the games an seein' all the people, me never havin' been to the city, which puts me in mind somehow or tuther how I came to meet my dean along in my third year. He wuz at the game, an' so wuz I, an' seein' him I axes a feller, who that? He says thet's yer Dean, dope. I wuz real surprised like, never havin' seed him afore an' goes up to him an' slips him the nub sayin' "Hi, Deanie." Him thinkin' I was—lessee, wot wuz the word he used?—ineeberated. I wan't, whatever it wuz.

"Bout thet time I wuz expectin' a bid from this yere Fi Baita Capper fratrinity; so I bought me a black bow tie an' starts lettin' me hair grow. But somebody tole me thet they didn't have such a nice house, an' they had a key thet wuz copyin Capper Baita Fi, an' the Yackety Yack. Ennyweigh my key case wuz full already an' I

saved a quarter for a haircut. Also in my Junior year (I dunno why they called me Junior when my pappy wuz ded) I got wise to wot wuz a weekend; it bein' from Thursday to Toosday with restin' up on Wensdee. They tried to get me to jine up with the German club, but me not speakin' their langwidge an' not knowin' nuthin' about soup an fish I didn't think it wuz sech a good idee. They thot so, too."

Sophie had gone to sleep; so Willie crawled over and tied a knot in her middle to keep her from snoring. "I should have parked her on a nerve center," he said to himself. "Oh, well, I'll carry on by myself. There is just one more rut in this Memoir: 'Them profs wot used to sit up in front of us in class wuz nice fellers, cuz they most of the time tole us funny stories, but they gave some funny marks too. Once I got ICE an another time DEF and one time FIE; thet last time musta been for shame. I musta got along all rite, tho, cuz, I become a Senior an' flunked a reprehensive exam an' bought a beer suit to graduate in, an' long about the last month I got to thinkin an'—'

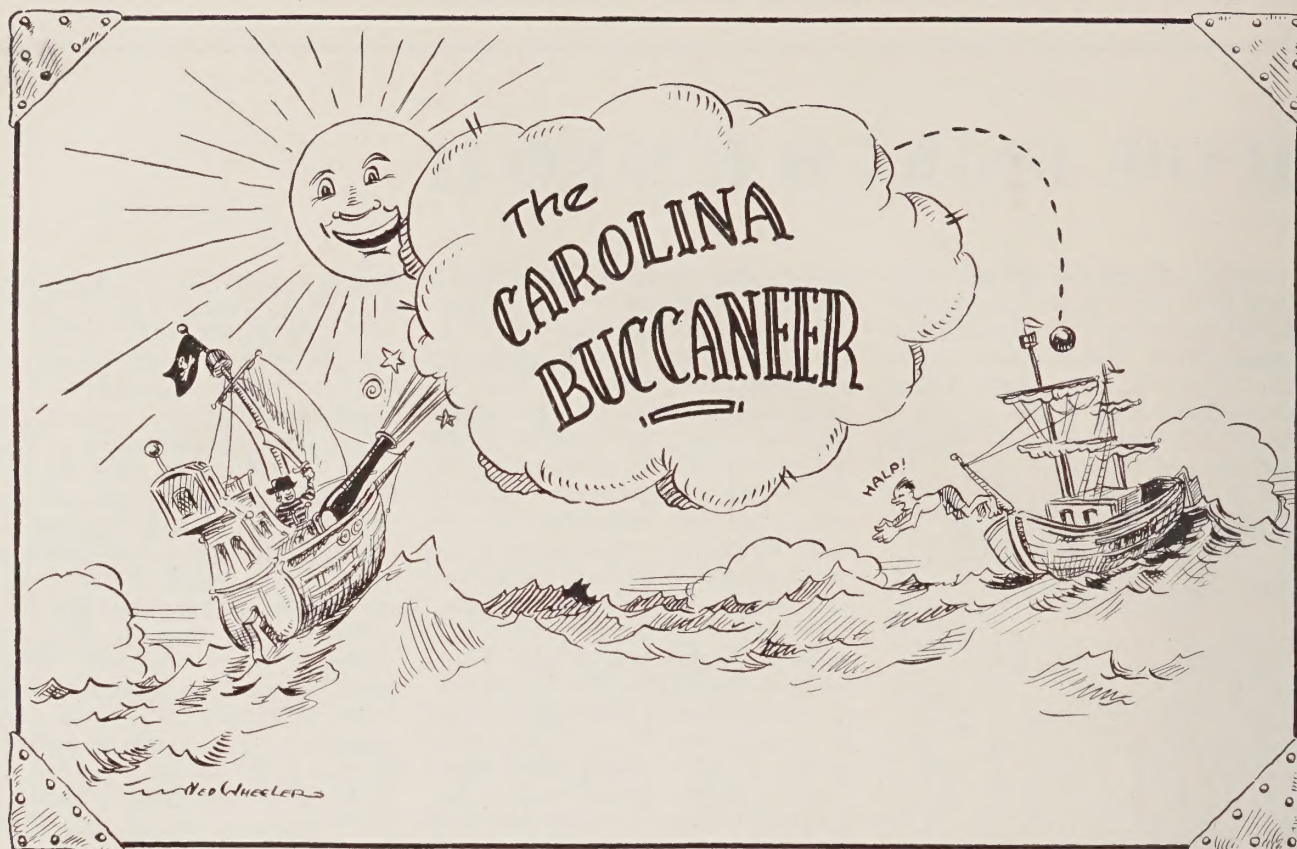
"Hmm," said Willie. "There seems to have been an interruption, for here the body of the chronicle stops." He nosed about for a moment and cried, "Sophie, Sophie, wake up! I found out what he died of!"

Sophie slipped quickly out of the knot, crawled over to him, and asked, "Well?"

"See this slight indentation? He died in giving birth."

"What! a man?"

"Yes. He was about to give birth to an Idea, and it killed him. Think what the world has missed!"



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Editorial

Every year Seniors graduate from college! What a queer procedure. Why not let them come to college for four years and then suddenly tell them, "you're through—now get out." Instead of this however the usual method is to segregate men into classes for four years—teach them a lot of impossible dates—make them perform a lot of experiments on white rats, and then give them a piece of paper that says they are "Graduates." The going to college is all right—the learning of impossible dates is fair—the experiments on white rats even has its points, but the catastrophe strikes when these men are finally handed a page with "Graduate" written on it.

The BUCCANEER has no way of improving education—committees do this. The editorial and the art staffs think it impossible to word the diploma with better diction or even place the seal in a better corner, but they do think that the word "graduate" should be struck from the document and the following put in its place: "This proves that I ate, slept, and went to Carolina for four years—all bills paid." The last phrase may be omitted if the student was a fraternity man because even the most hardened business men that ask to see an applicant's diploma would know full well that this had probably been inserted by said applicant.

Seniors, it is not the purpose of this editorial to flay you now that you are about to become alumni, nor is its purpose to make you carry a caustic taste into the world as graduates, but it is to remind

you that you are not so different from the men you left behind. You have a diploma—yes, a paper fence, but do not let this close you in. You are graduates in name only. You can never rise above the freshman class in the world without!

When the first issue of a publication comes out under a new staff there is always some comment as to the worth of that publication. What will be the policy of the new staff? Will they put out a clean or filthy number—will the first issue be suppressed or will it be allowed to go forth in all its grace or disgrace? There are numerous questions asked and these must be answered, but it will take more than one issue of the **Buccaneer** to answer. If you like this issue or if you think it terrible the staff would appreciate your opinion. It is only through constructive criticism that a humorous magazine will ever be able to satisfy its clientele. Before you throw your first bouquet or brick please drop a card to the **Buccaneer** with any suggestions as to what you think is right—your suggestions will be printed provided that they are not too risque (this includes any article that could be printed in the average **Yellow Journal**). And before you allow yourself to become too virulent in your condemnation remember that the **Buccaneer** staff is composed of human beings that eat the regular three meals a day and sleep soundly at nights—especially after they learn that the latest issue has not been suppressed.



F. M. James: Please give me some more "Chips."

"Bleck" Bryson: Y, OK, Pardner.

(Note: Neither of these are seniors—it is just to show that half the campus doesn't know what the other half is drinking.)

Here lies the body of A.B. McNest;

He flunked the senior intelligence test.

"Do you have to study intensely?"

"No, I usually study in my room."

"I'm at the turning point of my career," remarked the gambler as he spun the roulette wheel.

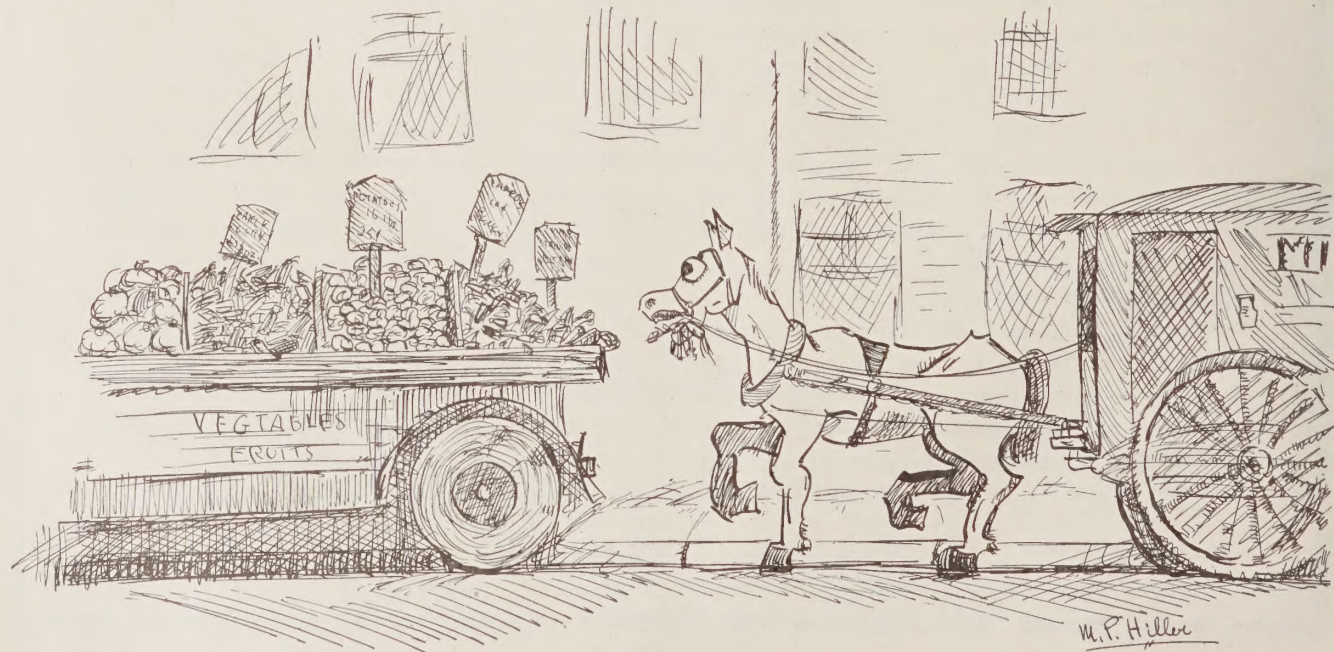
Advertisement: *Are You Missing Somethin'?*

Yes, all the classes I can.

He: You look like Helen Green.

She: Wait till you see me in my red dress.

"Life is just one joke after another," said the philosophic magazine agent.



"What, No Spinach!"

Chips Off the Old Block Head

Well, folks, here we are again with another week past and I guess I had better say something about the Betas, the Co-eds, Four of the campus's fairest and Pete Gilchrist, Wex Malone, Paul Storey, Ed Curlee and the Pi Phi Sorority.

The story goes that Billy Lindsay had a girl up for the Junior-Senior dance and waited for an hour after the dance while she went in the ladies coat room for her wraps and finally got disgusted and left and found her up at Harry's with another boy—such is life, Billy.

And then there is the story about the time that Charley Shannon had the Kappa Alpha house raided because he said that they were making too much noise and to prove that he was right he went over to that lodge and hollowed out the window at the in-coming officers.

It is rumored that the Order of the Shieks needing two extra men in their organization in order that they be able to have ice cream for dessert at their yearly banquet decided to take in two new men and so the campus suffers for another period of six weeks of "Allah all—etc."

And again we see a perfect German Club election in which things reached such a pitch that they really had two frame-ups in the club instead of the usual one—Of course Block Bryson had to get up and see if he could not get some material for his column by calling for a re-vote.

Which reminds us that Yarborough and Malone are terrible eggs when it comes to writing columns.

Very Weekly Said

How's your Newboy?

O. K., Ruth.

Have you Nunn?

Ya Bo!

What is that Chink in the wall over there?

There are no chinks in the Holmes that I have lived in.

The Chapel Period Sewing circle met as usual this past week and the only business that was transacted was that of deciding who was to carry on after first seamstress Yarborough left school. After many minutes of debate in which "bad" Willie Thompson ate no less than six dopes and drank three Milky ways "Babe" Ruth Newby decided that since "Chink" Holmes Davis was the only man on the campus as far as she was concerned that he ought to have the office so she unanimously chose him to be Co-ed papa for the year 1932.

It is rumored that Willie Thompson is absolutely sick over the fact that Will won't put him in his column. We are warning you Yarberry that you had better put this here man in your paper.

This column is supposed to be put out by Yarb, but after looking in the directory it was found that there are no less than six Yarboroughs registered so they must all have a hand in its writing—it is a known fact that one man could not make all the mistakes and put out such a shallow, purile, column.

Wex Malone and Block Bryson are absolute flops when it comes to writing columns. Bryson is a shyster and Malone knows nothing whatsoever about the theatre yet weak after weak we are forced to listen to their dribble.

The Someday Hangover

People sing of dollar bills
Market crash and other ills
But I care for none of such
Because I never get in dutch.

Then I have no idle brain
But what I have they say is lame
Thus it is I have no cares
Neither ties or underwears.

Well I can hardly wait for tomorrow to come to read an answer of the above poem in the *Daily Tar Heel*. The Bard of Pittsboro Road or the Sage of the co-ed shack have already started on an answer by now. I am certain.

I would also like to make a little comment on the other columns that appear in this paper at various and sundry times. Take for instance that terrible bit of space-filling, dull, trite, what-not that Yarborough writes. There is absolutely not a thing to it excepting the fact that it might get a laugh if the author printed his picture over his printed mutterings. As for the other column or rather collections of odds and ends that Moore Bryson writes all I can say as a critic is that it needs plenty. As an humorist Bryson fails miserably; as a wit he is less; the only thing that can possibly help this column is to make it purely illustrative and then in colors.

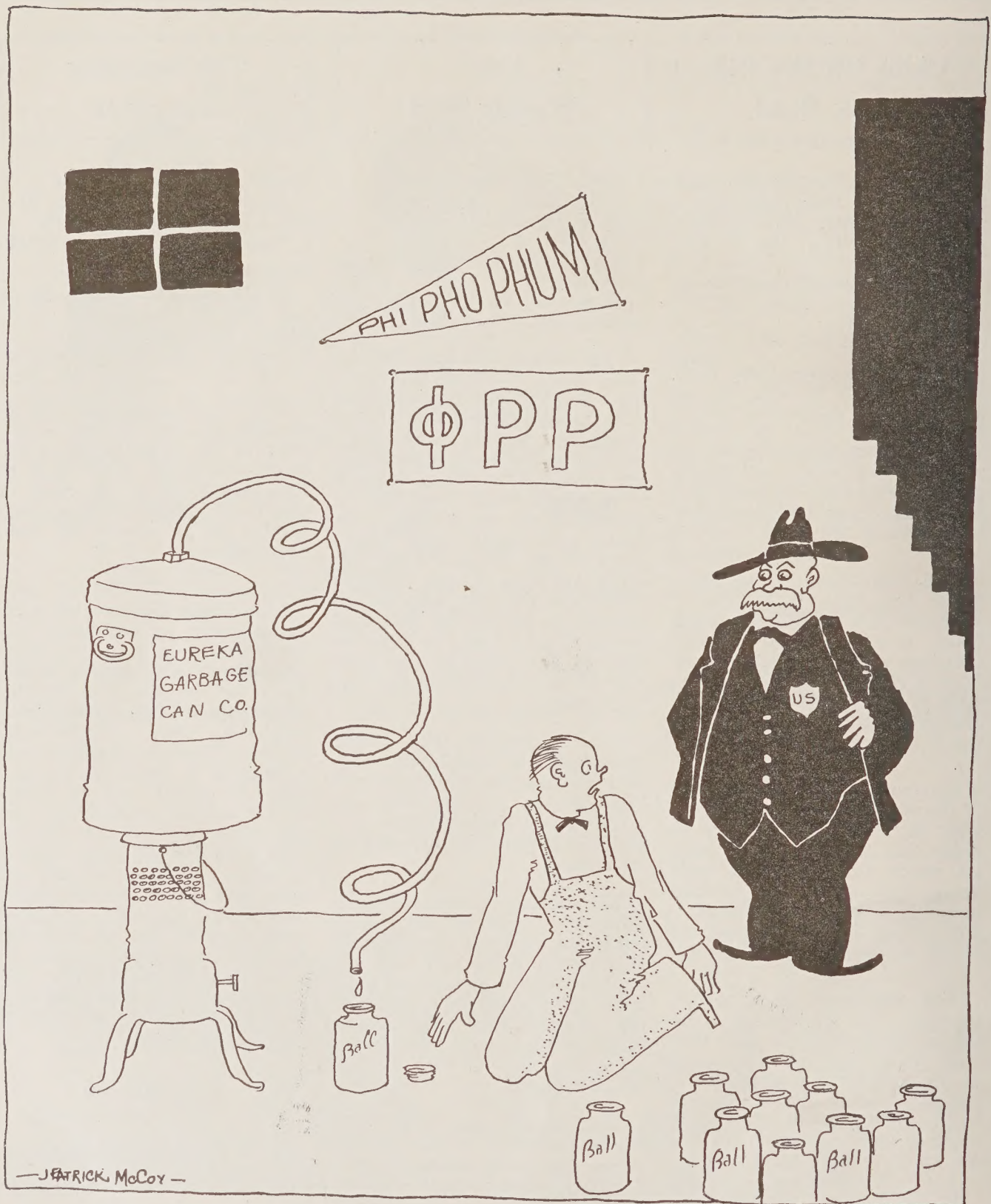
COLLEGE DAYS

Freshman: Resolves to make good.

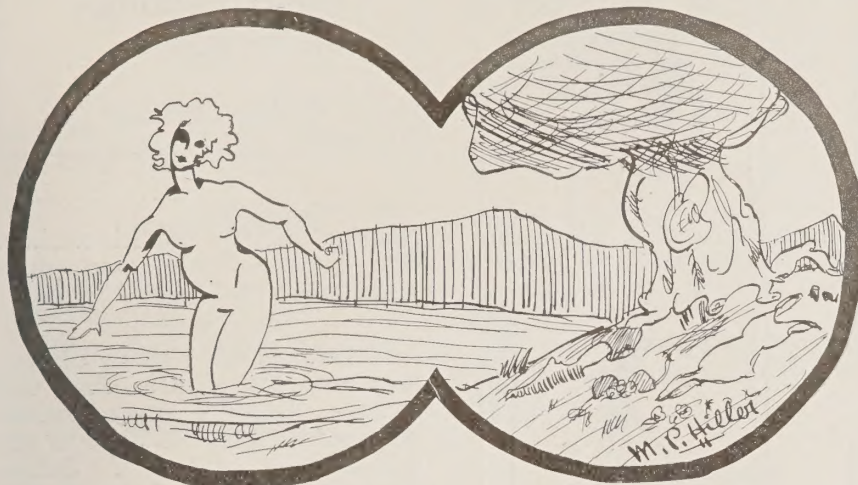
Sophomore: Resolves to make

Junior: Resolves to

Senior: Resolves



The Captain of the Track Team Makes His Last Run



She: They say that lake way over there is only knee-deep.
He (busy with the glasses): So I see, so I see.

PAIR O' DICE LOST

Gallop in' dominoes
Do yo' stuff!
Eight's mah point;
Fo' ain't 'nuff!

Pair o' snake eyes,
Box cars, too!
Mah baby wants
At least one shoe.

Rastus lost
But not for long
His loaded bones
Couldn't go wrong.

He raised the stakes
He bumped the lot,
And then he won
The whole damn pot.

One day the bulls
Disturbed the game;
Rastus left—
He wasn't lame.

He got away
And left the town,
But pretty soon
His stock went down.

He'd left his bones
Back by the fence;
Now he's down
To fifty cents.

With an unkind Fate
He couldn't flirt;
He lost his pants;
He lost his shirt.

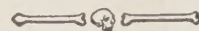
His watch is gone,
His topcoat, too;

His gal's done left him—
Black man's blue.
(No wonder)
—By Alden Stahr.

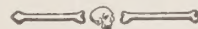
Stone: The hen should live forever.

Brick: Why?

Stone: Her son never sets.



"No," said the Yale man,
"while there may be snobs at Princeton and Harvard, there are none at Old Eli. Why, I know eight of my fraternity brothers well enough to speak to."



The tall proud girl turned to the white robed figure, haughtily:

"Haven't you any heart," she said.

"No," he growled.

"Well, then give me ten cents worth of liver."



First: I can hardly wait to get to Durham.

Second: I think I'll bus if we don't get a ride soon.



Doctor: Strange, strange, indeed. Have you been normal since childhood?

Patient: I think so, sir.

Doctor: Parents all right, I suppose?

Patient: Yes sir.

Doctor: And you can't recall having ever been troubled with such symptoms?

Patient: No, sir.

Doctor: Well, young man, let me congratulate you. It is strange and unusual, but I fail to find the slightest trace of "athlete's foot" on you.

Pert young miss: I want some powder.

Pert young clerk: Face, gun or bug?

A bachelor is a man who never has any children to speak of.

Jack (writing home): How do you spell 'financially'?

Joe: Financially—and there are two r's in embarrassed.

Rus: You're the breath of my life.

Neena: Then hold your breath awhile.

Judge: My boy, have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment before?

Criminal (bursting into tears): No your honor.

Judge: Well, don't cry. You're going to be now.

"This business depression is terrible."

"Ah, you should have seen it back in '30."

Short Comings

by

Billy Arthur

Pass out check—

Here is another seasick author. The gin he drank was pluto water.

There has been much dissension over the phrase: Pass out check. Readers may decide whether or not it is used to get non-invitees into a dance. Around this neck of the woods, the phrase is more commonly used in address to a pie-eyed spiff who takes the drink that he doesn't need.

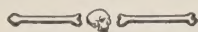
For the first time last week the femmes' bungalow was frequented by this blabberdasher. The girl's name shall be withheld—because her old man doesn't care for me. At the finis of said date she was asked for a struggle later in the week, but it seems that she had been spending another man's money. The man's name was Sam Paine. She promptly informed "dis guy" that there was no pleasure without Paine. (pain?)

There is a man in Georgia 73 years old that has never had a haircut, a shave, worn a hat, been in a church, schoolhouse, or court, used tobacco in any form, or tasted tea or coffee or liquor.

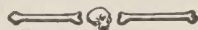
Editor's note: Billy, for what did this man want to live 73 years?)

Here's another story about those Georgia Crackers. There was a negro in Atlanta, who had been shot in the stomach. He complained of the pain, the doctors decided to operate. In their operation they found four older bullets. (As kind as justice is, how can she let a person like me live so long.)

Love me or leave me so I can
sue you for breach of promise.



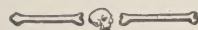
My brother had his fingers
cut off, so now he's doing a lit-
tle short hand work.



He: There's not another man
in the world like me.
She: Yes, thank heaven.



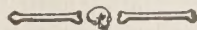
"Don't you love dancing?"
"Not as well as other ways."



And there was the case of the
social climbing mother who sent
her son to Duke and her daugh-
ter to Queen's because she
thought royalty attended these
schools.

Son: Papa, the water pipe
has busted and there's ten feet
of water in the kitchen!

Prof (angrily): Must I tell
you again to say "busted" and
not "busted"?



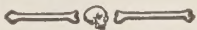
Father: Your conversation is
exactly like the musical scale.

Daughter: Musical scale,
Father?

Father: Yes. You start with
dough and you finish with
dough.



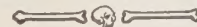
Billing and cooing doesn't end
with marriage.—Only the coo-
ing stops.



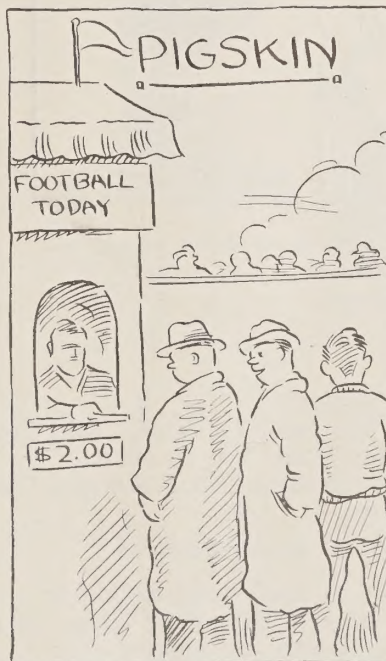
"Dad gum you," muttered
Mischievous Harry as he placed
some Spearmint under his
father's chair.



Tom Riddick: And girls before I
close this half hour of heaven I must
tell you about the farmer who bought
a double-barreled shot-gun for his
two daughters' wedding.



"What did Sandy say to the
Phi Bete during the exam?"
"A penny for your thoughts."



The Old Skin Game



Son: Mama, sis has gone riding with those Betas again.

Mother: Why how do you know, Jonnie?

Son: 'Cause my roller skates are gone.

The other day a couple of the boys were riding around Durham, and they saw a sweet young thing walking ahead of them; the driver pulled up along side of her, and asked her if she didn't want to go for a ride. After much persuading, she finally got into the car.

The boys thought that they would have a little fun in the introductions; so the first one said:

"My name is John, but I'm

no Baptist."

"My name is Peter," said the second, "but I'm no saint."

"And mine," said the girl, "is Mary."

Irate Lady (to neighbor in Subway): Sir, your glass eye has broken my hatpin.

A Favorite Poem With Scotchmen: *The Buck in the Snow.*

ON THE SPOT

This issue's cover shows one of the graduating class "on the spot." When Bobby Mason was drawing this cover it never occurred to him which senior he was placing in such a precarious position, but after he had turned in the finished cover there was much speculation as to who might be the victim. "Red" Green thought that it was the old president of the Student body while Ed Hamer said it looked exactly like the retired president of the Y. M. C. A. Virginia Turner seemed to think that it was a girl and since she was voted the prettiest then the artist must have had her in mind. After carefully querying the artist we have the following non-committal statement from Mr. Mason: "When drawing this picture I thought of every member of the senior class. I even stayed up nights thinking of how I could incorporate some outstanding feature of each one into the figure depicted. After careful consideration I have drawn the following. You will note the absolute lack of concern on the graduate's face—this characteristic was universal among the members of the class. The weak chin, the bow-legs, the shifty eyes, the droopy mouth and other weaknesses are copied from certain members of the class and these members must if they will pick their own characteristics. So, Seniors, step right up and place yourself on the spot."



Just another Senior with the spark of ambition.

THE ADVERTISING MAN HAS A BAD DREAM

Are you one of the four out of five with that well-groomed look she said, "Come on," but thought in only ten easy lessons they called him a human clam, but now that finishing touch makes so much difference that seventy-two housewives of Washington declare they laughed at him when he sat down to the piano and after thirty days free trial we guarantee to pocket the difference as your loss is our gain when better cars are built why not switch to Camels for one day why of course I remember you perfectly, Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle and to think that a year ago he was content to learn to speak French like a native but she noticed that he was not wearing garters are you afraid of the boss and now she is the life of the party so why not let its gentle tattoo arouse you from your slumbers—

Surprised, I looked at Jim. Yes, it was the same old Jim all right, but his altered appearance was somewhat of a shock. Evidently he had just returned from a six day drunk. His face was now a pasty white, and there was a wild, staring expression in his sunken eyes. Lines of care and worry were visible on his unusually serene and care-free visage; his forehead appeared to have grown taller, while it was only too true that the hairs on his head were now numbered. He was attempting to smile, and yet there was something in his manner of a tiger about to spring upon its prey.

"Well," said I, throwing down the Annual, "it's a good thing they printed Jim's name under this picture or I wouldn't have recognized him."

He: I know a man that has never seen a bus.

She: Yes, I wish they would do something about the service.

A Word About the People Who Helped Make This Issue

Bobby Mason and his brother Walter are from Mebane, N. C. This will be Bobbie's second year as Art Editor. It will be Walter's third year on the staff.

Tom Worrall is from Asheville while Alden Stahr comes from East Orange, N. J.

Ronald Brooks, Assistant Editor, is also a Yamdankee.

The Art Staff is one of the strongest in years. Karl Sprinkle as Assistant Art Editor is from Monroe, Va., while John McCoy comes from Charlotte. Also from Charlotte is Fred Laxton, stellar golfer. Ned Wheeler, another Carolina resident, is from Asheville while Jack Sherrill eats in Arden when at home. M. P. Hiller has to cross the Brooklyn

Bridge to get to Chapel Hill.

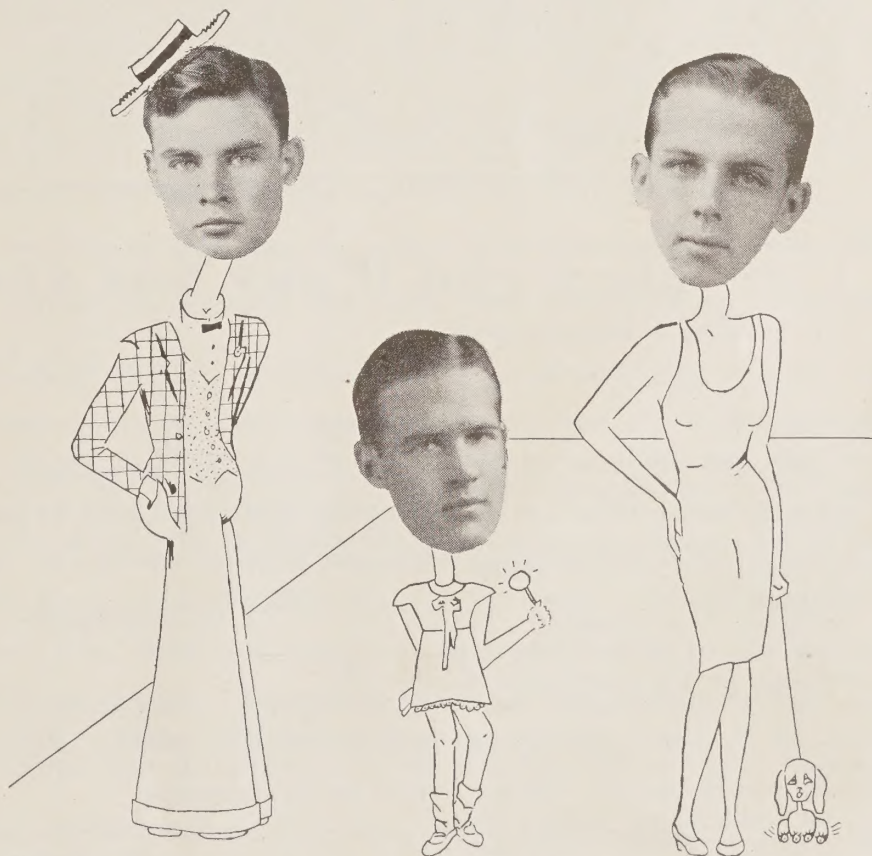
Phil Milhous and Bill Dufflock are from (?) and Savannah respectively. Billy Arthur and Joe Ross both live in Charlotte. Doc Foster lives near Wrightsville Beach—Wilmington to be exact, while Tom Riddick lives in Gatesville when not in Chapel Hill—he can be found at the co-ed shack in his latter residence.

She: Will you love me like this forever.

He: But dear, I can't stay in this position forever.

1: They say Frank Graham never belonged to a fraternity.

2: Well, that's funny, I saw him in the rain without a coat the other day.



Billy (Rosie) Lindsay: Great Scott, how little Benton has grown!

Jack (President Interfraternity Council) Ward: What did Rosie Lindsay?

Scott Benton (Law stude, co-ed papa, etc.): Ask yourself—I ain't your ward.

(Note: Mrs. Lindsay, housemother for Kappa Alpha, is the only senior in the above group.)



Boy walking out of fraternity house: Please don't talk about me when I'm gone.

Boy walking out of fraternity house: Please don't talk about me when I'm something to remember me bye.

Dear Dean:

I have just received my son back from college although there is nothing wrong with him as far as the outward appearances show there are several things concerning him that I would like to bring to your attention. In the first place I paid four thousand dollars for his education and only got a quarterback. Secondly, he is ruined morally—he has been home two days and has already told his mother and sister such stories of college life and capers as to make those two desirous of becoming co-eds. In the third place he has acquired such habits as taking my studs—drinking my whiskey—and using the family automobile at

all hours. I could continue for pages on the condition of my son, but I will not. I wish that you would please send me a book of directions as to what to do before I go crazy.

Yours truly,

A Worried Father.

Dear Sir:

You might try arsenic—many fathers find this helpful. Bullets are quicker, but they again they are so expensive.

Sincerely,

The Dean.

Everyone makes mistakes that is why there is a rubber mat under the spittoon.

These fraternity men are nothing but wolves in cheap clothing.

Patron: Hey, waiter there is a fly in my soup.

Waiter (used to the depression): Please keep quiet, sir, all the other patrons will want one.

He: If you marry me I'll give up wine women and song.

She: And please get rid of that back seat—it squeaks.

Son: Mama, that funny-looking man is at the door again.

Mama: Hush, Willie, that's your brother home from college.

Junior: Did you get much Awards Night?

Senior: I'll say I did, someone took my best girl, my car was stolen while I was inside and I flunked my Final the next day because I did not study.

He: I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

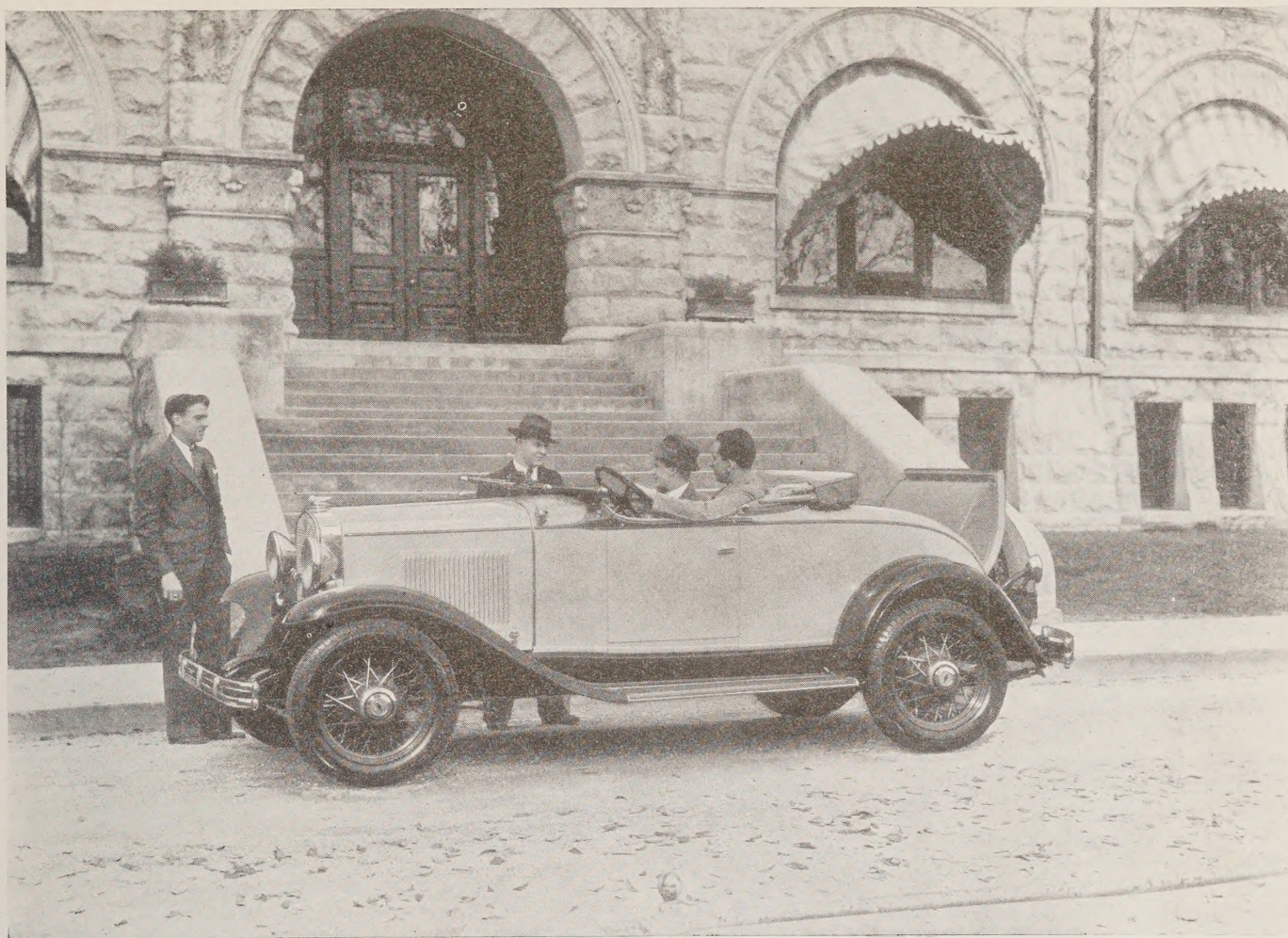
She: That's nothing I have three pounds of gold in mine now."

She: Have you ever seen the shades of night fall over Gimghoul Castle?

He: No, but I have seen them pulled down at Spencer.

1: My father is a brickmason and he lays six hundred bricks a day.

2: That's nothing, my father is an ice-man and he—well, I'll be seeing you.



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the Tulane Campus with Gibson Hall in the background

Drive a six and you'll buy a six



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NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

It was the night before Final examinations and Willie Plotz was pacing back and forth across his little bed room floor. Three times he wheeled back and forth and then he climbed under the bed chewed his bedroom slippers and then slowly arose went to the closet took out his pet niblick and made pitch shoots with his collar buttons into a spittoon in the corner. His nerves were on edge—he could study no more—he had studied night and day for six months and tomorrow would tell the tale. Would he pass this time—he had failed thrice before. What to do? Again he went over to his notes and fingered them feverishly. Hastily he turned over every page in a vain effort to gain some new bit of knowledge or to implant some old bit more deeply in his memory. Would tomorrow ever come—would he ever pass that exam? Cold perspiration rolled down over his head and splashed with a dull thud on the floor. Slowly he undressed and put on his pajamas and climbed slowly into bed but not to sleep. On every hand he could see spectres of failure mocking him and pointing a finger at him. Hour after hour he tossed and rolled about in sleepless agony until finally as the sun was creeping over the hills he fell into a doze of fitful slumber. He awoke with a start and looked at his watch, it was three o'clock in the afternoon and his examination had been scheduled for nine that morning. "Oh, dear," he murmured as he rolled over in bed, "I've slept through that examination for the third year and I won't be able to graduate until 1932."

He: I know a man who did not eat a bite for six days.

She: Yes, they say the food at Swain Hall is terrible.

Sign on Garage: Cars washed—one dollar. Austins dunked—twenty-five cents.

Little Son: Papa, when I get old can I go to college.

Father: Son, go wash out your mouth and go right to bed!

1: I don't know a single man in my class.

2 (to himself): The conceited ass.

She: Yes, I am a co-ed, and I have never drunk, smoked or kissed a boy and I played in the band.

He: You must have played a lyre.

Junior: Where is the home for the blind?

Senior: It's too late, we just got the last one for our house-party.

Guard: Hey, young man, it's against the law to spit on the floor.

PiKa: Then what's the idea of the sign?

Guard: What sign?

PiKa: That sign up there that says fine for spitting?

"My wife has 'I' trouble."

"Does she wear glasses?"

"No; she's always saying, 'I want this' or 'I want that.'"

Don't You Believe it. Once a student corrected a professor on his use of English, and the professor only grinned and said, "Tut, tut, my boy. You're right and I'm wrong."

A Bed-Time Story: We'll get up at five o'clock and study for that quiz.



One sitting on ground: You will have to get some clothes.

One standing: No, I won't, because the tailor said if I did not pay his bill he would bring suit.



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any cigarette you ever smoked!

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SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

Employer: We want a guy who will do what he's told without asking any questions; a fellow who'll let others run the affairs while he just stands by and obeys. Can you handle it?

Prospect: Of course. I used to be king of Italy.
—Wampus.

Motorist: Officer, officer, come quickly, I've knocked down a student!

Cop (picking teeth casually): Sorry, it's Sunday, you can't collect your bounty until tomorrow morning.

—Punch Bowl.

Sweet Young Thing: Stop, my lips are for another!

Fresh Young Man: Well, hold still then and you'll get another.

—Punch Bowl.

I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride,
But, I guess you know the answer—
(She had nature on her side.)

—Black and Blue Jay.

Actor: A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Voice from the gallery: Will a jackass do?

Actor: Sure. Come on down.

—The Pointer.

OUR ENGINEERS

The Rhet. instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote The Merchant of Venice, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof., "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

—Pelican.

Cop: Lady, there's no red light on your car.

Co-ed: No sir, it's not that kind of a car.
—Siren.

PROUD OF HUBBY

Young Mrs. Green: My husband is a very influential man in politics.

Caller: You don't say!

Young Mrs. Green: Yes, indeed. George has voted in two Presidential elections and both times it has gone the way George voted.

—Rammer-Jammer.

Uptown: Will you marry me?

Downtown: Why you haven't enough money to keep me in clothes.

Uptown: That doesn't take money; that takes will power.

—Medley.

"Do you neck?"

"That's my business."

"Well, how's business during this depression?"
—Rammer-Jammer.

He: Ouch. I've got a splinter.

She (consoling): I'm sorry. I should have told you about that wooden leg of mine.
—Punch Bowl.

"Whatcha all swelled up about?"

"Aw, I asked for Listerine and they sold me bust developer."
—Cajoler.

Father: 'Pon my honor, daughter, what did you do last night?

Daughter: Just that.

Father: Just what?

Daughter: Pawn my honor.

—Pelican.

"My mother met with a sad accident in Paris that was a source of remorse to her the rest of her days."

"Why, I thought that you were born in London."
—Wampus.

"Well, of all dumb fools. What's the idea of leaving a can of condensed milk for the cat?"

"Sallright, I left a can opener, too."

"O, well, why didn't you say so first?"
—Purple Parrot.

A man may kiss his wife good-bye,
The bee may kiss the butterfly.
The sparkling wine may kiss the glass,
But you, my friend,—farewell!

—Wataugan.

Two Hebrew gentlemen were shipwrecked and were living on a small raft.

Two days passed and they were nearly frantic. However, Ikey, who had been scanning the horizon, now gave a happy cry.

"I see a sail."

"Wot's der use," murmured Jakey, "ve ain't got no samples."

—Iowa Frivol.

We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick.—Mountain Goat.

MEDICAL

First Blotto: I see here in the paper where a guy is advertising "Science of Love."

Second Blotto: I guess he didn't know how to spell Chiropractics.

—Battalion.

DISDAIN

The haughty Senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar bill at me."

—Purple Parrot.

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PERMANENT
FIT!

\$2.50

NOW, for the first time, you can buy new, improved Oxfords—the leading shirt fabric in the leading colleges. Good-bye to old-fashioned shirts that shrank out-of-fit the moment they were laundered. Gordon Oxford shirts are Arrow tailored and Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk. That means just this: Gordon Oxfords are *Guaranteed for Permanent Fit or your money back!* Think of it; cool comfort, good looks and guaranteed fit in genuine college shirts instead of the old “Shrink, shrink, shrink.”

Gordon Oxfords come in plain white as well as in colors to suit your individual taste. The following models are most popular among college men:

PARK—with regular collar attached and band cuffs.

GORDON—with button-down collar attached and one-button lapel pocket. French cuffs.

GORDON R—with button-down collar attached and one-button lapel pocket. Regular band cuffs.

CAMPUS—Bandless shirt with $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch collar attached. Regular band cuffs.

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